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NORWOOD;

OR,

VILLAGE LIFE IN NEW ENGLAND.

By HENRY WARD BEECHER.

IN THREE VOLUMES.—Vol. III.

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NORWOOD;

OR,

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CHAPTER I.

CONVALESCENCE.

Heywood revived a little. But he was unable to stand, and it was necessary to carry him out of the gorge. It was not difficult to convey him to the opening. But here he was stopped. The only mode of entrance or exit was by a narrow ledge, some six feet above the brook, and this path was so difficult that each one was obliged to sustain himself by holding fast to the limbs of a spruce-tree which, growing out of a rift in the rocks above, reached down its branches and afforded a safe hold. At the very turning point of the rock it was necessary to slip around a jutting corner in order to get securely upon the path on the other side. This feat, to one of moderately

firm head, was not difficult or perilous. It was often accomplished, and had been, as we have seen, to-day, by ladies, and was a bit of bravery which enhanced the pleasure of an excursion to the glen. But a path which could be easily traced by a single person would be far more difficult when a party should attempt it bearing a helpless man in their arms. Various devices were suggested, but all seemed impracticable, and the counsellors were at a loss what steps to take. It was suggested that they should send down to Cathcart's for ropes, and fastening them to trees above, swing Heywood around the point; or draw him up the face of the rocks to the slope above, and convey him thence down an old charcoal-burners' road.

An exclamation of fear and wonder called all eyes to Pete's doings. He seemed to have taken in all the difficulties at a glance, and to have seen the easiest solution of them, provided one had strength enough, a good eye and sure foot. Without saying a word or asking permission, Pete took up Heywood, as if he were no heavier than Rose used to be when he strode all over the country with her, and laying him diagonally across his breast, so that his own long left arm passed under Heywood's right arm, over his loins, with a firm clasp, such as only great strength

and length of limbs could have effected. But Heywood groaned with pain, and Pete relinquished this hold. After a moment's pause, Pete lifted Heywood again, and laying him back to back, so that his own head would come at Heywood's neck, he held him fast with his right arm upon his shoulder, leaving his left hand free for other purposes. Then, with short steps, he descended into the brook, which made its way out of the gorge through rocks lying in every position, sinking now into deep pools, then sliding over wide and slippery stones with a shallow sheet, and playing every other feat which an untamed mountain stream is wont to do. With a practised eye Pete selected each point for his feet; with a sure foot he planted himself firmly on each selected spot—now wading, now with the help of a branch turning sharp angles, never baffled or for a moment perplexed, until, before those who took the regular path could get round below to the point where the stream issued from its rough rocky bed, Pete had come out triumphantly, and was walking rapidly through the woods to 'Biah Cathcart's waggon, in which Heywood was speedily conveyed to Cathcart's house.

It was with clouded face and more suffering than she had ever experienced that Rose followed with her father in the steps of the injured man.

Alice, in full sympathy with Rose, seemed even more affected, but in a different way. They appeared to have changed natures—Rose was sunk in thought; Alice was demonstrative in her feeling. But neither of them spoke.

As soon as they arrived, Heywood was conveyed to the blue room opening out of the sitting-room. Upon an examination, it was found that two ribs had been fractured and he had received a blow upon the head,—whether severe or not, could not be determined except by after-symptoms. It was judged wise not to attempt to remove him to Mr. Chandler's, and, for several weeks, he was the guest of the Cathcarts.

The centre of authority in a household is permanent, but the centre of interest fluctuates almost from day to day: now, it is a little child around which all revolve; a long-absent friend, or a child returned from school, for a day or two, holds all other interests subordinate. But nothing transforms the house so instantly, and reaches out with such force to change the whole economy, as a sick-room. It is the heart of the house, and the pulse of the mansion beats according to its expansion or contraction. The patient, it may be, can neither speak nor see, yet any member of the family, rising up or sitting-down, going out or coming in, is conscious that he is affected

by the relations of his action to the comfort of the sufferer. And so sickness is a silent legislator, and lays its law upon the domestic commonwealth.

If Heywood had sought out a place in which to be sick, he could not have selected more skilfully. The social atmosphere of the place was cheering and soothing. The order and quietness of the household, that inexplicable *something* which makes some houses frigid and repulsive, and others genial and attractive,—a something made up in part by the dispositions and ways of the inmates, and in part too by the proportions and style of the rooms and passages, the colours and details of form—all contributed important elements.

The blue room was wainscotted for about four feet from the floor. The residue of the sides were papered with pale pearly blue. The ceiling had a faint tint of the same colour.

In this room stood an old-fashioned *secretary* of solid mahogany; on another side the bookshelves; and all the chairs were old-fashioned, heavy, and of mahogany. The windows, too, were old-fashioned, with small six-by-eight panes of glass, with inside folding shutters. From the bed one could look out into the sitting-room; through the open door, and through a window on

its far side, the yard and its shrubbery could be seen, the western horizon, and the setting sun, which, when the curtains were removed, shot its last rays clear through the sitting-room across the floor of the blue room, where, from the opposite horizon, through its own windows, every morning the sunlight fell.

For a day or two Heywood seemed stupified; then a slight fever arose; he was restless and wandering in mind. He seemed oblivious of the recent scenes, and made no allusion to persons or things in the north. Starting from a moment's sleep, he would call his mother; and when Rachel Cathcart, who was seldom beyond ear-shot, came to his side, a perplexed smile would come over his face, as if he was conscious that he had made some mistake, but was unable to discern what the mistake was.

During this time his aunt, Mrs. Chandler, remained continually with him, dividing the care with Rachel Cathcart.

One morning, while Mrs. Chandler went home for an hour or two, Alice sat in Heywood's room. The window stood open. The autumnal sun and autumnal air gave a peculiar charm to the day.

Nature seemed as one who has been at a banquet. The hills glowed with brilliant colours. The near trees were like jovial maskers in a

holiday. Many of the trees on which Alice's eye rested had been planted by her brother Barton, who, instructed by Dr. Wentworth's better knowledge, had selected them with reference to spring and autumn tints, as well as to their forms and relative harmonies. A clump of Norway spruces was fringed on one side with scarlet sumachs, a fine mountain-ash relieved its clusters of berries against the dark green, and on one of the evergreens an ampelopsis had climbed, and peeped out in crimson here and there, up to the top, where it had completely covered the tips. There was something freakish in the gay and familiar way in which this brilliant vine took liberties with a sober tree, reminding one of the caprices which a pet child sometimes takes with a solemn old grandfather —climbing his shoulders, disarranging his hair, pulling at his sacred spectacles! Alice, like many another not given to talking, made up in musings and reveries. She was this morning full of nameless feelings, changing from light to dark almost as fast as the colours changed when her eye moved over the external prospect. Yet Heywood's very breath was audible to her ear, nor could he draw a long breath, nor move a hand without her notice. Thus the woman heart pulsed between affectionate duty and fanciful

beauty. Now, she listened to murmurs of the bees, then to the pretentious buzzing of the flies, that seemed inspired to-day with more than usual affection. They insisted on familiarity. They refused to take offence at the utmost rudeness. Then she watched the spiders' webs which had been spread and hung in every direction, saying in herself—"How many hopes are like the spider's web, woven in the night, bright in the morning dew, perishing before the first footfall!" A cat, a pure Maltese, sat on the path making her toilet. She licked her paws, and then with them sponged her face, rubbing down her ears with the greatest care; and then she began licking her breast, bending her pliant neck as if intent upon reaching under her very chin. Alice smiled. She had seen other people who thought that their nature was changed because they had licked their breasts smooth. She turned to the bed! It was only a long breath—a sigh in his sleep!

A woodpecker, with little sharp claws that could hold its snug little body in any position, head up, head down, head sideways—ran nimbly round the tree, keenly inspecting each crevice, and probing here and there with its bill. The tree was miserably healthy, and this critic flew away with a harsh, grating note of disgust.

Surely he moved! No. His eyes are closed.

He sleeps. Will he ever wake to consciousness and reason?

A crooning of hens and flutter of chickens drew her attention. A hawk was flying past, far above in the sky. What?—danger close up to the heaven? Is the deep pure air infested, as well as swamps, and coverts, and dens? If one creeps, there are creeping enemies. If one flies, there are winged pursuers!

Some one called her:

"Alice!"

She started and went to Heywood. It was his first lucid morning.

"Where am I? What has happened?"

Alice in her joy could hardly answer his questions. Her face was radiant; but with strong restraint upon her feelings she quieted herself, as if afraid that talking might harm him. She told him simply that he had met with an accident; that he had been for more than a week here in her father's house; that Dr. Wentworth came every day to see him, and would soon be here, and then, if *he* thought best, she would talk with him more.

The name of Dr. Wentworth seemed to catch his ear, and, as a clue, helped him to regain some faint hold of memory in the past.

"Wentworth? Ah—I remember. Were we

not in the woods? Let us see. Did not something happen to Miss Rose? Was she hurt?"

Then an expression of sadness fell upon Heywood's face, and he half turned away from Alice, saying:

"No, no, no;—I remember."

The expression of joy and exhilaration which had lit up Alice's face passed away. She turned to the door to summon her mother. Dr. Wentworth was already with his hand upon the latch.

"Ah, Alice, how is our patient? Worse? Your face carries bad tidings."

"No, Doctor, good tidings. He is in his mind again."

"Well then, my dear, you could afford a gladder look for a friend's improvement. But I must see for myself."

Heywood improved every day after this, though at first slowly. His constitution had never been shaken by indulgent habits, and now he reaped the benefit of a virtuous and temperate life. The blow upon his head gave most concern to Dr. Wentworth, and a depression of spirits which hung upon him seemed to the Doctor a not favourable sign. Still, as his symptoms steadily ameliorated, and his strength began to return, he was allowed to hear reading a little at a time. His aunt most frequently took the place of reader. But for some

reason her manner of reading rendered Heywood nervous. On the other hand, Alice's voice and manner had a soothing and refreshing influence. Little by little this task fell almost exclusively to her. Her good nature and her kindness never wearied. Whatever she was doing, or however weary, the least hint by word or look was sufficient. Every day she culled from papers and from magazines such passages as she thought likely to please him, and was never better pleased herself than when Heywood's interest in her reading led him to remarks and conversation. After he had begun to sit up a portion of the day, the details of the accident by which he had been injured were told to him. But he recalled nothing distinctly. He remembered the nutting, and he had a faint impression of the glen into which the party had entered. But there was an indistinct impression on his mind that somehow Rose had been connected with his fall and injury. This subject seemed painful to Alice.

"Alice, were you there when I fell?"

"Yes. I saw it all. It was fearful beyond any experience of my life."

"I was climbing?"

"Yes—you had risen higher than the falls."

"And was Rose climbing?"

"No."

"How came she to fall, then?"

"She did not."

"How did I fall, then?"

"You slipped."

"And she held fast?"

"She had nothing to do with you."

"I am sure she had," said he, looking doubtingly at Alice.

But as the subject seemed unwelcome to the gentle Alice, after once or twice renewing his questions, he dropped the subject. As strength returned, so Heywood sought to relieve his kind friends of the task of nursing, or at least to lighten them. His thoughts naturally reverted to his Virginia home; and as he found Alice interested in his reminiscences, he was quite willing to solace himself by describing the scenes of his childhood, his father's plantation, mansion, and household. A listener more sympathetic one could not desire than was Alice. She delighted to sit upon her low sewing chair near the window. Thus the light was thrown upon Heywood's face, while her own was in shadow. Many of the happiest hours of her life were passed thus, and Alice began to dread the day when her gentle services should be no more needed.

October was ended. Its golden scroll was rolled up and put away. November had come, and its

nightly frosts, its cold rains, its vigorous winds, had stripped the trees, and the forests were bare. Orchards yet maintained a show of damaged leaves. The white oak and the beech refused to part with all their foliage, and tufts of russet leaves clung to the ends of the branches, not in bravery and beauty, but as mourning weeds worn by trees disconsolate for the loss of summer. It was with surprise, when Heywood first went to his window, that he saw the change. A month had transformed the fields and hills. He had left them glowing with gorgeous colours. Now they were sad and sombre. Nor did he fail to draw an analogy between his own hopes then and his prospects now.

But great as had been the physical changes during his sickness and recovery, yet more wonderful changes had taken place in society than in nature. The great political contest had closed in the election to the Presidency of the United States of Abraham Lincoln—a name then but little known, but since spoken in every corner of Christendom, and added to the role of those upon whom Time has no power. Of all the strifes and struggles Heywood knew nothing. And, as 'Biah Cathcart, little by little, detailed the narrative of events, and recounted the early steps that were then taking place in that great and terrible tragedy of civil conflict, Heywood, free from those influences

which were swaying so many of his friends in Virginia, entered warmly into Cathcart's feelings for the integrity of the nation.

Heywood could not conceal from himself with what regrets he left this hospitable farm-house of 'Biah Cathcart's, to return to his aunt's. He had already stayed a fortnight after Dr. Wentworth gave him permission to remove. There was a charm in its quiet which suited both his feelings and his physical condition. The family, too, grew upon his respect and affection. He found in 'Biah Cathcart, though simple and unpretentious, a degree of knowledge which would have been remarkable in a professional man, and which he would never have thought of looking for in a plain farmer. His wife, Rachel Cathcart, seemed like a second mother. With scarcely an element of character like his own mother, she yet produced upon Heywood the same effects that he remembered at home. Alice, too, on nearer acquaintance, and after her timidity was broken through, disclosed a wealth of character which he had not suspected.

It was not, however, till he had returned to Norwood that he became alive to the excitement which prevailed in the nation. The letters from his home gave evidence of the intensity of southern feeling.

A few extracts from his letters, written or received, will serve to shew the influences acting upon him.

. . . "Father says that separation will come, and he does not care how soon. If South Carolina goes out, and a convention is already called to frame an ordinance of secession, he says that every southern state will follow—will *have* to follow. He is quite enthusiastic about the Great Republic of the South; and he is doing all that he can to spread his sentiments among the gentlemen who visit us. He derides the idea of war! 'I can carry in this cup,' said he this morning at the breakfast table, 'all the blood that will be shed. If the South are united, the North will never choose to resist. And if they do, he argues, there will never be more than a single fight. The Northern people, he says, handle tools too well to meddle with the sword. You know that he has great contempt for northern labourers. They are a sordid set, fit for drudgery, but not for fighting.

"He is vexed that you do not write. It is two months since we have heard a word from you. From some hints in your last letter, he suspects that you are entangled with some fair Yankee damsel; and sister says she knows who it is. Father frets and fumes. 'Every man that loves

the South should be at his post. Tom has no business, when Virginia is getting ready to lead the new Republic, to be dallying in the North. He ought to shew his colours and stand up for his principles.' And so, you see, Tom, just what is going on here, and will know how to lay your course accordingly.

"Mother is well. We are all gay and lively, in spite of the times. Zanoni has recovered from his injury, and bears the saddle again. We are laying out for great sport this winter. Shall we have you to help?" . . . . . .

HEYWOOD TO HIS BROTHER HAL.

. . . "I do not wonder that my silence attracts attention. For, though I am not a very diligent correspondent at any time, yet I seldom allow ten weeks to pass without a letter. But you may now know,—I did not care that you should before,—that I have been confined to my room for some six weeks, on account of injuries received by a fall. I was climbing rocks, and fell more than thirty feet, breaking two ribs and receiving a severe blow upon my head. I have had much to sober me; much to give to life a more serious tone. If now the country shall rush into war, as I fear, it will be the climax of

my trouble, and I shall almost wish that the blow on my head had been some degrees harder. I cannot sympathize with my father. I am in a better situation to know these Northern people than he or any of our Southern friends can be. You may depend upon it that separation will not be peacefully allowed. There is an under spirit among this people that politicians don't take into account. The Southern opinion of their courage is founded upon a difference in the education, principles and spirit of the North and South, which makes it well nigh impossible for you to appreciate the reason of their seeming reluctance to fight. But should they once be aroused by circumstances which appealed to patriotism and duty, you may depend upon it that they will show not only courage, but an indomitable perseverance which will wear out opposition. And should the question be Union or disunion—two nations or one United States—I am free to say that my heart goes with the old flag, and though I hope to be spared the dreadful necessity of lifting my hand against my own State, yet I should deem that, terrible as it would be, an evil less to be dreaded than to lift my hand against that flag of our fathers which gathers to its folds the dearest memories and

the most honoured associations of American history." . . . .

During the whole winter Heywood sought to shield himself from the turbulence of public feeling, which increased with every month. His health, though rapidly improving, was yet delicate, and rendered him specially liable to excitements. He fondly hoped that by some fortunate arrangement the great parties to the conflict might harmonize their differences, and secure that day of peace which for thirty years public men had hoped for and sought in vain.

It did not occur to him that the differences were radical, that should they be really brought into conflict one must destroy the other, and that they *were* being brought into conflict by a course of events which moved with such breadth and power as to give all the signs that it was impelled by a Divine decree. As men, when a stream begins to rise over its banks, eagerly seek to stop the breach, to dam against the rising flood, and to control its ravages, which disdain all interference and sends them back in dismay to wait and watch what the waters will do, so the wise men and the managers found themselves dealing with uncontrollable events, that were working out their own career, and would not suffer men to restrain them.

About the middle of February, fearing the boisterous weather of March in Massachusetts, and hoping by change of scene and association to put the finishing stroke upon his recovery, Heywood bid farewell to his friends in Norwood and left for New York, on his way to Charleston in South Carolina.

CHAPTER II.

THE OLD MAN'S JOURNEY.

SINCE winter shut in, in good earnest, and snows were deep, and the winds were searching, Tommy Taft found himself every month less able to get about. His last visit had been at Dr. Wentworth's, hoping to hear something about Barton Cathcart, whose continued absence the old man found it hard to bear. He asked no questions. The sturdy old fellow would scarcely be beholden to any one even for information. His own hands could no longer provide him the means of support. Charity he resented. Had it not been for the kindness of Dr. Wentworth and the Cathcarts he would have suffered. But through his wife, unknown to him, they contrived to supply his necessities under the colour of his wife's earnings.

His last visit, we said, was at Dr. Wentworth's. It was a fine winter day, in January. It was one of those days in which nature is both brilliant

and relentless. The sparkle of the air, the scope of the sunlight, the transparency of the atmosphere seem like kindness in nature. But out of that very nourishing air sweep sharp winds, whose temper is unmollified by the sun, and which turn all the radiance of the day to mockery. Did you never think of this? Then *you* have looked out of a parlour-window into this air; or, bundled up in furs, you have shot through the snow in a brilliant sleigh, protected from cold; or you have such vigour of health, that your warm blood, with merry rebound, beats off the assaulting frosts. But were you ever called out into such a day poorly clad, poorly fed, and with slender health. The great northerly winter rolls down her fleece upon her insentient family of sleeping children, and tucks up the flower-roots, and broods upon all the buried, waiting, hybernating creatures; and then, careless of the rest, she sings harsh songs in the woods, and roars all night through the air, as if men in hovels, in sick-rooms, in poor-houses, — the sick, the feeble, the old, — were none of her concern. And then, after one of those wild winter revels, when the snow has blinded the air, and whirled and shifted through every crevice, and heaped itself against fence and hedge, and settled down in sheltered places

in mountain-drifts, how the morning will come in with open face and charming expression, as if there had been no quarrel all night, nor a saucy wind, nor a pitiless storm, but all was good and beautiful, and not nature, but the lame and feeble were at fault, if anybody was chilly, or cold, or suffering!

It was on just such a morning that Tommy Taft grunted and stopped, now and then, for breath, as he made his way to Dr. Wentworth's. He did not think all these fine things. And yet, that was about the meaning of his grunts, if he had had the fancy to unroll and interpret them to the best advantage. Agate Bissell saw him coming up the path. She went to the front door, in real kindness, opened it to the old man, saying:

"Really, Mr. Taft, I pity anybody who has to be out on so cold a morning."

"Thankee, marm, for nothing. Keep your pity for those that need it,—I don't."

"There's no use in being touchy. You are sick, Taft, and you know it. I think it would be better to let the Doctor know, and see if he can't help you."

"He help me? That's good. What can he give me for eyes worn out. Eh? What's good for the innards pretty much used up. Eh? Do you think, Agate, he would give me anything for

my wooden leg? Eh? It's getting monstrous heavy now-a-days."

There was something ghastly to pious Agate in such talking by a man seemingly not far from the grave; and though her genuine pity led her to forbear such a reply as she would once have given, yet she could not help saying:

"Taft, if you don't get help it's over with you. Honestly now, my friend, you seem to me to be not far from the grave."

"Jest as true as ye live, Agate. I've ben on the road to it seventy years, and I know I must be gittin' near it by this time. The grave is a tavern where a good many put up Agate, and I never heard that anybody complained of his fare."

This was said in a peculiar tone, that might be banter, or sad earnest, and Agate could not tell which. She looked earnestly at Tommy and said:

"Taft, have you made your preparations? Have you done anything to get ready?"

"I've ben gittin' ready as long as I can remember; and as to preparations, you know that Turfmould and I are neighbours, and he's agreed to do the right thing by me. Don't be afraid, Agate. I shall be a landholder before long. Turfmould makes good titles. I guess mine 'll hold."

"Taft, I don't know what to make of you."

"You don't need to make anything. I am

made up already, and have been as long as I can remember, though if I was to be made up agin, Agate, I don't know anybody that would do it better than you, eh?" said Tommy, giving Agate one of those winks that acted upon her like a spark of fire upon powder.

She rose with the dignity of anger, and was spared the trouble of opening the door by Rose, who came in just as Agate was ready and anxious to pass out.

Rose went to the old man with an affectionate cordiality that seemed more like a child's love for a grandparent than the greeting of a neighbour or benefactor.

Tommy tried to rise, but Rose laid her hand on his shoulder familiarly, and pressed him back into his chair.

"No, no; there is no use, uncle, in ceremony. You are not strong. How pale your face is! Father tells me that the winter goes hard with you. I know you will be glad to know that we have heard from Barton Cathcart. He wrote to father on some business. He is very happy, and talks of living in the West."

"Living in the West?" said Tommy, with unaffected surprise, as if his feelings had been hurt; "*living* in the West? and I sha'n't see him agin? Die and not see the boy agin? I can't have it;

indeed, Miss Rose, I can't. You must write and tell him so. There ain't but one Barton Cathcart in this world, and, if other folks don't know his value, I do. I'd rather die to-morrow, if I could see him to-night, than live a year and not see him. I tell you, Miss Rose," said Tommy, with a solemnity which she had never seen him manifest before, "I can't die till I see Barton. I want to ask him something. I want to know——" and with that he hesitated, and looked at Rose almost imploringly. "I want to know something about it. If Barton says it's right, it's right, and I'll believe it."

Rose could make nothing out of these sentences. But looking at Tommy as if it was all plain, she said:

"Barton writes that he will be home in February, and I've no doubt he will make it all right."

"Comin' in February? Let's see, that's three or four weeks. Mebbe, that 'd be too late."

"Can I help you, Uncle Tommy? Am I not as good as Barton?"

Tommy had risen, and, looking at Rose with great kindness, said:

"Bless you, dear child, you're good enough to be Barton's own self; and—well I must hobble home. I'm afeerd of an attack."

Tommy had become subject to paroxysms of

severe pain in the stomach. During their continuance he was peculiarly unwilling to have any one present, even his wife. He would shut himself up in his loft, and growl and groan by himself. These attacks were becoming more frequent, and the whole system was becoming weakened by this affection. To his daughter's inquiry, Dr. Wentworth replied:

"The disease is obscure. I suppose it to be a cancerous affection of the stomach. That it will prove fatal, I do not doubt; but whether he will drop off suddenly, or be gradually worn out with suffering, I cannot tell."

The old man bravely resisted all sympathy. He would allow no one to pity him. He had nothing to say about his own sufferings, and was angry at any allusion to them. Mother Taft, herself feeble, hovered around the old man with a kind, helpless pity, which she dared not speak, and could not hide. The most unlovely side of his character Tommy Taft showed to his wife. This habit was contagious, for several others in the village were known to have the same disagreeable trait. Fortunately, it was confined to the one sex!

As the old man rose to depart, Rose felt a presentiment that she should never see him again. She was just about leaving home to make a visit to her relatives in Boston, which should have been

made during the holidays, but was prevented by her mother's transient illness. As he moved slowly toward the door, she recalled the days of her childhood, how many times he had frolicked with her, how many little games he had taught her, what funny stories he had invented to amuse her visits at his rude quarters, and her heart was deeply touched with the old man's sufferings, which, every time she saw him, seemed to be gaining ground. When Tommy turned at the front door, as Rose reached out her hand to say good-bye, a tear rolled down her cheek and fell upon the old man's hand.

"Good-bye, dear Uncle Tommy; I shall never meet you again until we meet in Heaven."

At first the old man seemed annoyed at her feeling, and said somewhat harshly:

"What you cryin' for? I ain't dead yet? That's funeral business." But, changing his tone, Tommy Taft for a moment seemed to identify Barton with Rose. Looking tenderly at her out from under his great shaggy eyebrows, he said: "It's jest as like as not that what you say is true; and if I don't see him again, you tell him that I wanted him. I won't trust none of them folks to show me. It's a pretty dark way for a lame old man to be stumblin' in alone; and I shouldn't like to take the wrong turn, you know. This kind

o' journey 's one a fellow can't go back on. If he gits wrong, why wrong it'll have to be; and if Barton was only here to show me the way—eh?"

Rose was deeply affected. She had never in all her life heard Taft speak of religion except in broad humour, and never at all in its relations to his own future condition. It was not the languid sentiment of one weakened by long sickness, nor the inspiration of fear. The old man would have been as sturdy and defiant as ever had one word been spoken amiss!

Rose knew, in spite of all his faults, the real depth of the old man's heart. She knew the rugged strength of his mind, and the unusual sagacity of his perceptions. Why was he lying useless at the bottom of society? His power should have ranked him among the first. To see such a one, peering into the dark future, and confessing his inability to see how to tread its way, would have touched the sympathy of one far less sensitive than Rose.

Looking tenderly at the old man, Rose repeated the words:

"'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me.'"

"That's it," said the old man, "you've hit it

exactly. If Barton was along, I had as lief trudge as not."

"Barton could not help you. There is One who has said, 'I am the Way, and the life,'—He can help you."

"I shouldn't wonder. But I know Barton, and he's got a head-piece. He's thought of all these matters, and ain't tied up to old world notions; and if *he* says, 'Tommy, it's all real,' that's enough. You must understand, Miss Rose, that I don't care much about myself; but, do ye see, I'd like to keep along with Barton, and if I knew the track he's going to take, you may be sure you'd find me there."

If it had been Dr. Buell, he would not have suffered Tommy Taft to rest on any such human affection as a security in death. But Rose, without reflecting on the theological aspects of the case, was glad to see in the old man any thoughtfulness about dying, and she hoped that through his affection for Barton he might be led to a higher trust and a surer hope.

It was indeed the last time she ever saw Taft. Before her return from Boston both Tommy Taft and Barton Cathcart had left Norwood; the one on that road where travellers journey only one way, and Cathcart had gone to the great war which broke forth in the spring, like the conflagration of a continent.

For a week after this interview Tommy Taft was detained in the house by the severity of the weather. When the skies relented he was too weak to get about alone. Every week his anxiety increased to see Barton. Pain could not subdue his stubborn will. But no will could sustain the daily weakening body. It was the last week in February before the old man fairly took to his bed and gave up all hope of seeing Cathcart before he died. His spirits were depressed, and his temper not the best. Dr. Buell, faithful to his fractious parishioner, still visited him from time to time, hoping that in some favourable hour he might cast light into his darkened mind. One day a knock sounded at his door.

"Come in—or stay out, as suits ye best," said Tommy.

Dr. Buell entered.

"Come in, Doctor. You're always at work on the old sinner. Really, I had a pain this morning that liked to let me through."

"I hope, Taft, that you find yourself willing to depart, if it be God's will."

"Well, well, as to that, Doctor, I guess when a clock has run down it stops, not because it has a mind to, but because it can't help it!"

"Yet one may have Christian resignation to events which he cannot control. It is a very

solemn thing to die, Taft, and the future is dark to those who have no hope in the Saviour."

"When a ship 's driven in by gales, and has to make a harbour, it 's mighty convenient to have a light-house; but if there ain't any, why a feller must get in the best way he can."

"But there is a light. Christ is the light of the world. There is no need of darkness to one who trusts Him."

"That's so; that's good doctrine—sound views, no doubt. You was always very clear. I often said that if a man didn't understand you he needn't go to meetin' anywhere, for there wan't any better preachin' in the State."

In short, it was plain that Taft did not mean to talk about his feelings with the minister. Dr. Buell was deeply moved with pity. The old man's pale face, his weakness, the nature of his disease, indicated that he had not long to live. He hesitated a moment in doubt whether it would be worth while to suggest praying with the sick man, who sat propped up in bed.

"Taft, if it would be pleasant—if you desire it, that is—I shall be glad to pray with you."

"No objection in the world! If I was one of the elect I'd do it myself."

"Is there anything that you would like me specially to solicit?"

"If it's proper, and just the same to you, ask the Lord to send Barton Cathcart home, and let me see the boy once more afore I die!"

Tommy Taft had a large head and face. Usually there was a rugged and somewhat sharp expression to his features. But sickness had turned his face pale, his bushy side locks were very grey, and his eyes peered out from under his brow with more than common brightness. He did not shut them while Dr. Buell prayed. He looked over the form of the kneeling minister with an expression in which mirth was blended with pain. It seemed to say:

"Poor fellow! It don't take much to make you happy!"

It was very plain that Tommy did not accept any one as priest but Barton Cathcart, and that the only thread by which his rugged nature could be led was the single golden strand of affection.

He grew daily weaker, and more and more crabbed. It was a hard task for Mother Taft. He poured out words like paving stones upon her. He would agree to nothing, and seemed likely to go out of the world like a shaggy bear seeking his northern covert for hybernation. On the first day of March it was, that Tommy Taft had been unquietly sleeping in the forenoon, to make up for

a disturbed night. The little noisy clock,—that regarded itself as the essence of a Yankee, and ticked with immense alacrity, and struck in the most bustling and emphatic manner,—this industrious and moral clock began striking, whir-r-r, *one;* whir-r-r, *two;* whir-r-r, *three;* (Tommy jerked his head a little as if something vexed him in his sleep; ("whir-r-r, *four;* whir-r-r, *five;* whir-r-r, *six;* ("Keep still, will ye? let me alone, old woman! d—— your medicine;" whir-r-r, *seven;* whir-r-r, *eight;* ("God in Heaven! as sure as I live," said Tommy, rubbing his eyes as if to make sure that they saw aright;) whir-r-r, *nine*; whir-r-r, *ten!* Then, holding out his arms with the simplicity of a child, his face fairly glowing with joy, and looking now really noble, he cried:

"Barton, — my boy, Barton, — I knew you wouldn't let the old man die, and not help him! I knew it! I knew it!"

After the first surprise of joy subsided, Tommy pushed Barton from the edge of his bed:

"Stand up, boy; turn round! There he is! Now I'm all right. Got my pilot aboard. Sealed orders—ready to sail the minit the hawser's let go."

After a few words about his return from the West, his health and prospects, the old man returned to the subject that seemed to lie nearest his heart.

"They've all had a hand at me, Barton. There's twenty firms in this town that is willin' to give a feller sailin' orders, when they see he's out'ard bound. But I am an old salt—I know my owners!" said Tommy, with an affectionate wink at Barton.

"Oh, my boy, you're back agin; it's all right now. Don't you let me go wrong. I want you to tell me just where you're goin', and I'll bear right up for that port! You know, Barton, I never cheated you, when you was a boy. I took care of ye, and never told you a lie in my life, and never got you in a scrape. You won't cheat an old man now, will ye?"

It was all that Barton could do to maintain his self-possession. Tears and smiles kept company on his face.

"My dear old Tommy, we won't part company. We're both bound to the same land. God will, I fervently hope, for Christ's sake, forgive all our sins, and make us meet for everlasting life!"

"Amen!" roared out the old man. "Go on. You *really* believe in it? Come here, Barton, sit down on the edge of the bed, look me in the face, and no flummery,—do you really believe that there's another world?"

I do, Tommy; I believe it in my very soul!"

"That's enough; I believe it too, just as sartain as if a shipmate had told me about an island I'd never seen, but he had."

"Now, Barton, give me the bearin's of 't. D'ye believe that there's a Lord that helps a poor feller to it?"

"I do. Christ loves me, and you, and all of us. He is glorious in love; and for no other reason in the world than because He loves to do kind things, He saves all who trust Him."

"He don't stand on particulars, then? He won't rip up all a feller's old faults, will he?—or how's that? Don't you ease up on me, Barton, just to please me, but tell me the hardest on't. I believe every word you say."

Barton's own soul had travelled on the very road on which Tommy was now walking, and remembering his own experience, and some of those wonderful crystals which he had dug out of the ridges of the Old Testament, and which he had set in his memory with even more feeling than before, made up in part by the renewal of his own former experiences, he repeated to Tommy these words, saying to him:

"Tommy, if I was describing a man to you, you would take him to be just what I say, wouldn't you?"

"Sartain!"

"Well, this is God's nature. You are going toward him, and ought to know how to behave."

"That's as true as the compass. Didn't I tell ye, old woman, when Barton came it would be plain sailin'?"

"'And the Lord passed by before him, and proclaimed, the LORD, the LORD GOD, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth.

"'Keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity and transgression and sin, and that will by no means clear the *guilty;* visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children, and upon the children's children, unto the third and to the fourth *generation.*'—Exodus, xxxiv. 8, 9.

"Then again, Tommy, hear this:

"'Who *is* a God like unto thee, that pardoneth iniquity, and passeth by the transgression of the last of his heritage? he retained not his anger for ever, because he delighteth *in* mercy.

"He will turn again, he will have compassion upon us; he will subdue our iniquities; and thou wilt cast all our sins into the depths of the sea.'" —Micah, vii. 18, 19.

"Now that's to the p'int, Barton. The Lord will tumble a feller's sins overboard like rubbish, or bilge-water and the like, when a ship is in the

middle of the ocean? Well, it would puzzle a feller to find 'em agin after that. Is that all? I'm to report to him?"

"Yes, Tommy; you are to report to God just as I should report to you if you was a shipowner, and I was the captain, and had made mistakes and losses on the voyage. Suppose you loved me just as you do now, and I was to come back to you and make a clean breast of it, what would you do to me?"

"Do? You know what I'd do? I'd say—Barton, hold your yawp; not another word atween us. I care more for *you* than for every d—— dollar of the cargo."

Barton did not stop for Tommy's adjectives.

"That's just what God says to us: 'All his transgressions that he hath committed they shall not be mentioned unto him.' 'Have I any pleasure at all that the wicked should die, saith the Lord God?'"

"Well, now, this is honourable! It makes a feller feel mean, though Barton, when he's treated so, and then thinks what sort of a feller he's been."

Barton then read from the fifteenth chapter of Luke to the old man the parable of the prodigal son.

"Barton, would ye jest as lief do me a little favour as not?"

"What is it, Taft?"

"Would ye mind sayin' a little prayer—for me—it makes no difference of course; but jest a line of introduction in a foreign port sometimes helps a feller amazin'ly."

Barton knelt by the bedside and prayed. Without reflecting at the moment on Uncle Tommy's particular wants, Barton was following in prayer the line of his own feelings; when, suddenly, he felt Tommy's finger gently poking his head.

"I say, Barton, ain't you steerin' a pint or two off the course? I don't seem to follow you."

A few earnest, simple petitions followed, which Taft seemed to relish.

"Lord forgive Tommy Taft's sins! ('Now you've hit it,' said the old man, softly.) Prepare him for Thy kingdom. ('Yes, and Barton too!') May he feel Thy love, and trust his soul in Thy sacred keeping. ('Ah, ha! that's it—you're in the right spot now.') Give him peace while he lives. ('No matter about that—the Doctor'll give me opium for that! go on.') And, at his death, save his soul in Thy kingdom, for Christ's sake. Amen."

"Amen. But didn't you coil it away rather too quick?"

The fact was, that Barton was not used to the office of public prayer, and still less to the running

commentaries of Tommy Taft, which, though helpful to the old man, were of no assistance to Barton.

"Now, Barton, my boy, you've done a good thing. I've been waitin' for you all winter, and you didn't come a minit too soon. I'm tired now; but I want you to come back to-morrow. I've got somethin' to tell you. I never let you know nothin' about my life, and I've a mind to tell you. Oh, it was a cruel shame for my uncle to treat me so! I might have made a man if I'd had half a chance. No matter. But I want to say one thing: Barton, when I'm gone, you won't let the old woman suffer? She's had a pretty hard time of it with me. She's like a sparrow that builds its nest in a thorn-bush. I knew you would. One thing more, Barton," said the old man, his voice sinking almost to a whisper, as if speaking a secret from the bottom of his soul, "Barton, you know I never had much money. I never laid up any—couldn't. Now you won't let me come on to the town for a funeral—will ye? I should hate to be buried in a pine coffin, at town expense, and have folks laugh that didn't dare open their head to me when I was 'round town! And then, Barton, you'll put old Smasher in with me! Of course, it ain't any matter, but I'd rather take my leg along, if it's all the same to other folks!"

Barton could not forbear smiling, as the old man, growing visibly feebler every hour, went on revealing traits which his sturdy pride had covered when he was in health.

"And, Barton, I wish you'd let the children come when I'm buried. They'll come if you'll just let 'em know. Always trust the children! And—(pain here checked his utterance for a moment)—and, let's see, what was I saying. Oh, the children. I don't want nothin' said. But if you'd jest as lief let the children sing one of their hymns, I should relish it."

The colour came suddenly to his cheek, and left as suddenly. He pressed his hand over his stomach, and leaned his head further over on his pillow, as if to wait till the pang passed. It seemed long. Barton rose and leaned over him. The old man opened his eyes, and with a look of ineffable longing, whispered:

"Kiss me."

A faint smile dwelt about his mouth; his face relaxed and seemed to express happiness in its rugged features. But the old man was not there. Without sound of wings, or footfall, he had departed on his last journey!

CHAPTER III.

FAITH RE-KINDLED.

On their way home from the funeral, Judge Bacon, Parson Buell, Dr. Wentworth, and Barton Cathcart walked together, talking of the old man and the funeral. The whole town seemed to have turned out. It was even proposed to use the church, not so much in respect of the dead as of the living. Few families were there where Mother Taft had not ministered, and there was unusual sympathy for her now. But she and Barton, who assumed the arrangements, thought it wiser that Tommy Taft should go to his grave from the homely quarters where he had lived. A prayer was made, a hymn sung, and, if Tommy heard it, his spirit could not but have been content with the number and sweetness of the children's voices. There were enough people, now that he was gone, to say kind things of him, and to apologize for his eccentricities.

"I have always been of opinion," said Judge

Bacon, "that Taft would have been a man of great power in society, if he had been subject to early training and fortunate circumstances. The rough material was in him, and education might have shaped it to the proportions of an uncommon manhood."

"You were with him, Barton, when he died—did he seem to have any proper conception of the solemn event?" inquired Doctor Buell.

Barton's account of his interview was striking. There was a moment's silence. Judge Bacon remarked, breaking it:

"I suspect that it is all right with Tommy. No doubt, the good Lord was merciful."

"God's mercies and man's saving evidences are not to be confounded," said Parson Buell. "All that man can do is to inquire whether, in the judgment of charity, one's life or dying experience gives evidence of gracious affections. Tommy Taft's character was marked with many strong excellences, but he would be bold who should say that his was a Christian life."

"But do you not think there is some evidence that, at last, he was led to put faith in the Saviour?" said Barton.

"My own pastoral visits developed nothing particularly encouraging," replied Dr. Buell. "Your narrative is certainly more hopeful. Yet,

I should speak of a sudden dying experience with great caution. It would be mischievous for men to suppose that a whole life, perverse and worldly, can be rubbed out like a slate, by a momentary glow of feeling, in the last hour. I should think, Barton, that his experience was more a manifestation of affection for you than for his God."

"Since there is no positive evidence," said Dr. Wentworth, "of his condition, let us charitably hope that the spark which glowed at the last was not quenched in death. He humbled himself to Barton for very love. He followed him to Christ. True love is mediatorial. If to any state of mind God would reveal himself, it would be love and submission. It was not regular. What repentance is ever logical? Will a shepherd refuse a returned sheep because it followed home a bell-wether, instead of the shepherd's own call?"

"I perceive, gentlemen, with all due submission to your superior gifts," said Judge Bacon, blandly smiling and waving his hand with a gesture that seemed to put away the whole discussion, "that your wisdom increases as your knowledge fails. Poor Taft is gone. That is all you know about it. But no! You mount up above all facts, logic, or vision, and one weaves for him a garment of salvation while the other pulls out the stitches!

Ah, what tailors of cloud-clothes you would make! If Taft had been a deacon, or a minister, of course we should have to let him go in. As he was a rough old sailor, with a hard tongue——"

Barton interposed with some slight asperity:

"Do you think that a smooth tongue and a hard heart would have served him better than a rough tongue and a warm heart?"

"A thousand pardons, my young friend," said the judge, accepting with perfect good nature the implied comparison,—"I yield, I yield. I shall put Tommy into the calendar, and hereafter swear by St. Taft. He excelled in the grace of swearing!"

"I fear that he was profane," said Parson Buell, "though not in my presence."

"No? I am surprised!" returned the judge. "However, swearing is for the most part a mere rhetorical enforcement—a system of interjections, in bad taste because of exaggeration. There is much pious swearing. A church member slips on the ice, and exclaims, 'Goodness now!' Tommy Taft would have said 'D—— *it!*' Both meant the same thing. A bold man *means* swear, and says it. A timid man means swear, but says 'Gracious!' All interjections are swearing, a kind of latent oath, are they not parson?"

"Swear not at all; let your communication be

yea, yea; nay, nay," said Buell. "No doubt many common by-words are only a sort of cowardly profanity. But the guilt of profane swearing is not lessened by calling it an interjection, or by raising the culpableness of bye-words."

"Well, well, doctor or minister, whichever of you conquers, I perceive that both of you in your hearts have put Tommy in heaven, and that he is as well off as if he had died at a stake a martyr for religion."

"By no means," replied Buell. "There are infinite degrees of excellence and of happiness in heaven. One may enter as a king, crowned; another enters 'so as by fire.' One emigrant may come on to the coast by shipwreck, saving nothing but his life; and another, after a prosperous voyage, lands, with his goods, among friends that had come over before him. Both are safe; but one is a pauper, and the other well advanced in society. Let us reverently hope that Taft, at the last, beheld and accepted the Saviour. But that by no means places him at the side of those whose earthly life was a long career of virtue and self-denial.

"Bereavement," said Dr. Wentworth, "is a great heretic. I have found few persons who do not contrive to believe that their friends are

saved. It is other people's friends that we remit to justice. Our own are, by some mediation of affection and grief, rescued. Indeed the *Infinite* and the *Eternal* are words without meaning till grief interprets them. Tears are like chemical re-agents, whose touch brings out colours. When, bearing our beloved in our arms, we come face to face with eternity, all our reasonings retreat into our hearts. Men do not deny their beliefs. But they will not let them speak. Like light in a sick room, they must be turned down and softened, and sometimes, before the morning comes, they go out."

"Truth," replied Buell, "is not less true because our sympathies flow out against it. The sun shines on in spite of weak eyes. Has a man a right to put a bandage on his eyes, and call it sunset?"

They had reached Dr. Wentworth's mansion, and all turned in thither. It was a bright, but coldly blustering day. The hickory fire cheerily blazed on the hearth. The conservatory door stood wide open, and the eye discerned an artificial summer there, whose greenness and beauty was now, after the long winter, inexpressibly attractive. The azalias were coming into bloom. Exquisite ferns of various tropical kinds grew with luxuriance. There was a summery feeling

in the room. Its light, its warmth, and the sight of plants and flowers all helped to illusion. A canary bird hanging in the conservatory sang merrily, and one or two flies buzzed against the window, or flew dreamily through the air. After a long winter a fly in the house brings with it a sense of summer. If old and torpid we take it in hand, blow warm breath upon it, put sugar before it. Imagine a man doing all that to a fly in August!

Judge Bacon could not tarry, and waited only till the flowers which the Doctor was cutting for the ladies were arranged, and then departed. But not till he had enjoined all further discussion.

"When Buell and I meet you, Wentworth, you always seem moved with talk. Why, if all that you have discoursed to me, to say nothing of Buell, were written in a book, of what dimensions would it already be! I know very well what you are both thinking of. Buell wants to say now that your doctrine of *Nature* is injurious to *Scripture*. Then you, Doctor, are full of a reply, viz.: that the globe, but particularly the human mind, by its best specimens, *is* a previous or co-ordinate, or auxiliary revelation. Then Buell will snap you up with the question, 'Do you bring the Bible down to the level of Nature?'

and you will answer, 'No, I attempt to raise Nature up to the level of the Bible.' Then he will say, 'What do you mean by *Nature?*' and you will reply, 'Whatever God has created, but chiefly the human mind.' Then Buell will look very sober—he always does—but he will look soberer yet, and trust that you are not going off into mere natural religion. Then you will say that you prefer natural to unnatural religion. He will then look hurt, and you will grow dignified. Then after a while the Doctor will very mildly ask whether you think the deductions of science are upon an equality with the doctrines of Christ? and you will say they are infinitely below them —not because they are science, but from the nature of the truths themselves, one relating to matter, and the other to the soul. Whereupon he will introduce a question in mental philosophy, and you will snatch it away from him, and then he will get it away from you, until, before you know it, the clock will strike *twelve*—midnight! and then everything will be left just as it was before, to be gone over again at some future meeting.

"Ah, there is nothing so improving as philosophical discussion! But my health suffers from such luxuries, and I must deny myself and bid you good evening." And with a courtly manner the judge bowed himself out.

"A most agreeable and discriminating scoffer," said Dr. Buell, as the door closed.

"Oh no, not scoffer, which implies something bitter or malignant. I think he has a conscience, and that, in spite of his badinage, he is not without serious thoughts and purposes."

The tea was announced. Barton sat in the place which Rose usually occupied, Dr. Buell sat next to Agate Bissell, and the children, great and little, filled up the interstices between the Doctor and his wife. Barton gave some account of his western experiences—some further facts relating to Tommy Taft. He appeared unusually vivacious. Dr. Wentworth remarked afterward to his wife that he had never known young Cathcart to be so buoyant and modestly self-confident. He seemed like one who had seen trouble, but had found peace.

Leaving Dr. Buell with the ladies—to whom, and to Agate in particular, he was laying open some plans for usefulness—Barton and Dr. Wentworth repaired to the study.

Barton began:

"I do not feel, as Dr. Buell does, that your views of God's use of Nature as a Revelation tend to unsettle faith. In my own case, it has led me back to my childhood faith again. I was brought up, in effect though not in theory, to look upon

Nature as something dangerous, having no relation to religious feelings, and, indeed, as a storehouse of infidel dangers. I had never heard a minister employ Nature as an auxiliary of the Bible, as if there had been not one, but a converging series of revelations, all witnessing to the same truths, but in differing degrees of clearness, the full light and disclosure coming in Christ Jesus!"

The Doctor answered:

"And yet the Old Testament is a storehouse of religious feeling excited by the objects in Nature. The Psalms of David play upon all the aspects of nature familiar to Palestine, and summon every living thing to bear witness to God. But many ministers seem to think that Nature has a secret grudge against the Bible, and they are determined that they will defend the Bible against the aggressions of insidious Nature!

"In making the world, many seem to think, God saved up the best truths, refusing to let Nature shadow them, reserving them for a written book. But Paul thought otherwise, declaring that God framed the world for the purpose of revealing himself and his government to man. 'For the invisible things (truths) of Him are clearly seen from (in) the creation of the world —being understood by the things that are made, even to His eternal power and Godhead.'"

"I am almost certain, Doctor, that but for your help I should have made shipwreck of my faith. I had come to a state in which nothing was true to me merely because the Bible said so; but when, under your help, I found the great truths of the Bible indicated and corroborated in Nature, I was wonderfully strengthened. Indeed, I consider that the turning point in my history."

"There are a variety of influences which make religious difficulties almost a disease," said Dr. Wentworth. "A person cannot ravel out the threads of religious belief which from his childhood have woven the figures of taste, fancy, affection, and reason itself, without doing a violence to his nature which few have the strength to survive.

"The process is itself destruction, but it is made worse by the odium attached to scepticism —especially in New England, where it is deemed the mother of all immorality. This public sentiment is either to be dared or evaded. If defied, it soon drives a man desperate by its inflictions. If to avoid this, one is prudently silent, his mind grows hot and morbid by speculations which he supposes to be purely intellectual, whereas they are a mixture of intense feelings, of fancies, and of unregulative reasonings—a medley, as far from philosophy as possible, but peculiarly well calcu-

lated to produce morbid conditions both of body and soul."

Barton replied:

"I need no testimony on that point. I now wonder, as I look back, that my reason was spared. But it was in some respects this very intensity of suffering that worked a cure. I became satisfied that the reasonings of those men whose steps I was following, if carried forward legitimately and fearlessly, would not stop with discrediting a revelation, but would go on to discredit the existence of a God. The question came home—Are you prepared to follow out your reasonings, and to give up faith in the existence of any God? Since no man can prove that God does not exist, I found that I should vibrate like a pendulum between Theism and Atheism, and that I should have my convictions just as little settled as before, only I should be unsettled in a different place; I should be acting in that remote region just as uncertainly and insincerely as before I had sacrificed my Christian faith."

"Certain natures must ferment," said Dr. Wentworth. "They do not become clear or deep till after a process of that kind. But I have noticed a great many men who went no further than to drop their faith in Christianity, which, as it is now held, represents not only the mere words of Christ,

but all the experiences which have since sprung from these words, in good men, and so is the substance and epitome of all the moral good which the world has learned. They were not honest enough to go on with their principles to the logical result, and became torpid or frivolous sceptics, without moral depth or moral honesty."

"It was at the point of this rebound in me, from the darkness and horror of atheism, that I was helped to a degree of which you were never conscious by an almost accidental train of conversation illustrating the difference between the essential truths of revelation and the vehicles of these truths. I had been sticking at a great many of the so-called difficulties of the Scriptures. I pricked up my ears at your illustrations. You said, 'If a messenger were to come to a poor man, saying, "I bear in my hand the will of a relative of your mother's. He has left you an estate, and here are the documents which will put you in possession,"—a sensible man would at once, upon a tolerably fair showing, take the documents and test them. He would see if they had been recorded; if there was such property; if, upon presenting his claims, it was made over to him. But what if, instead of regarding *possession* as the best argument in favour of the genuineness of the will, he should indicate his

philosophy and shrewdness by picking flaws with the grammar, quarrelling with the messenger, instituting a special plea on the doctrine of probabilities in the case?' Out of that view came great relief to me. I said, 'Here is the will and Testament of my Father. Let me take possession of the contents rather than criticise them.' I considered the New Testament ideal of human life — its pattern of character, its delineation of the ends of a true life, its code of moral sentiments—and said to myself, 'Is there anything nobler than this? Has Nature anything better to teach me?' I considered the conception formed in scripture of God, his universal Fatherhood, his Remedial Nature as manifested in Christ, the whole, as it now seems to me, marvellous and transcendent attributes of excellence; and I contrasted this positive, effulgent, sympathetic Being, with that uncertain, protean, pulseless, soulless Solitude which Pantheism and Atheism call God. The contrast was salutary. It really brought my pride and my moral sense over on to the ground of my childhood belief! It seemed to me that such fruit could be found growing nowhere else, and that to refuse it was as if a man should refuse oranges because the tree was crooked, or the bark diseased, or the thorns too long and too sharp.

"In connection with this, came to my relief this view: 'I am undertaking to construct a theory of the universe as the condition precedent to my own life. But I have a personal duty. I have to develope a character, to perform my part in society, to be a man among men. Am I at liberty to defer this until I have put Time, History and the Globe to analysis and synthesis? If right living is immediate, urgent, the duty of to-day, then I must take the best ideals that exist, and work them out.' But that view brought me right back to the New Testament, and I could not help saying to myself, 'What book is this which an earnest man, desiring to live a high and noble life, finds at every turn, supplying him with the very elements which he needs? Is it not the Book of Life?'

"There came, finally, one experience further. When I was most imbrued with the truth as I found it in Christ, most tender in my feelings, I have seemed to have on various occasions borne in upon me a tide of influences which I could account for on no theory of ordinary causes, and which I have come to believe were divine. The spirit was promised. To me it has been fulfilled.

"I have not got beyond difficulties. I cannot answer certain technical questions arising in my

mind respecting Revelation. I am more than dubious of much of the philosophy in which religious truth is clothed in the pulpit. But this I know—I have found the road to Manhood; I know my duty to society; I have a sure faith in immortality; I behold the glory of a God worthy to be praised. I accept as my guide, friend and Saviour, his Son, the Redeemer of the world. And I believe that he gives forth to me the Holy Spirit. I never could have said as much as this to any one but to you. For you, sir, have had more influence in restraining my aberration, and in establishing points of cure in me, than all others."

A pause followed this conversation. Tears rolled down the Doctor's face. The clock on the mantel chimed the hour. The fire snapped and showered its sparks up the chimney. There needed no words. Silence is sometimes the most perfect communion.

CHAPTER IV.

CHANGE OF LATITUDE.

It was on an overcast day that Heywood entered Charleston harbour. It was not that low and smothering cloudiness which shuts in and diminishes a prospect, but one of those gray, lowering skies which cause everything to loom up and to seem larger and grander than they appear in the white flat light of the sun. Heywood was on deck, and as the channel carried them nearly parallel with Morris Island, the captain pointed out the lines of batteries that were night and day in process of construction. For Major Anderson, on the 26th of December, 1860, acting upon his own military judgment, had abandoned Fort Moultrie, upon Sullivan's Island, on the north side of the harbour, and had conveyed his whole force to Sumter, a fort rising on every side right out of the water, and not accessible to assault, as was Fort Moultrie from its land side. This judicious movement took the authorities by surprise. Had Beau-

regard been then in command in Charleston, it is hardly possible that the opportunity would have been left open for Major Anderson to secure a position far better suited to the number of his men than Moultrie, in better repair, and removed from all danger of surprise.

The surprise at this movement was the greater because it had been believed that Major Anderson, a Southerner by birth, would ultimately come over to the Southern cause; or, at any rate, perform his duty in such a manner as not to molest the plans of the Confederacy.

To reduce Fort Sumter would require the erection of many batteries. No other spot in the harbour of Charleston could have been selected where a fort that commanded the entrance could be itself so dominated from every side by batteries on the shore.

As the steamer neared this fort, all eyes were were turned toward this centre of attraction, and opinions were exchanged among officers and passengers as to the probable fate of its garrison. So little was then known of war, and especially of improved artillery, that the most extravagant opinions were expressed both on the one side and on the other. Heywood felt the tears rising to his eyes as he looked upon the stars and stripes waving over the fort. His soul revolted against

the folly and crime of those who should dare to touch that sacred emblem of the country's glory! As he stood gazing, he unconsciously said aloud, "God keep thee, flag of my fathers!"

"You, a Virginian," said the captain, "and praying for that Northern flag? I am a Southern man, and if I lived in Charleston I would have that rag down as soon as powder and shot could fetch it down! You'll see that palmetto flag yonder waving over these bricks before many weeks!"

Heywood turned to look at the flag toward which the captain pointed as he spoke. It was too distant to be clearly discerned. But, through the captain's glass he saw over Castle Pinckney, and now over Moultrie, the State flag of South Carolina. His heart sickened. He turned and walked away. The gray sky—the dark and scowling water—signs of a coming storm—all seemed to him in keeping with the events transpiring. To himself he said: "Have I lived to see the day when the government and its flag will be assailed with war? Do I dream? Or is this a hideous reality? Well may the heaven hide its brightness, and the storm wail. A mightier storm will soon burst!"

Heywood soon landed and repaired to his hotel; nor did he regret that the day and night were

stormy, as he desired to get settled in his quarters before going out or presenting his letters. On rising the next morning his senses were soothed and delighted with the fragrance of the air and the genial temperature of the atmosphere. It almost shakes one's sense of personal identity to be changed by a short voyage of a few days from snows and frosts into the midst of growing gardens and blossoming fields. Early March here answered to late May in New England. The roses and honeysuckles were in blossom. Even his Virginian home had no such luxuriant growths as he witnessed here. The Lamarque rose, the Chromatella, the various Noisettes and Tea roses which he had been wont to see grown under glass, or if out of doors, subject every winter to frosts which pruned them to the ground, here grew from year to year in open gardens, becoming large and luxuriant, and hanging in clusters of magnificent buds and blossoms in wonderful profusion.

He strolled through the streets to gain some general idea of the city. The finest dwellings, however, seemed half hidden by high brick walls around the yards. Over the tops hung many a vine, or clump of climbing rose. Now and then some open gate, or some more generous and open fence, enabled him to look through and see beds of early bulbs in full blossom, the long glossy leaves

of laurel, the deep green and polished leaves of the Bettisporum.

The air was delicious. It was perfumed and balmy. Heywood strolled on from street to street in the early morning with unaffected delight. Suddenly he was challenged by a sentinel, and warned off from bounds which he was just crossing. It was a camp of Georgia troops just come from Savannah. His heart sickened. With hastening steps he returned to his hotel. The front was already swarming with citizens, and among them many military men. He began fully to realize that Charleston was a foreign city! He was in his own land and yet not under his own government! He was, however, not regarded as a stranger. Not only was his father known, but his zeal in the cause of the State was known also; and young Heywood, on presenting his letters, found himself welcomed to the best society of the city. It was taken for granted that a young Virginian of such lineage as his, would cast in his lot with instant enthusiasm with the exultant and glorious movement for Southern independence. But he can best tell his own experience in a sort of journal letter which he kept for Judge Bacon, who leaned to the Southern views far more than did any of Heywood's other friends, and who, therefore, was relied upon for advice

with more confidence than they would be whose identification with the North would of necessity give one colour to all their counsel.

. . . "You can imagine the state of feeling here by nothing which you read or hear in the North. It was the opinion of many in Massachusetts that much that was done and said here was merely for political effect. I confess to have had the same notion; but I have it no longer. These people are in terrible earnest. I do not seem to myself to be in the same country or nation as when at the North. If every man I met talked to me in a foreign language, he would hardly be more an alien. Nowhere in the city or harbour, except at Fort Sumter, is the flag of the United States flying; everywhere it is the Palmetto flag! The people are intensely exhilarated—there is no resisting such a current. I am no more a secessionist than I was in Norwood; and yet, as every one takes it for granted that I am heart and soul with him, I reproach myself with my insincerity or moral cowardice. Every night, when I reflect on the whirl and excitement of the day, I am ashamed that I do not show my colours. But one must be brave indeed who would deliberately leap into the fire. It would be scarcely less than this to avow sincere attachment to the Union. I have seen one act of

ferocity and heard of others, which for the sake of the South I will not repeat. But I am determined, at all hazards, to state to some of the leading gentlemen my true convictions. . . . .

"Since I have made known to my father's friends my Unionism, if it were possible, I am treated with more cordiality than ever. I am not only invited to social gatherings and made much of, but my friends take me with them to their political consultations. I am thus put in possession of the secret counsels of the leading Southern men. I am in despair of the Union, in so far as South Carolina is concerned. And the letters and messages from other States seem to give assurance of cordial co-operation. My future looks dark to me. . . . . .

"I wish you could have been with me last night! I have had the inside view. I am less sanguine of future union than ever. After much importunity, Major Anderson has consented to send an officer to Washington, with a committee of citizens, to induce the government to withdraw its troops from the fort. Lieut. Hall is the officer. But he says distinctly to the committee that he shall advise his government to maintain their possession of the fort. In hope of changing his view, and of convincing him that there is no chance whatever of Union, and that secession is a fact

accomplished and ended, the managers here last night arranged a meeting for conference, and as my case needed treatment also, I was brought in.

"Mr.—— said, frankly, at the opening of the conference, that he should speak without disguise. It was something in this wise:

"'The people of the North and South are esentially different. There is no hope of their assimilation. Their climate, industries, political opinions, social customs, cause and will maintain these differences. It is useless to try and conduct a government together. Perpetual disagreement and jangling must follow. That the leading thoughtful political men of South Carolina have long been satisfied of the soundness of these views. *That they were fully determined at all hazards to separate from the North.* It was not a sudden freak, but a matured purpose. Was it not better then, instead of patching, or dosing a desperate case, to yield to the inevitable? That no compromise was possible, simply because there were no special grievances which the South need complain of. That, to speak frankly, their grievances had been urged merely as the method of holding their people, but that the thinking men did not regard them as of any value. That the real motive lay in the prospect of a future which could not be realised without separation. To make new arrangements, to devise

peace measures, concessions, compromises, was to prescribe for the wrong disease. The South really had no grievances whatever. That it *had* ambitions, and was determined to realize them. Under these circumstances, and in view of these disclosures, was it not wise for Lieut. Hall to join with the committee in saying to the government at Washington that the stay of troops in the harbour could serve no useful purpose?'

"I do not know what Lieut. Hall will do, but my eyes are open. Can it be that these things are true beyond the bounds of South Carolina? I am sure that in my own State it is not so. Virginnia is true to the Union. But what if the flames that are here kindled should spread? What if my own State should go with the seven already seceded? Can I fight against my own State? Can I join my kindred and fight against the Government? Can I remain neutral, and let this great issue be settled by others, striking neither for the Union nor for my State?

"I have been making a tour of the batteries with Gen. Beauregard. If I had ever thought that Sumter could long resist the bombardment which threatens her, I should be disabused of such opinions after seeing what I have to-day! Every point of land from which a battery can be made to bear on Sumter has been seized. Great num-

bers of men are perfecting the works. Huge cannon are lying under cover and waiting the completion of the works. In many batteries cannon are already mounted. In Fort Moultrie, the artillery destroyed by the garrison when they took possession of Fort Sumter, has been replaced. Everything is approaching completion. March is wearing away; April is just at hand. Every effort has been made to induce Mr. Lincoln to withdraw the garrison, and thus avoid a collision. But I am told that he is obstinate, not to say deceitful. Again and again, he has either promised or left upon those who have visited him the impression that a promise was given; yet the flag waves there—a defiance to the Confederate flags which fly from the beleaguering forts and batteries.

"As I stood upon the parapet of Fort Johnson this afternoon, the wind freshened and rolled out the flag from over Fort Sumter with that peculiar motion which gives one a feeling that there is life in the flag, and that it stretches out its arms from some volition of its own. It lifted itself from its drooping position, half disclosed its form, and then languidly relapsed again. Again, and with more impetus, it raised itself, rolling out heavily in a series of convolutions, as if it felt an inward struggle or spasm. It dropped again. Then, though I felt no quickening wind where I stood, it was plain

that a current moved high in the air, in which, with a certain calm force, it was lifted up and stretched out at full, with all its stripes displayed, and so it held itself without recoil or droop.

"I inwardly said, 'So it shall be. After some struggles the banner shall stand at last, spread abroad in full glory!'

Beauregard, too, had watched the same scene. I know not what his thoughts were. He seemed pensive. There is a singular combination in his expression. His face is dull, his eye fiery, so that his whole countenance is like ashes, with fire raked up beneath it.

"With some emphasis he said:

"'It shall not fly there long.'

"I asked him whether it did not pain him to do violence to the flag under which he had been reared? He paused, as one does who analyses his feelings before speaking:

"'In our fathers' day that was the flag of the Union. But it has been made sectional by Northern fanaticism. It no longer suggests protection and friendship, but injustice and aggression. We look upon it as it is, not as it was. And yet, sir, if Major Anderson would evacuate the fort, and relieve this harbour of the threat implied in his presence here, I should be saved a painful necessity.'

"'Then you do not sympathise with those who wish to humble the North?'

"I sympathize with those who believe that a new empire is arising! I care nothing for the North. Let them have their way. We mean to fulfil our destiny. All nature has conspired to make this southern realm a grand empire. The climate is perfect. It is a garden on the pattern of a continent!—We have an industry which will enrich the world—but ourselves first and most. Ours is not a rude and clumsy slavery like that of antiquity. It combines in it the patriarchal simplicity of the Hebrew and the fine organization of the Roman. The negro out of slavery spreads out like a torpid swamp and poisons the land with laziness. We have forced him into channels—converted him, as it were, into a river — with a regular current, turning a thousand mills. Our people, relieved from drudgery, have leisure for refinement and public administration. Here is to be a new era—an epoch in civilization. In a hundred years the great schools of science and of painting, the colleges and universities of America, will be here! When I see that flag standing in the way of all this glorious progress, and forbidding it, I would fire upon it if it were thrice as glorious as it has been, but has ceased to be!'

"I think he was sincere. He is an enthusiast. He has the air of a man who has great self-confidence and is not unwilling to express it. On that account he is fit to represent the South Carolinians. They are certainly eager, opinionative, and prodigiously confident. I inquired:

"'Will it be a difficult task to breach the fort, and likely to be attended with much loss of life?'

"He replied:

"'We and they are well protected from artillery fire. Anderson is a good officer, and will not expose his men. If blood is spilt, it will be in storming after the fort is breached.'

"'Will raw troops be serviceable in so desperate an enterprise as assailing a breach?'

"'Sir, the Southerner is a natural soldier! His courage is such, by nature, that it is hardly a credit to him to be brave, any more than for a horse to be strong or a hound swift. The Northern man is dull, slow, peaceful. If ever, it will be years before he learns to fight. The Southern soldier is quick, fiery, intense, overwhelming. We shall sweep everything before us!'

"'Is there no way of avoiding actual conflict? Might not the fort be starved out? I am told that the garrison are not permitted to draw provisions any longer from Charleston.'

"'So far as I am concerned, I would defer oper-

ations, provided Anderson would state the day when want of provisions would compel him to surrender; at any rate, if it were a near day.'

"'I am sure he would. He is an honourable and Christian gentleman. I would cheerfully undertake the mission. I am a Southern man, but I am opposed utterly to forcing this issue by arms.'

"'This is beyond my province. You must get authority from Montgomery, or from Gov. Pickens.'

"Filled with this errand, I desired to hasten back to Charleston. The sun was already low down in the west, and flamed across the harbour with wonderful beauty. The channel guard-boats were under way to their night-watch on the bar, that no vessels may steal in for the relief of the fort. To the seaward, the harbour opened out grandly. The atmosphere, the setting sun, the meeting of the harbour with the ocean, gave a largeness to the scene which filled my heart with admiration. As I was looking, the sun sank. Then Sumter fired a gun, and the flag slowly and gracefully descended. In rapid succession, the flag over our head, that of Fort Moultrie, of Castle Pinckney, and of every fort and battery around the harbour, came silently down, and twilight seemed like a peacemaker! All the tokens of defiance and war were wrapped in quick-coming darkness. The little steamer on

which we returned sped toward the city, whose outlines were lost in the dusk, but painted again in the lights that shot out along either shore and from the south battery. The few craft that lay off at anchor showed a solitary light. We saw them, shot past them, and left them behind, in the same moment. My heart was happy, in the strange hope that I might at least contribute in a small degree to avert a collision.

"Without delay I sought out Gov. Pickens and suggested the plan. He met me cordially, but hesitated on hearing my errand. He spoke of consulting the Government at Montgomery.

"'But, sir, if South Carolina is sovereign enough to withdraw from the Union and repel the soldiers of the Union from her shores, she is sovereign enough to negociate a peaceful evacuation of Fort Sumter.'

"Oh, there's authority enough. I would take it anyhow; but it may not be expedient.'

"'Expedient! I do not understand you.'

"'Well, to be plain, it may be necessary to come to blows for political considerations. If all the Southern States would promptly move into line, we could get along without bloodshed. But then we have but six or seven, out of fifteen, that have acted. This sluggishness will ruin us. We can't afford to wait. If the tide slacks and turns it will carry all our hopes out to sea with it, never

to return; but once let the Government at Washington fire one gun upon ship or man, and that flash will set on fire the whole South! Some of us are in favour of bringing on the issue by striking; others, by waiting till we are struck. By noon to-morrow I shall know. Come then and I will see you. Meantime, our friends are in the parlours to-night. The sons of Virginia are always welcome in Charleston!'

"I plead fatigue, and hastened back to my lodgings, and have saved myself from many unpleasant musings by writing this account to you.

"The clouds are very dark. While I was in Norwood I thought them wind-clouds, of threatening look and harmless contents. Now they are lurid with fire, and portend terrible disaster, if some happy expedient does not succeed in conveying the electricity silently to the ground!

"The whole city is feverish and inflammable. It seems to me that a spark would explode the community. Moderation is unknown. It is dangerous not to burn and glow with hatred of the Union. To resist secession would be fatal. I keep aloof from all but a select few, and their prominent position, their very leadership in this disruptive movement, gives me standing and character, which I maintain by holding my peace, and so get the additional credit of being deep and cautious!"

CHAPTER V.

BOMBARDMENT OF FORT SUMTER.—HEYWOOD'S LETTER CONTINUED.

"*April* 10.—I am informed to-day, by Gov. Pickens, that he has word from the government at Washington, that provisions are to be sent to Fort Sumter at all hazards, and that he has communicated the same to his government at Montgomery. There is great excitement. I urged the plan already mentioned. Anderson cannot hold out many days. Starvation will give the fort into their hands full as soon as artillery can. Unless bloodshed is needed for some political purpose, I cannot imagine a reason for bombarding. Meanwhile the city swarms with troops arriving with every train, while those hitherto camping here have been distributed to the forts and batteries. Business is almost dead. It seems like a military holiday. The current for secession and a Southern Republic rushes like a mighty stream. Nothing

can stay it, and nothing resist. It amounts, if not to a phrensy, yet to an irresistible enthusiasm. Every one is exhilarated. The most extravagant pictures are drawn of the future of this new empire. Last night I heard several of the leading men and managers of affairs discussing the prospect. 'Bombard the fort—commit the State irrevocably by shedding blood. The government at Washington cannot do less then than to threaten coercion. The first step in that direction will bring every cotton-growing State to our side. If the conflict begins, even the border States must come to this side. Against such a front no war will ever be made.' Turning to me, one of the gentlemen said: 'You shrink at the shedding of blood. Is it not better by the loss of a few lives, and the consolidation thereby of fifteen States, *to prevent war*, than by temporizing to go at length into a conflict which, though not doubtful in issue, will sacrifice hundreds and it may be thousands of lives? Even humanity would dictate decisive measures.'

"I replied: 'I think, gentlemen, that you mistake the whole feeling of the North. If the flag is fired upon there will be war. If there is war, you must prepare yourselves for a long and terrible one. The South will not yield easily. The North will be even more tenacious.'

"Some of the gentlemen were curious to know more of my opinion of the North, which I gave. But the majority laughed to scorn the idea of Northern courage. What is most singular is, that the men who most doubt Northern fighting qualities were themselves from the North, or were born of Northern parents! One or two fiery spirits declared that with a thousand picked men they could march from Charleston to New York; that there were more in number in the North who would greet them than would fight, and that in less than a year peace would be established. The meeting broke up, and as we walked together I again and with wamth urged upon Gov. Pickens to use his influence to prevent actual hostilities. I know not why, with my sentiments plainly disclosed, I am treated with so much confidence by gentlemen who are in the most secret councils of secession. But so it is. He replied to my importunity:

"'Heywood, I honour your fidelity to your convictions, and I do not wonder at your opinions respecting the North. Yet, you are Southern, and you will be obliged to join us. Events will prove stronger than men's wills.'

"'But not, I trust, than men's principles.'

"'All honest men agree in principles. It is the *application* of principles that creates a dif-

ference of opinion upon public affairs. For instance: You believe in justice, and so do I. But what *is* just? That is the question between the North and South. We believe in *humanity*. But which is the surest way of being humane? Sometimes forbearance will constitute humanity. Sometimes aggression is more humane than peace. To fire upon Sumter will prevent a civil war. You think not. It is not a difference of principles, but of judgment. You believe that the happiness of the population will be consulted by unity of national life. We believe that two nations are better than one. We agree as to the principle, viz., the duty of seeking the happiness of the people. We differ as to means only. I say that you are one of us. I mean that your sympathies go with the land of your birth. Events are transpiring that will draw the lines, and all men will have to choose sides. The time is close at hand. It will be impossible for you, when you see that the rupture cannot be prevented, to take sides against your father and kindred, against your State, against all your companions, and against the South and all its glorious future! Your honour and your affection will compel the right course. And it is this certainty which induces me to confide in you.'

"He then laid open to me the whole inside

view, and I confess that my heart sank within me, as he closed, and I felt a gloomy certainty that the nation was rent in twain.

"'There are,' said he, 'among the active and influential men in the South three classes. First, are the old politicians, who do not want secession, and threaten it only to secure for the South certain further concessions which shall prolong its political ascendancy. They are dull and selfish men. They foresee nothing and plan nothing except the possession of political power.

"'Next is the great middle class, containing the active young men, and most of the families of wealth throughout the South. They threaten secession and even welcome it, but with a distinct understanding among themselves that it is the shortest road to a *reconstructed Union.* They all hold to the antiquated superstition of a single Nation. When once the South is organized, and its government recognized, then, they reason, will begin a process of disintegration of the Northern Union, and of the absorption of its particles by the Southern Union. One by one the North-western States will dissolve their connection with their government, and come under our new constitution. Pennsylvania will not be long in following. New York will not consent to see her commerce pass to Baltimore and

Charleston. New England, which has been the firebrand of the continent, may smoulder and go to ashes among her own rocks. We will have none of her. Her young men will emigrate, marry and conform to the customs of the South. In fifty years she will be as little heard of as Nova Scotia or Newfoundland.

"'The third class is the only one that has a clear and distinct plan and principle. All the others are drifting and catching at accidents, and hoping for lucky events. But we have a definite end in view. We mean to establish a Southern Confederacy, confined if possible to latitudes in which Slavery can profitably exist. We shall resist the entrance of Free States. We don't want them. Free and Slave States cannot live together. What is the use of a divorce, if one turns right about and marries the shrew over again? No. We are for immediate separation; for the establishment of a nation whose climate, industries, institutions, and people are homogeneous. We want no war. If let alone we will be peaceful. When it is settled that the South is permanently and forever a separate and independent nation, there may spring up kind relations between it and the North.'

"I inquired:

"'How can you speak with such confidence of success when you admit that you are a small minority, and that the two other classes constitute the wealth and the influential men of the South?'

"'Because, in a revolution, the men who stand still are powerless. Those men who purpose energetic action suit the temper of such times. In peace, conservatives—and, in revolution, radicals—will always lead. Hardly one man in Montgomery wanted secession. South Carolina forced them to it. This glorious State is guided by a few men who know what they are aiming at, and who use therefore every opportunity with advantage. All the rest are mere waiters upon time.'

"'Do you mean that President Davis did not wish secession?'

"'He belonged to the second class of whom I I spoke. He was opposed to secession. He could have been bribed easily to maintain the Union.'

"'Bribed?'

"'Yes, with the offer of the Presidency of it. An ambitious obstinate man, subtle rather than strong. A wise manager of common affairs, but not large enough for comprehensive and complex matters. He will do very well, how-

ever, to pilot us out of the Union. He is proud and persistent, and will not easily be bamboozled.'

"'How do you regard Stevens?'

"'A sagacious man, without any belly.'

"'What do you mean by that?'

"'He is all brains. But he lacks force for action. He is a good lecturer, but a poor leader. He has gone off with us just as a priest might be imagined to have gone off with the ten tribes, hoping all the time to get back to Jerusalem. He goes with us in hopes, by-and-by, to have influence to get us back into the Union. That is like a cock-sparrow flying with a storm, hoping to manage it.'

"'Stevens certainly ranks high among the people.'

"'He ought to. He is honest, and a sagacious critic of historical events. He is wise about things that have already happened. But he has no constructive wisdom. He has neither the imagination, the courage, nor the—well—the fanaticism necessary for founding new States.'

"By this time we had reached St. Philip's church, and my companion entered a modest burial-ground lying across the way from it. I hesitated at entering. 'Only a few steps,' said he. We came to a grave, upon which stood, in altar-form, a large white slab of marble. By the faint

light of the moon, I saw cut upon the middle of it —nothing above and nothing beneath it,—alone, simple and large,—the name

CALHOUN!

"For a moment or two there was silence. At length, my companion spoke:

"'Had HE lived, we should have had a leader. He was our Prophet. He brought us to the verge of the Promised Land, but was not himself suffered to go over. He died, and no one is found worthy to bear his mantle! Being dead, he yet speaketh. From this spot goes forth the influence which will found a new nation. Men will come hither, in later days, upon pilgrimages, as they have hitherto to Mount Vernon!'

"'I have always deemed his ingenuity acute, but impracticable.'

"'Impracticable? Is the Bible an impracticable book because people are not wise enough to practise its truths? All men of seed-thoughts are esteemed impracticable in their own generation. Men want something which they can use *now*—not something which will feed them by and by. They plant summer crops, not orchards. The popular thinkers are millers and bakers, who grind wheat and bake bread for immediate use.'

"'Do you regard the present movement in the South as the result of Calhoun's teaching?'

"'There's is not a man under fifty in South Carolina who has not been fashioned by Calhoun's influence. Every Southern college has taught his writings. His views of the sovereignty of the separate States in the Union are the lever by which we shall pry the Union apart. A great man! and wiser than his times!'

"'It has always seemed to me that he was the apostle of the Retrograde, not of the Advance, and your plans seem to me to be based on the philosophy of disintegration. You may hold together for a time by external pressure; but there is no cohesion in Calhoun's State; it is all centrifugal and explosive in its analyses and ultimate tendencies.'

"The clock in the church opposite struck twelve. I plead my health as a reason for returning. On the way back, the Governor told me that, on the morrow, Sumter would be formally summoned to surrender; that if anything further were done toward mediation, he would notify me."

"*April* 11.—At two o'clock this afternoon Gen. Beauregard formally demanded the evacuation of Fort Sumter. 'All proper facilities will be afforded,' so the summons ran, 'for the removal of yourself and command, together with company, arms and property, and all private pro-

perty, to any port in the United States which you may elect. The flag which you have upheld so long and with so much fortitude, under the most trying circumstances, may be saluted by you on taking it down.' Major Anderson replied: 'My sense of honour and my obligations to my Government prevent my compliance.' He stated incidentally that starvation would soon compel evacuation. I caught at this sentence. It seemed a ray of light and hope. I urged the General to communicate it to his Government. In due time came from Secretary Walker, at Montgomery, the permission, 'We do not desire needlessly to bombard Fort Sumter. If Major Anderson will state the time at which, as indicated by him, he will evacuate, and agree that in the mean time he will not use his guns against us, unless ours should be used against Fort Sumter, *you are thus to avoid the effusion of blood.* If this or its equivalent be refused, reduce the fort as your judgment decides to be most practicable.'

"I was overjoyed at the response. At the Governor's request, I was joined to the gentlemen of Beauregard's staff who were that night to visit the fort. One thing I could not understand. Beauregard expected to open fire before morning! Why should that be? Was there some trick in this message?

"So confident was I that peace would be preserved, that I inwardly triumphed over the crowds in the streets of Charleston, who, aware of the imminent bombardment, filled the public ways as on a holiday, gaily dressed, exuberant in spirits, as if the city were one vast wedding-feast. They were crowding the East and South Battery streets, and the Whitepoint garden, hoping to be spectators of a nation's funeral! The sun was gone down. The reflected light quivered on the waters, as if they were stained with blood. I know not why my confident joy was tempered with forebodings. I inwardly said, as I left the chattering crowd, 'Reap all the darkness which the night brings; you shall see no flames to-night!' Yet my heart was heavy. I was experiencing probably the reaction of long excitement. It was past midnight before we set off in the boat, and it was after one o'clock when we reached the fort.

"On approaching the postern we were challenged, but after a few minutes' delay, permitted to land and enter the fort. The gentlemen of our party were Major Lace, Col. Chism, Roger A. Pryor, Senator Chestnut, and myself.

The written message was delivered to Major Anderson:

"'If you will state the time at which you will evacuate Fort Sumter, and agree that in the

mean time you will not use your guns against us, unless ours shall be employed against Fort Sumter, we will abstain from opening fire upon you.'

"Major Anderson was surrounded by his officers —all of them young men. He seemed about fifty —his hair touched with grey; his stature about five feet eight; his forehead square; his face intelligent, mild, but full of firmness.

"The interior of the fort, about an acre large, was in much confusion. Unmounted cannon lay upon the ground; material for various purposes was heaped up. It was now the morning of the 12th—Friday. Major Anderson said that on Monday, the 15th, three days hence, he should be obliged to evacuate the fort. He accordingly committed to writing, and delivered to us the promise that, unless meanwhile he should receive controlling instructions from his government, he would, on Monday noon, at twelve o'clock, leave the fort.

"The gentlemen of my party retired to a corner for consultation. I was overjoyed at the happy termination of this dangerous matter. I congratulated Major Anderson and his officers, and we all hoped that the storm was past, and that better counsels would bring brighter days to the country.

"After about fifteen minutes, the gentlemen who had been consulting returned, and handed to Major Anderson a paper containing the following message:

"'By authority of Brig.-Gen. Beauregard, commanding the Provisional Forces of the Confederate States, we have the honour to notify you that he will open the fire of his batteries on Fort Sumter in one hour from this time.'

"I was petrified. I scarcely believed my senses. My first impulse was that of utter indignation at the men who, it was now plain, never meant or desired to avert a conflict. Doubtless they had hoped that the time for evacuation would be put so far off that there would be a decent pretext for refusing to wait.

"They were caught in their own trap. Only three days were demanded. Every one knew that at the best the fort could not be reduced in less than that time, and possibly not for a week. But blood was wanted. It was necessary to arouse the South.

"I could not repress the exclamation, 'This is shameful! I protest against it!' I was on the point of asking leave to remain in the fort, and to take part with its garrison in defending its flag! But what could I do, untrained, and ignorant of war, except to consume provisions already wasted

to the minimum? With a heavy heart, bitter and resentful, I turned away and left the postern. My indignation kept me silent. We soon landed. It was already near morning. The east was changing, and a faint twilight came stealing over the harbour, every moment growing brighter. You have noticed that at no moment of the day has light such a virgin effect as between twilight and sun-rise. Everything has a freshness, an unworn and pure look, as if it had just been created. I stood alone, for I would not go with the gentlemen of his staff to report to Beauregard. A light film of mist lay along the rim of the harbour; but within that silver setting the water lay dark and palpitating. Out of its bosom rose Sumter—sheer up from the water, which lapped its very base on every side. How serene and secure the fort looked! How beautifully the morning brightened around it, though as yet the sun was far down below the sea!

"I was startled by the roar of a mortar a little behind me. Out of its white smoke rose, with graceful curve, a bomb that hurtled through the air and burst right above the fort! 'Cursed be the hand that fired that shot! May violence overtake the wretch, and a disgraceful death!' I did not know that it was my own State that broke the peace! Edmund Ruffin it was, an old man,

with white hair that hung down in profusion over his shoulders, and was now flying wild, his eyes bright with an excitement either of fanaticism or insanity!

"This single shot given, there was a dead pause for a moment or two. A flock of wild duck, startled from their feeding-ground, flew sklitting along the face of the water, and were lost behind the fort. The peace was gone! This tranquil harbour was changed to a volcano! Jetting forth from around its sides came tongues of fire, wrapped in smoke, and the air was streaked with missiles converging from every side and meeting at Sumter! Now that the circle was once on fire it flamed incessantly. Gun followed gun —battery answered battery—and the earth fairly trembled with the explosions. I was fascinated, I could not withdraw. I waited to see the fort deliver its fire. It stood silent. Did the giant sleep?

As the sun flamed above the horizon and shot its light across the waters, up rose the flag from the fort, gracefully climbing to its topmost height, and rolled out its folds, as if it were sent up to look out over the troubled scene and command peace! Still no gun from the fort replied. Two hours of bombarding, and not a shot in return! But at seven, in the morning, a roar from the lower tier of guns gave notice that the

fort had roused itself and joined in the affray. Its shot began to fall around me. I retreated within the battery, and then, sick and heart-heavy, I determined to make my way back to the city. My heart was with the seventy men battling for the flag against five thousand!

"The Confederate flag and the palmetto were flying together over the forts. My soul spurned them! I felt that I was among enemies. The roar went on. As I drew near the city, I began to hear the church bells ringing wild with joy! Crowds everywhere lined the wharves, filled the streets, covered the roofs of the hitherward houses. The people had been out all night! Many, discouraged at the delay, had begun returning to their homes. But the first sound of a gun brought them back with alacrity. One would think that the humbling of the national flag was the most joyous occasion in the world! Worn out with excitement and want of sleep, disgusted and indignant, I spurned all company, and would hide myself from the sight of the people and the sounds of the heavy guns, which in succession, or in salvos, filled the air with their dull, distant thunder. I sought my room, and toward noon fell into a feverish sleep. The noise of the artillery still sounded in my dreams, and, mixed in the phantasms of sleep, helped to

disorder my imagination. I dreamed that I was at Norwood, and conversing with Miss Rose, when Dr. Wentworth entered, and his voice broke like a sound of thunder upon me, and the dream, changing, led me now with Cathcart, and now with Wentworth, among sand-batteries and forts. These dissolving views changed, and it was Miss Rose, or Alice that was in distress—the house seemed crumbling and falling part by part with terrible crash, and I—utterly unable to stir! I started up from such disturbed visions. All the afternoon the same continuous firing filled every part of the city with its sound. Volumes of black smoke rolled up from the fort. It was on fire! Its guns fired but infrequently. Every time the smoke rolled away I looked anxiously through the glass to see if the flag still waved. The sun went down upon it! All night, but at intervals of fifteen minutes, the bombardment went on. People who had expected to reduce the fort in a few hours seemed discouraged at this protracted defence.

"The morning came, and with its first full light the forts that lay in a circle round the fort, opened in order, Johnson on the south, Cummings' Point on the east, Moultrie on the north, and the floating battery on the west, together with the smaller intermediate batteries. As far as I

could discern, the walls of Sumter had suffered little. No breach appeared. The barbette guns were knocked away. But though they were the heaviest, they had never been used. The besiegers aimed to sweep them with such a fire that the men could not work them. Again the smoke rolled up from the fort, and flames could now be seen. Moultrie poured a continuous stream of red-hot shot upon the devoted fort. At last came noon. The firing ceased. Boats were putting off to the fort. By one o'clock it was noised abroad that the garrison had surrendered. It was true! On Sunday noon, they were to salute the flag and evacuate the fort.

"If the week days were jubilant, how shall I describe the Sabbath! The churches were thronged with excited citizens. In many of these all restraint was thrown off, and the thanksgiving and rejoicing for the victory swept everything like summer winds. I went to my own church, the Episcopal. The decorum of the service, which is a bulwark against irreverent excitements, served, on this occasion, a good purpose. Yet, strange as it may seem, in the lessons for the day occurred a passage that sounded in my ears like a prophecy, and full of warning and doom. It was this: 'Prepare war, wake up the mighty men; let them come up.

Beat your ploughshares into swords, and your pruning-hooks into spears; let the weak say, I am strong. Multitudes, multitudes in the valley of decision; for the day of the Lord is near in the valley of decision.'

"As I came from church, a south wind blew, and I heard the sound of cannon. I walked rapidly to the point, and only in time to see through my glass, the flag descending from over Sumter! The drama is ended!—or rather opened! Who can tell what shall be the end of this? It may be that all the roar and battle of the two days past is as nothing to that which at some future day shall precede the raising again of this flag over this fallen fortress. The future is in the hand of God!

"To-morrow I shall bid farewell to these unhappy scenes. I go to Richmond, and thence home. Shall I ever see Norwood again? I know not why my spirits sink so low. I am full of forebodings. Probably weakness and fatigue are reasons enough. But over the future hangs a dark cloud which I would that I might pierce and know what it hides! Should I never see old friends again, I would not willingly be forgotten of them—for I can never forget. And so, Farewell.

"Tom Heywood."

CHAPTER VI.

THE AROUSING.

The March winds had blown themselves out. Rainy April had set in. Over all New England, the signs of the new season were thickening. Maple-sap was flowing freely, and the woods and maple orchards were filled with sounds of industry.

The dull gray of the uppermost twigs in chestnut woods was turning to a ruddy brown. The peach-blossom buds were swelling fast. The willows already shook their tassels in the wind. The air, the earth, the round heaven and every creature beneath it seemed to rejoice in the breaking of winter. Cattle rubbed themselves against fences to free the old coat and give place to the new. The herds owned the fervid impulses of love. The dairy woman cries, "See how yellow the butter is to-day!" "Yes," says the herdsman, "the cows have been down in the moist pasture, and found early grass."

The oxen are yoked, and the plough is set agoing. Blackbirds follow the furrow, and pick for fat grubs. The redwinged starling from the swamp sounds its medley — a cross between a cackle and a whistle. No more ice! no more snow! Cold winds yet contend for the mastery, and new-dropped lambs shiver, and frisking calves cuddle in sheltered spots from its rough breath.

"But, ah! the south is propitious! The sun is ascending from the south, and bringing with him all treasures. Look! do you not see those low-lying clouds in the south glorious and ruddy? They are harvests which the sun is driving forward—red apples, purple grapes, yellow corn, and wheat. Full of gifts is thy bosom, oh south! Listen to the sounds which every wind wafts from the south. It is the bluebird in the orchard, just come from its southern home. Robins have come thence. The south sends sweet songs of birds, and smell of flowers, and the silver haze of showers, every drop of which is like a planted seed. Oh, gorgeous south! whose days are summer round the whole year, to thee fly our birds in autumn; and thence again, tuned and re-fledged, they come to us in spring! From thee come new life and joy. Peace be on thee, mother of all good! and far from thy fields be harm and sorrow—thou that art full of blessings!

On the morning of April 12th, there came from the south other gifts. Not sunlight, or the flight of birds, or the flowers of spring; but a lurid cloud, sounding and dreadful, proclaiming to the nation that war had come!

When the telegraph shot the news of the bombardment of Fort Sumter through every State, men held their breath. They could scarcely understand. Like those suddenly overtaken by an immeasurable grief, they stood silent, listening, waiting for something to say,—"It is a dream! it is not true!" As the day wore on, a sharp curiosity tensely held every mind. How fares the conflict? Will the fort sustain itself and silence the beleaguering guns? For, an impression had crept through the public mind that the fort was invincible. We were all children then, and knew nothing of that school in which since the nation has had millions of scholars!

On Saturday, came contradictory tidings. Rumour was busy. The reality of war was eating slowly into men's consciousness. None had believed it. Such unnatural violence can be possible only to the insane! Was ever nation happier? Was ever prosperity so continuous, and its fruits in material wealth so wonderful?

If war begins, the South is too shrewd to begin it. She has ruled the land for fifty years, and if

as wise the English aristocracy, she will bend for the moment to the political gale which may not be resisted, but making peace with circumstances, she will seize again the helm and guide the ship!

No one believed war possible. So long had peace brooded that it seemed a destiny. We were used to fiery conflicts of politics, and threats, and predictions of disaster and ruin. In the eyes of a vanquished party the country is always ruined. Intense excitements were characteristic of our national life. But free speech had always proved a safety-valve to men's passions. Men waxed hot, raged and denounced; then, as after a thunder storm, every one went on his way in a clearer sky and purer air!

Though it had year by year been threatened; though the threats grew sterner as the election of Mr. Lincoln approached; though the act of secession was accomplished, and seven States threw off their allegiance to the Government; though South Carolina day and night was girding Fort Sumter with batteries, and gangs of slaves, by the thousand, were heaping up the sands of the shore into vast fortifications, and the lighthouses had been darkened, the buoys of Southern harbours removed, judges had resigned, forts had been seized, and sworn public officer after officer had

proved treacherous, yet the innate hopefulness of the people and the security bred by long peace, prevailed. Men would not believe that there could be war.

On Sunday morning, the 14th of April, it was known that Sumter had surrendered. The scales fell from men's eyes!

THERE WAS WAR!

The flag of the Nation had been pierced by men who had been taught their fatal skill under its protection! The nation's pride, its love, it honour suffered with that flag, and with it trailed in humiliation!

Without concert, or council, the whole people rose suddenly with one indignation to vindicate the nation's honour. It came as night comes, or the morning—broad as a hemisphere. It rose as the tides raise the whole ocean, along the whole continent, drawn upward by the whole heavens!

The frivolous became solemn; the wild grew stern; the young felt an instant manhood.

It was the strangest Sunday that ever dawned on Norwood since the colonial days when, by reason of hostile Indians, the fathers repaired to church with their muskets! All the region round about came forth. Never had such an audience gathered in that house. Every face had in it a new life.

Dr. Buell was not wont to introduce into his Sabbath services topics allied to politics, nor did he mean to change his habit to-day.

His sermon, weighty, and on themes which usually are accounted more solemn than all others, yet sounded light and empty in men's ears. Nor had he ever preached with so much difficulty. He lost the connection, hurried passages which should have been deliberate, and afterwards owned that he was never so glad to get through a sermon.

It was in the prayer following that the stream burst forth. A mighty tide rose within him, and he poured out his soul for the country. He prayed for the Government, for the men in Fort Sumter, who had been like the three children in the fiery furnace, for the flag, and for all in authothority, that they might have wisdom and courage to vindicate it!

The house was still—so still that the ear ached between every pause. The word Amen set loose an army of handkerchiefs, and people wiped more eyes than were ever wet at once in that house. Just as Dr. Buell rose to give out the closing hymn, he saw the choir rising as if to give an anthem. The minister sat down; but he quickly rose up again, and every man in the house, as the choir sang the *Star Spangled Banner*. Such a

scene had never been known in sober Norwood! And when the last strain died, it was with difficulty that the minister could repress an open cheer.

"Why didn't you let 'em?" said Deacon Marble. "It's enough to make the stones cry out. I never felt so sorry before that I hadn't a house full of boys."

Aunt Polly for once found nothing to rebuke in the Deacon. "This is the Lord's work. Sunday isn't a bit too good to teach men that they ought'er save the country! My grandfather dug the sile out from under this church to git saltpetre, to make powder on, to fight for our liberties! And I guess the old man's bones that's lyin' yonder shook when they heard them cannon jar! Now's the time for folks to show themselves."

The whole population seemed to be in the street! Men formed groups and discussed the one only topic. Party lines were fast rubbing out. There was an afternoon service, but it was like a dream. As yet men's feelings had found no channels, and no relief in action. A few discordant notes there were. Tough old Hunt, farmer up in "Hardscrabble," as a poor neighbourhood was called, in spite of angry eyes and frowning brows would have his say:—"I allus told you

that the Abolitionists would bring blood on us. Now I hope they're satisfied. They've been teasin' and worryin' the South for twenty years, and now the South has turned and gored 'em. Sarved 'em right!"

"I tell ye, old leather-skin," said Hiram Beers, "you'd better shut up! The boys ain't in a temper to hear such talk. You'll git hurt afore you git through a hundred speeches like that!"

Old Hunt was a small, wiry man, about sixty years of age, with black hair, and a turbid hazel eye, that looked cruel when he was wrathful. Hiram's words set him aflame.

"Where's the man that's goin' to stop my tongue? This is a free country, I guess! I *shall* say what I've a mind to——

Just then, Hiram, who saw that trouble was brewing, changed the attack from the old man to his horse, who was as fiery and obstinate as his master, and already had exhausted his patience and fodder, in a long Sunday under the horse-shed. While the old man was standing in his waggon, bristling all over, like a black-and-tan terrier, and fierce for opposition, Hiram gave his horse a keen cut under his belly, where a horse least likes to be hit. The first thing Hunt knew he was sprawling in his waggon, and the horse was heading for home with a speed unbe-

coming a Sabbath-day. The old man, nimble and plucky, gathered himself up, utterly at a loss which he was most angry with, the public or the horse,—now giving the animal a rousing pull, and then shaking his left fist back at the crowd, he disappeared from the Green, in a medley of utterances, which, addressed sometimes to his horse and sometimes to Hiram, and sometimes to the imaginary Abolitionists, formed a grotesque oration.

"Oh, you won't stop, will ye?—(a jerk)—You d——d Abolitionists—(turning back his head)—Come down, ye beast!—(to his horse)—free country! everybody do as he choses! Can't stop me, tell ye—why don't you stop—hold up! No! I won't hold my jaw, for none of ye! I'll break your jaw if you don't stop, ye de—— beast—Abolitionists—tell ye—!" and with that he was gone.

"I'm as much of a democrat as he is," said Hiram, "and I've allus gone with my party. But, I tell ye, boys, this is no party matter. This is a black business, and there ain't but one way to settle it. We've tried the votes, and they won't stand that. Now we'll try the bullets, and the side that can stand that longest is goin' to rule this country, that's all."

Old Mr. Turfmould ventured to say, without

meaning any harm—merely as a moral reflection—"Ah, Mr. Beers, it's awful killin' folks, and huddlin' em into holes without funerals or decent fixins of any kind."

"Shut up, you blasted old owl!" said Hiram. "This thing's goin' to be fought out, that's sartain, and we won't have nobody hangin' back at home. A man that won't fight when his flag's fired on, ain't worth a dead nit."

Old Deacon Trowbridge was talking with Judge Bacon, to whom he usually deferred with profound respect for his legal learning.

"I hope," said Judge Bacon, with calm and gentle tones, "that the Government will forbear, and not be in haste to strike again. We ought not to think of coercion. Our Southern brethren will come to their reason, if we are patient, and wait for their passions to subside."

"I tell ye, Judge, we ain't goin' to wait. We've waited long enough, and this is what we've got for it! Secede! rob the government! shoot our flag! and kill our soldiers, shut up in the fort, like chickens in a coop, and then not fight? You might as well have a Day of Judgment, and nobody hurt. If we ain't goin' to fight now, we'd better swap clothes with the women, and let *them* try awhile. I tell ye we *will* fight!"

Deacon Trowbridge was like a green hickory

fire on a winter's morning. It requires the utmost skill and blowing to get it to burn, but when once it is started, it blazes and crackles with immense heat, and speedily drives all those who were cuddling and shivering about it, far back into the room.

On he went, indignant at the judge, and talking to every one he met. "It's come! Ye can't help it. I don't *want* to help it! It's the Lord's will, and I'm desperate willin'. If my boys—some on 'em—don't go, I'll disown 'em. Don't want no cowards on my farm!"

Home with Dr. Wentworth walked Dr. Buell. He had lately grown even more intimate than during the years before. He was a lone man, subject to those depressions which follow severe study. Such moods in him were relieved by the gentle stimulus of family life. He was so simple and sincere in manners that every one in the house felt it a pleasure to serve him. He thus gathered the fruits of a wise household without either the care or responsibility of maintaining its organization.

Agate Bissell, who was housekeeper, teacher, nurse, and companion, doing the work of five ordinary persons, with yet much time and energy to spare, met the doctor and minister at the door. She looked eagerly, but silently, upon them, with

hungry eyes, as if she besought some word of sympathy. The conversation went on. Instead of giving it in broken fragments, we condense the remarks of Dr. Wentworth, as if it were one speech.

"It must come! the argument is ended! My judgment has long told me that a conflict of arms must grow out of such radical conflict of principles. But my feelings of hopefulness constantly set aside my political logic, and, like others, I did not expect bloodshed. For thirty years, it is now apparent, that the two great halves of this nation were deepening into radically antagonistic convictions—not about politics, in its common sense, but upon the whole question of humanity which underlies and finally controls states, churches, philosophy, and religion itself. The only hope was in localizing these influences and keeping them apart. That could have been done had there not been a central government, which both parts strove to appropriate and control. We now see that the Federal Government had little power to control and much to divide the nation. That will always be the weak place in our nation. The prodigious power which is generated in wide-lying states, absolutely independent and sovereign, except in a few arbitrary and artificial arrangements, cannot be controlled by the Federal Government,

except by such an increase of its powers as would prove fatal to local liberty.

"Whenever a considerable number of contiguous states shall be united by common interests and passions, in resisting the party that controls the Federal Government, we shall be in danger of rebellion.

"It is slavery to-day. The next time it may be a commercial influence. But whatever it is, it must be some unifying influence which, like slavery, has educated the community to diverse, strange, and unnational customs, morals, political principles, and civic feelings, that can secretly organize such a body of states together as to frame a formidable rebellion. Because men now are seeking to pluck the unripe fruit of separation and new nationality, it does not follow that in coming times the ripe fruit may not drop of itself, without opposition, and be gathered up cheerfully and willingly. States will hardly be allowed to draw off because they *differ*. That will make them enemies. But if they are agreed, and divide in some future day simply because the vast bulk of such an empire of States is too great to be conveniently grouped in one Federal Government, there might be less resistance. *Now* the tendency is setting towards unity. That may expend itself. The next tide may be to variety. But

who can tell? National life allows no prophet to unveil it.

"Probably if you and I were in the South, we should join with it. This conflict is but opening. It looks now as if all the Southern States must be swept into the movement. The State feeling is stronger than the National. A crushing defeat might destroy the movement; but a Southern victory will sweep the whole South like a flame. In that case all the best men will join it. We should not expect too much from human nature. Our friend Heywood is honourable, and will resist disunion; but when he sees it accomplished, he will go with his State, and probably join the Southern army."

Alice Cathcart was one of those whose stillness, both in speech and motion, is so great that her very presence seems swallowed up in the personality of others. She sat by the Doctor's wife, as if she were only the shadow which Mrs. Wentworth cast. The conversation had reached the Doctor's remark about the young Virginian, when suddenly, and with passionate vehemence, she exclaimed:

"Never! He will never betray his country! It is a shame to slander one who cannot answer for himself!"

Had a piece of artillery gone off in the room,

it would hardly have startled the company more than such a speech from the gentle, silent Alice! The Doctor smiled and would have replied, but Alice disappeared. Mrs. Wentworth found her in a flood of tears, and folded the dear child to her bosom, without words, comforting her by the sympathy of a loving embrace.

The sun had gone down. Every household in Norwood and wide about was a scene of excitement. That night prayer was a reality! Never before had the children heard from their fathers' lips such supplications for the country. Never before had the children's hearts been open to join so fervently in prayer themselves. Men seemed to be conscious that they were helpless in the presence of an immeasurable danger! By Faith they laid their hearts upon the bosom of God, till they felt the beatings of that great Heart whose courses give life and law to the Universe!

CHAPTER VII.

ECHOES FROM THE NORTH.

"WHEREAS, The laws of the United States have been for some time past, and now are, opposed, and the execution thereof obstructed in the States of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas, by combinations too powerful to be suppressed by the ordinary course of judicial proceedings, or by the powers vested in the marshals by law; now, therefore, I ABRAHAM LINCOLN, President of the United States, in virtue of the power in me vested by the Constitution and the laws, have thought fit to call forth, and do hereby call forth, the militia of the several States of the Union, to the aggregate number of 75,000, in order to suppress said combinations, and to cause the laws to be duly executed."

This was the answer of the people, speaking by their Government, to the acts of secession, and to the assault upon the nation's flag and fortress

at Fort Sumter. Dry words they seem, formal and stately. But there was fire in them to kindle a flame such that all the world paused, as if a continent were on fire!

Our noblest sentiments, when assailed, never deliberate. A wise man foreseasons his honour, love, purity, patriotism, with reason. When touched with harm they burst forth into action as instantaneously as powder touched with fire into flame! When the flag was abased, the nation shuddered. No one had suspected how deep in the heart of the people was the sentiment of patriotism. For two generations men had been buying and selling, making and distributing, until the dust and shavings of the manufactory seemed to have covered down all heroic sentiments. Long peace and exceeding prosperity had shaped popular politics into a greedy game of policy, and great principles, no longer debated or tolerated, sat in the capitol, like decrepit old men crooning of the golden days of old.

The lowering of the nation's flag before the guns of South Carolina pierced the pride and honour of the North to the quick. The outburst was universal and unpremeditated. The morning and evening of a single day saw peace utterly laid aside, and twenty millions of people

filled with the spirit of war. Men would not tolerate argument, and trampled upon mercenary considerations. Before, men had seemed swallowed up in material interests, and dead to heroic sentiments. The trumpet sounded the resurrection, and in an instant they came forth into a life of heroic sentiment, and, placing honour, duty and patriotism high above all sordid interests, they offered up to their country their ease, their wealth, and life itself! Passions there were, but they were auxiliaries of the moral sentiments, lending to them force and fire. For a people's war—a free, intelligent, religious people—is not bred either of a greedy avarice, nor of royal pride and ambition. It was war for the Commonwealth, nay, more refined yet, a war, unparalleled in magnitude and cost, waged for the *Principles* on which alone commonwealths can stand! It was kindled not by the young, but by the old and sage as well. It was fed not by the ignorant and violent, but by women, scholars, Christians. The recruiting ground was not in low and dark corners, among the ignorant and roving, nor chiefly among labouring men, but pre-eminently in academies and colleges, in Sabbath schools and churches. No one held himself aloof. There was a generous competition who should go, and men strove for

a place in military companies as at other times for honour and wealth. The whole community were moved to the core by the power of the unseen. It was an enthusiasm for an abstract sentiment, for an invisible quality of patriotism—for law, for liberty, for government. This was a sublime spectacle, of the spirit of government rising up in the very sources of all government!

The same scenes were at the same time occurring in the Southern States. Even more fiery was the outbreak, because the people were of more demonstrative natures. Pity it is that admiration for the uprising of millions of men to found a new State should be stripped of its sublimity by the debasing conceptions of the new civilization which blinded its leaders! Yet our moral disapprobation of the secret and potential causes which were at work need not withhold from the common people the credit of the most earnest sincerity, witnessed by offering up all that man holds dear for the cause which they had been misled to believe was the cause of liberty and of honour!

And thus it came to pass that thirty millions of men, divided into two bands, went seeking each other through the darkness and mystery of war. Neither part considered or cared to ponder what was before it. Like two warriors

standing on the opposite banks of a swollen stream, they went down in the darkness of the night to find and grapple with each other in the turbulent and dangerous ford!

Towards both parties came travelling great sorrows and disasters. But looking full at the future, neither of them saw aught of that which it contained.

Already was descending, as in the apocalyptic vision, the mountain of fire which was cast into the sea of blood, and no man heard its rush, or knew its dread disasters, until all over the land fire and blood were cast up like a storm spray driven in from the ocean!

Are men less sensitive than metal? Shall barometers foretell whirlwinds, give alarm of tornadoes half a continent distant, and yet shall a whole hemisphere of storms move in upon society, and no man feel the chill of the shadow which they cast forward? Right before the nation were clouds dripping blood, and full of wasting fire. None saw. Right before them were heaped-up corpses, armies of the dead, suffering, fear, famine, and pestilence, but men heeded them not!

Neither, any more, did they see the new heavens and the new earth that followed the convulsions of the old, a nobler liberty, a purer

justice, a better friendship, a more lasting brotherhood!

Fort Sumter was evacuated April 14; the President's proclamation came Monday, the 15th; and before sundown of that night, Barton Cathcart's company were on the green, ready to leave on the cars that night. This promptitude was the more remarkable because at least one half of its numbers lived out of the village, and several of them some miles distant. Arthur Wentworth, now twenty years old, fortunately was at home from college, and promptly joined his company.

There is no one scene which so stirs a country town as the departure from it of the first companies for war. Mothers, sisters, and lovers look upon the men with yearning admiration; and the imagination heightens the sense of mysterious danger into which they are going. But on this day parents were scarcely less eager to send, than were their sons to go. The city of Washington—the capital was threatened!

'Biah Cathcart came to town, with his wife Rachel. He was calm and stern. She was singularly exalted. Her soul said:

"What am I that the Lord should permit me to send my son to the defence of his government? Great are his mercies, oh my soul."

Miss Wentworth was absent from home. She had gone from Boston down to Maine, before the tidings of war broke over the country. Immediately she started for home. But, so promptly had Barton moved that he had been in Boston several days before Rose reached Norwood. But Barton, in the whirl of preparation, had found time to write a few lines to Rose:

"April 15, '61.

"To-day I leave for the field upon a sudden summons. My whole soul consents. I was never more cheerful. But a single shadow lies upon me. At last, let me speak plainly, Rose. I am sad at leaving you, whom I love more than father and mother, or all beside. This will surprise you, but it is no sudden experience. It has been the secret of my life. From my boyhood I have cherished it; whether with more of pain than of cheer I cannot tell. The hunger of the heart in a proud nature, sensitive and silent, is hard to bear. And yet I would not have been without this love. It has made so much of my life that if it were taken out scarce anything would remain worth keeping. It has inspired and cheered, it has chidden and restrained. In the fire of this love, whose flame I might not show, every feeling of my life has been tempered.

"Only within the year have I been in circumstances to justify me in an honourable solicitation. But a shadow fell upon me. Another came before me. Pardon me. I would not speak of it, but I may never return, and for our childhood friendship's sake you will indulge me in the sad pleasure at last of speaking out my heart?

"If only I knew that your interest was with another, all struggle would cease. Your happiness would shed some faint joy on my disappointment. I know not whether, even if you were free, you could love me. Have I said too much? It is as nothing to the unsaid. The silence of my heart through years now yearns for an expression. Only let me hear one word from you; if not in Boston, then at Washington. I pray you do not send me to the war without a word to say that you are not offended—to say more would be a joy too great to hope! But let me not go in the chill of utter silence.

"BARTON."

This letter he hastily did up, and being obliged to employ other hands, for a hundred errands, he entrusted this to faithful Pete, with instructions to convey it promptly to Dr. Wentworth's, and place it in the hands of Dr. Wentworth or of his wife.

Pete had been on hand all day, executing

Barton's orders with extraordinary alacrity. It is doubtful whether he knew what all the excitement was about. He had gone post-haste to Riddell's, to serve a notice on a member of the company. He had ridden two miles in another direction, as only Pete could ride, on a like errand. He had been out to Bidwell's, and to Carrington's, and to Eaton's, and crossing through the woods, and past the red school-house; he had come down by Marsh's, and Morris', warning one man at each place.

"What is it, Pete?" said grandma Carrington.

"You're wanted," said he with a half guzzling laugh. "Captain Cathcart wants Tom right off, with all his regimentals. They're going to-night."

"Tom is out plowin'. Here, Roxy! Roxy! Where's that child? When you don't want her, she's right under your feet, and when you do want her you couldn't catch her with a fine tooth-comb. I'll go myself. My father was out in Seventy-six, and my boys have got his blood, I guess."

The old woman was past seventy—white-haired, wrinkled, sharp and nimble. Away she went over fence and field, saying to Pete:

"You go 'long; the boy 'll be there afore you are."

At Eaton's they were all at home, and in the enthusiasm of the moment Pete was offered a little

rum. Now Pete had never joined any temperance society, and could not therefore break a pledge. Looking for a second at the glass, as one recognizes a long-absent friend, his lips parted, and the rum disappeared as a drop of water sinks into parched ground.

Thence Pete betook himself, now inwardly comforted, around the Owl Swamp, over on to the turnpike to Belden's; but Belden's son Will had gone into town, partly on an errand, and partly for news, so that he would get his warning in Norwood. The old man was one of the hard cases in New England — foul-mouthed, ugly, and regularly soaked with liquor. Yet his head was so solid that he seldom lost his keen judgment in a bargain, or his management of property. His wife was an earnest Christian woman, with the face of a sufferer. Her home was a purgatory. But five children were reared there in virtue and honour, every one abhorring strong drink. The eldest was sergeant in Barton's company. Old Belden liked nothing better than to "season a man," as he called it.

Poor Pete had lingering about him a bewitching memory of his last glass, and the sight of the decanter put him into a radiant mood. A large glass was poured off, the old man applauding and swearing horribly. But Pete's instinct of obedi-

ence was proof against further persuasion. He knew that Barton had ordered him to report to him again in the quickest possible time, and so, in spite of the sparkling of the liquor which old Belden held up before his face, and shook till it foamed, he departed. It was full time.

On his way back he thought of ever so many funny things, and saw ever so many queer sights. At any rate, at every other step he sizzled out a laugh.

At any other time Barton would have perceived Pete's condition; but now amid the excitement which pervaded the town, he scarcely noticed his exhilaration.

He gave him the letter to Miss Rose, with particular direction not to lose it, and to hand it that night to Dr. Wentworth. One or two other papers, also, Pete was charged to deliver, all of which were duly placed in Pete's hat; where, also, were stowed his red cotton handkerchief, two or three snarls of different sized strings, a paper of fish-hooks, and a bit of newspaper over all. Every moment was precious if Pete was to fulfil his errands.

His senses were fast retiring into obscurity; yet he had retained the impulse to go to Dr. Wentworth's after he had lost all idea of the reason for going. The Doctor was called after tea into the

kitchen to see Pete, who at once, giggling and shuffling, made a faint attempt to give him from his hat a paper.

The Doctor read:

"At the last moment, I have got me a few things, as you suggested, at Wadsworth's. Please settle the bill. BARTON."

"What's all this? This must be for Barton's father. I'll give it to him to-morrow. Mrs. Good, you had better let Pete lie down in the out-room."

What became of Barton's letter to Rose was never certainly known. Pete was up before daylight the next morning, trying to get some water; and then he kindled the kitchen fire, using the scraps of paper in his hat to set it off with. But, certain it is that Rose never received it, and wondered and grieved that Barton should again have left town abruptly without a word of farewell.

For, the second day after his departure, came Rose home. Her brother was gone, and she had passed within a few squares of him in Boston, not dreaming that he was in the city.

"Mother, did Barton call to say good-bye?"

"He was too busy. We all went out to see him off, and shook hands with him at the cars. I never saw him so radiant. He stood evidently the first

man among men in that hour. And his military dress was wonderfully becoming. Really I quite fell in love with him."

Rose was silent for a time, and then, with enforced naturalness, asked:

"Did you say that Barton left any word for me?"

"Nothing that I heard of. There was only half a day to summon his company, and get them away. Our Arthur was in great spirits. He looked like a rose among those tan-faced country-boys. You know that his complexion is beautiful, and his chestnut hair curled out from under his military cap most becomingly!"

Rose sat silent, buried in thought. Early she plead the fatigue of journeying and retired. It was but masked somnolency. Sleep sometimes courts you till you yield, and then coquettishly flies. So it was with Rose.

There are many kinds of wakefulness. If trouble be real, if danger be apparent, wakefulness may have a useful end. One may while away the whole night in processes of investigation. All distractions are gone. Neither light nor noise lay any tax upon the senses. They rest. All the vital force is concentrated in the thinking part, and, in the darkness, especially following early sleep, and just preceding the morning, the mind

easily penetrates things obscure, and disentangles things perplexed, and unrolls things most involved.

There may be a sleeplessness of pleasureable excitement. And sometimes this is an exquisite pleasure. One has something to learn of luxury who has never laid awake with joy. One then seems to float peacefully in an atmosphere of joy. Pure, continuous delight flows from every nerve, and from every faculty.

But there is an excitement of half-born feelings, of evanescent fancies, where thoughts but begin, and vanish, where feelings start without developing into definite forms, where the whole mind is played over by the checkered light and shade of things illusory and imaginative; when, as it were out of the air, the spectres of coming emotions cast pale shadows upon the sensitive brain, which vanish when you would inspect them, and return the moment you cease to analyze them. How welcome is the cool morning after such a night of spirit watching! How good and pleasant is it to come again to things that may be touched, to the dew, to the things it lays upon, to the song of birds, and to the companionship of friends! Such as this last excitement filled Rose's night, and glad was her morning.

CHAPTER VIII.

FIRST FRUITS.

THE most striking trait in camp life to Barton was the facility shown by his men in adapting themselves to entirely new circumstances. It was a complete revolution in their method of life. Many of his men was accustomed to all the refinements of wealth, and all of them had been reared in abundance. There were fifteen graduates of colleges, and five under-graduates. There were, besides, several students of medicine and of law, and five men who were in commercial business. The others were intelligent mechanics, machinists, factory men, young men from the farm, and from that large and peculiar class, in New England, who may be called *bargain-makers*—men who, without a regular business, are energetic and enterprising in a thousand money-making ways, now dealing in cattle, or buying up in autumn whatever line of produce promises to advance in market; in short, the moveable merchants, the

cavalry of trade. With one accord they fell into the proprieties of their new life, and in a few days, like a well-made machine, everything began to move smoothly. By the last of the week the regiment to which they belonged was despatched to Washington. Young Arthur Wentworth had been elected second lieutenant. He was one of the rare cases in which a robust virility exists in connection with an almost feminine beauty and delicacy of organization. His curling hair was of a rich chestnut colour, his complexion almost of dazzling whiteness, with a cheek suffused with carmine, blue eyes, features that did not wait for after-life to give them expression, but which from youth were shapely and exquisite. So much beauty is indeed a misfortune in a man who has not a manly force to lift it clear above effeminacy. That force Arthur Wentworth had. None was quicker of foot in all robust games. He had practised athletic exercises and excelled all his fellows. He could run faster, jump farther, climb with more agility than the best. He was a leader on the base-ball ground—loud and merry in his outcry, intense and impetuous at foot-ball. He lacked something of strength at wrestling, but made it up in deft agility. He was the pride of his class, and so pure and loving in his noble nature that neither envy nor jealousy, as yet, had been shown

by any. All the signs pointed him out as poet. All the signs too pointed him out as artist. But not less did he promise to become an orator. Fate made him a soldier. To Barton he was dear for double reasons—for his own sake and for another's. In the company and regiment he became a universal favourite from his modest fidelity and thoroughness in duty, and for the rare social gifts which he displayed in the social life of the camp.

To his sister Rose, some months later, he wrote:

"WASHINGTON, *July* 14, 1861.

"Ah, Rose, you should be a soldier! or, if that is forbidden, come as a fairy *vivandière*, or even as a fairy, and hover about us and be to us as the light that flashes upon our cold steel—a flame of beauty around the instruments of death. Camp-life, the march, the drill, is a perpetual dream. I wake into a surprise of pleasure each morning. My enjoyment reminds me of Parson Buell's favourite expression in prayer, 'Thy mercies are new every morning and fresh every moment!' Our Captain Cathcart is a wonder. There was a Barton Cathcart, you will recollect! Do not imagine that your Barton Cathcart and our Captain Cathcart are the same. No more to be compared are they than the seed is to the blossom!

Our Cathcart is your Barton developed! He drills the regiment, and, as Harris has gone home, it is feared to die, Cathcart is to be major. His commission is looked for daily. All the officers come to him on military questions. His reading really has been extraordinary. He is always letting out something that no one dreamed was in him. He works at his men all day, and at his books all night. I go to sleep, and he is studying. I wake, and he is still at his books and maps. I infer, therefore, that he never sleeps, and that is the opinion of the camp. Yet he is never fagged out, but affable, obliging, and the very life of good fellowship. His care for me is beyond words. Though he is rigorous toward me more than toward any other officer, yet I feel that there is a tenderness in his strictness which is very touching. By the way, Barton's advancement will be luck for several of us. I go up a step, and am to be first-lieutenant. That's very well for a beginning. But I'll come home a general! Prepare the ceremonies for my return! I read Major Cathcart your last letter. It was so full of home news that I knew it would please him. When I finished, he said, 'Is that all?' and his voice was so altered that I looked up and saw that he was unwell. He left for the air, and that night did not study at all, but was out most of the night.

"'I tell you, Major,' said I, 'by virtue of my authority as a doctor's son, that you shall not tax yourself as you do. You are making yourself sick.'

"'In a few days we shall move, and then we shall all have out-door exercise enough and too much or I am mistaken.'

"'What do you mean? You don't doubt that we shall whip the rebels off-hand? If you do, you are about the only man in camp that thinks so.'

"'It will be all luck if we do. Our men are green. The army is no army. They ought to be reduced, for two months more, by the most rigorous discipline. We may win — or lose. The chances are even. Enthusiasm is good to raise men upon, but discipline is the only thing to fight on.'

"'But it is the same with the rebels—they are as green as we are.'

"'Yes, that is true; and therefore I say that there is no calculation possible. Every thing is contingent. They may fight or run away—who knows? We may stand up well, or a panic may seize our raw troops.'

"'Why don't you say so to McDowell?'

"'There is no need. He already has exhausted his influence to prevent precipitation. But there is such a clamour for an advance that we shall

have to go. Politicians, and editors, and red-faced patriots have it all their own way, and old military men are the only men without controlling influence in this camp.'

"But I have a presentiment of victory; and I told Barton so. He laughed, and looked proudly at me, and said:

"'Men with chestnut hair, blue eyes, and sanguine temperament are apt to have hopeful presentiments.'

"The signs of a movement increase. I shall write again as soon as it is over.

"ARTHUR."

On the 21st of July was fought the battle of Bull Run,—a most victorious defeat. It ended all over-confidence in the North. It inspired the South with such vain-glorious confidence that they failed to put forth that power for a year or more, which it had, and then it was too late. It ended all lingering ideas of peace. It ended all further notions of a union party in the South; for, after that battle, those in the South who had held aloof, hoping a peaceful settlement, were swept by the current, and obliged to accept the new government as existing *de facto*, whatever opinions they yet cherished of it *de jure*. It cast the most profound gloom upon the loyal States—

a night of shame and sorrow. But out of that night there arose a morning of Purpose such as had not dawned before! There was to be a long and thorough war, and preparation must be broad and thorough! The whole after fruit of this defeat upon the North was bitter to the palate, but wholesome to the people and salutary to the government.

The battle had begun auspiciously in the morning. McDowell's right wing, crossing Bull Run at Sudley Spring, unperceived and unresisted, had swept down upon the Confederate left, and after various conflicts had driven them step by step back across Young's Branch, across the Warrenton turnpike, and were assailing the centre upon the heights where Beauregard had concentrated his reserves and was making a last stand. But then, between three and four o'clock, one standing at a little distance might have seen the beginnings of one of the most terrible spectacles in war—an army in a panic! For, at this time came in upon the Union right and rear Johnston's forces, just arrived from the Shenandoah Valley. Wearied by long conflict, spent with heat, famished and parched, the raw Northern troops gave way, as the leaves of a forest scatter when October winds, on wet days, drive through the forests. At every moment the confusion in-

creased. Men already broken up in organization streamed tumultuously back toward Bull Run. The contagion spread. Fright grew wild. Men rushed over each other, across all obstacles, stumbling, leaping, with wildest terror; muskets were thrown away—knapsacks had long ago been cast aside—and thousands were madly crowding toward the stone bridge. Others sought the ford, and still others, waiting neither for bridge or ford, splashed into the stream to swim across. In vain did a few fragments, cohering, essay to stop the wild flight. They availed nothing, and were themselves entangled and swept away. A handful of regulars evinced the power of discipline, and, without attempting the hopeless task of holding back the rout, sought only to check pursuit until the fugitives could cross the stream. Once across Bull Run, there was hope of some safety. No; confusion grew to a more desperate uproar as the tangled masses receded from the battle field. A few cannon shot thrown across from the Confederate batteries had fallen among the waggons, and the whole corps of teamsters caught the mad infection. They turned and rushed away, many abandoning all at once. Some cut their traces and rode off upon the team horses. Many got their waggons about; but, tangled in the crowd of fugitives, the up-

roar growing louder and the flight becoming more desperate, waggon locked with waggon the road became jammed; their waggons coming on, upset the waggons on the road-side but only to clear a way for a repetition of like scenes. Crowds of citizens, Members of Congress, women and children had come out as to a festive scene, and were caught in the crowd, and went roaring on in the desperate struggle of fright.

The regiment to which Barton belonged had done good service, and had suffered severely. Many of his own company had fallen. But his men were conspicuous for steadiness. By two o'clock the colonel and lieutenant-colonel had been wounded, and the command devolved upon Major Cathcart. When the rout began, he was able to hold his men, and with incredible efforts, to form a sort of rearguard. But his already diminished regiment melted fast. His own Norwood company were firm. But they were only a handful, and the first determined onset of the pursuing enemy scattered them. Then it was that Barton, untired, aroused, and glowing, sought no longer how to stay his men, but only how to promote their escape. In all the battle, he had scarcely lost sight of Arthur Wentworth, and now he was convoying him as best he might toward the bridge. Suddenly from his right there swept

around a detachment of Confederates that poured their fire upon the spot where Barton stood, and with loud yells rushing in upon them separated Barton from his men, and swept him away a prisoner.

A shot struck Arthur in the neck. He plunged forward. Sergeant Belden, and two others of his townsmen, caught him and drew him aside, and by singular address, after exceeding exertions, conveyed him across the stream. At Centerville Arthur was placed in an ambulance, and lay as if asleep. Through that sweet moonlight his few men travelled all night—the heavens so pure and calm, the earth so noisy and ramping—and reached Washington in the gray of the morning. Arthur called for no water. He seemed unconscious of pain. He *was* unconscious, and never suffered more! And so, as a bird flies up out of a storm-shaken forest and seeks more peaceful places, his spirit had lifted itself higher than battle and above its stroke or sound!

Will Belden it was that said, "Arthur, do you suffer much?" and hearing no answer, he laid his hand upon him as to awake one asleep. He touched his face and drew back in awe and silence!

No blood had issued from his wound, near the base of the brain, and his face was not ghastly,

but seemed, in the early twilight, as the face of one who sleeps and dreams pleasantly, so sweet was the expression that had spread over it.

That day the telegraph spread the tidings to Norwood. The message boy handed the dispatch to Agate, saying, as he delivered it—"Arthur is dead."

Agate stood motionless, without voice, white as alabaster. Hearing the voices, Mrs. Wentworth had come into the hall, and in an eager way said:

"What is it, Agate? Speak!"

"Arthur—is—dead!" said Agate, slowly—solemnly—sternly.

Mrs. Wentworth sat down upon a bench and looked at Agate imploringly, as if she had suffered wrong at her hands, and could not understand why.

"Dead?—dead, Agate? Who's dead?"

"Arthur Wentworth is dead!"

"Arthur — Wentworth — dead? How is he dead? Tell me, Agate, — what do you mean? Why did he die? Dead? dead? did you say?"

Agate caught her falling, fainting form, and summoning help, bore her to her room. Then Agate, unshaken as if her heart had no pang, with a head as clear as if no tidings had rolled darkness over the family, made every arrangement for the

household. She ordered for the children what their daily needs required; she had made every arrangement for Dr. Wentworth to go to Washington long before he came in to tea; she ministered to the darkened room; and all quietly, never mistaking, or confusedly giving an order twice, but in the stillness of severe self-possession.

CHAPTER IX.

CONSOLATION.

It was the morning of Sunday, July 28, 1861. Even for that month the morning was singularly glorious. The wind set from the north-west when it breathed at all, and brought the fresh savour of thunder-storms which had played solemn music through the night.

The air was cool. Its moisture gave to the light a peculiar and almost palpitating tenderness. Old Holyoke looked over upon Norwood with unwonted beauty, and the jagged peaks that rose eastward, bathed in that flame which never consumes, seemed this morning almost human in their sympathy. So thought Dr. Wentworth, who before sunrise walked with God in his garden. Look far around! On every side the earth glows with marvellous beauty. *The Lord is in his Holy Temple*, he said, in low tones, to himself. He could not well add, *Let all the Earth keep silence;* for, out of every tree and bush, from the orchard, from the tops of the elms,

from the meadows and fields there went up such an ecstacy of bird songs that it was hardly possible to distinguish the separate songs, each bird, as it were, eagerly casting his notes into a medley chorus of sweet sounds, tangled together and jarring against each other in a pleasing dissonance.

Dr. Wentworth was intensely calm. It was the calmness of every faculty, keenly alive but in equipoise. The effort of self-restraint had imparted a slight trace of sternness, but it was a mere enamel upon tenderness. He walked quietly from one part to another, sometimes looking upon flowers, and then, while he was yet looking, he would fall into a reverie. He stooped and plucked a handful of leaves and blossoms, saying, in a half-whisper and in broken sentences, as if reciting in part, and thinking the rest, "He cometh forth as a flower and is cut down: he fleeth also a shadow and continueth not;" and then pausing, he added aloud, with inexpressible sadness, "The eye of him that hath seen him shall see him no more. As the cloud is consumed and vanisheth away, so he that goeth down to the grave shall come up no more, neither shall his place know him any more."

He laid down the flowers, of which his hand was over full, and forgetting them in a moment, he

began plucking others, murmuring, as if to the shrubs, "He hath set darkness in my path, He hath stripped me of my glory and taken the crown from my head, and my hope hath he removed like a tree."

He laid down a fresh clump of gathered flowers and in a gentle, aimless way, straightened out some of the spray and tangled vine work, as if he were putting little children to bed, meanwhile, hardly above his breath, reciting:

"O, the hope of Israel, the Saviour thereof in time of trouble, why shouldst thou be as a stranger in the land? Why shouldst thou be as a man astonished, as a mighty man that cannot save? Yet thou, O Lord art in the midst of us, and we are called by thy name. Leave us not!"

His thoughts had reached their saddest when he broke forth into that most utterly hopeless of all the utterances of old: "Are not my days few? cease then, and let me alone, that I may take comfort a little before I go whence I shall not return, to the land of darkness and the shadow of death; a land of darkness, as darkness itself, and of the shadow of death; without any order, and where the light is as darkness!" From the gloom of these words his soul after a little seemed to rebound, and clear itself, and his thoughts forsook the inexpressible sadness of the olden day, of which

the Old Testament is so full of wailing, and, without uttering them, he repeated in his mind that passage in Hebrews that is like a sunrise: "But ye are come unto Mount Zion and into the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels,"—and the rest.

He walked on, seemingly forgetful of his flowers and looking forth and upward upon the wide arch above, full of morning sunlight, he leaned against the summer-house door, long looking up:

"Therefore they are before the throne of God and serve him day and night in his temple and He that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light upon them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

As he stood half chanting in a low voice these words, Rose approached him, but stood silent. After a little, she quietly moved past her father and came into the summer-house from the other side. The sight of Rose seemed to open in her father's soul a flood of tender memories. He trembled, and all at once giving over restraint, "he lifted up his voice and wept." There is

something terrible in the uncontrolled weeping of a strong man! Rose was appalled. She had never seen her father weep—she had never seen him lose his self-possession.

When he first learned the fatal tidings of Arthur's death, he only said: "I gave him to the Lord, and He has taken him."

All the way to Washington, and during the night and day of his ride homeward, convoying the beautiful sleeper, he had, though silent and deeply thoughtful, shed no tears. But this tension could not last. He was again at home. The Sabbath had come. The boy was lying in the house, his sword wreathed in green oak leaves upon his coffin. The singular charm of the morning, the strain of thought in which his mind had run, all had led him to that point where it needed but some touch to bring tears. So a shrub, gathering dew through the night, carries all its leaves edged with drops, losing none, until some gentle wind shakes it, and then, all at once rains down a shower from every branch.

It was while her father was gone to Washington that Rose had tasted the dregs of the cup of grief. But, after a night of suffering and conflict, she came forth strengthened, and from that moment she walked as one who saw the Invisible, in the presence of whom all the earth is as a shadow, and

its noises as silence, and its sorrows, like the sighs of childhood, soon hushed in sleep and forgetfulness! She had formed her purposes, and from that hour without a moment's wavering she devoted her whole soul to her new calling.

She waited calmly by her father, tears freely falling down her cheeks, but only in sympathy. The tumult and paroxysm of his grief soon passed, and her father, relieved by his long-needed outburst, came after a little to a peace not to be disturbed. Father and daughter communed together of the dead. He spoke of his hopes, his ambition, his joy and affection for his oldest-born son.

"If he could have been spared to render something more of service to the cause, I could have more willingly yielded him. But to be cut off so early, his powers not put to proof, with so little fruit ripened, and in the hour of defeat——"

"Father," said Rose, "there is other work to be done in this great hour of God's coming, besides that which is done in the field. It has been shown me that thousands are to mourn; the first-born of many families are to be slain. Only sons are to be taken away. Every household in this land is to be pierced. God is beginning at his own house and among those he loves. It is fit that you

who have stood foremost in this community should lead, and in this great day of suffering set the example of sacrifice and consecration. What is there worth living for, and even more worth dying for, if it be not our own country?"

"My daughter, you speak eagerly, enthusiastically. You are excited by what you have passed through."

"I was excited; but, father, I am calm now, and I shall be to the end——"

Then hesitating, as if uncertain whether to go on, she said, at length:

"Father, while you were gone after Arthur, and mother was overwhelmed in such distress, and my own heart seemed giving way, I thought that I could not bear up and sustain myself. For two days, the darkness was dreadful. At length, I could struggle no more. I had slept none for two nights. Mother was sleeping by means of opiates. I went to my room. My thoughts turned to the Saviour. His sufferings for men seemed to rise to my mind. I implored His help. I read the scenes in Bethany, where Lazarus was sick; while the Saviour, though knowing it, delayed to come; and the sisters' anguish at their brother's death! When I came to their reproach, 'Lord, if Thou hadst been here, my brother had not died!' I felt as if I were myself speaking. Then there

came to me a sense of the tenderness of Jesus towards them, of His deep sorrow and sympathy with them, such as I had not before ever perceived. In this mood I was struck with His declaration that all this suffering was permitted for the sake of spiritual good, which they did not understand, nor He explain. In some way, that very not explaining seemed to convey to my mind a sense of the wonderful nature of spiritual life, which lay so far above human experience or language that the Saviour made no effort whatever to expound it. My heart yielded. I rested on Christ as a little child."

Rose paused for a moment, and then resumed:

"Father, what I am going to say you will understand better than I. I do not pretend that it was real. But it produced an impression upon my soul which has not changed. Nor do I desire to shake it off."

"What was it, Rose? tell me all."

"I laid down upon the bed, and was asleep. How long I had been asleep I cannot tell. I heard Arthur calling to me, 'Rose! Rose!' I opened my eyes—Arthur was there, though I saw nothing of him, but as it were the print of his face in the air. As I looked, the room disappeared, and I seemed to be in the air. Before me I saw unfolded in the sky lurid clouds connected and rising in a proces-

sion, one above another, and each cloud was made up of battling men, and of a mixed multitude of wounded and dying, and each successive cloud advancing grew larger than the other. I saw flashes of lightning run through them, but heard no sound, though I listened."

Rose paused again, and looked at her father. Had she seen the slightest smile of incredulity, she would have said no more; but Dr. Wentworth was deeply intent.

"My daughter, go on. If there is more, let me hear the whole."

"I saw myself, and you, and others. We moved up and down, relieving the wounded and suffering. Thus far I had not noticed anything but these lurid clouds, which formed, as it were, steps one above the other. But presently I was moved to look beyond, and I saw what was to the cloud what the second rainbow is to the primary. It was an answering picture, or, as it seemed to my thought, a spiritual translation of the meaning of the cloud scene. I cannot describe it. There was rest, and friendliness, and peace, and gladness, and purity, and joy,—how shall I say?—there were no figures to my senses, and yet my spirit discerned these representations as clearly as my senses did the other. As I looked, Arthur came again, and all around us there seemed to be an ineffable

peace, and his love seemed to fill the air all about us with rosy light, as if it had been a radiancy of some burning lamp. I was inexpressibly happy, and Arthur was about to tell me something, saying, in a significant way, 'Rose! Rose!'—— when Agate stood by my bedside, and the morning was advanced, and my vision was all gone. Now, I know what you will say, father, and I do not doubt that I dreamed; but what I think remarkable is, that my whole feeling is changed. I have not had a ripple of trouble since. There is to be great trouble in the land—battles and multitudes of slain and wounded. I am to devote myself to this service, and care for the sick and wounded. I am no longer agitated. I know what that peace is which passes all understanding."

They were here summoned to breakfast, and all the family seemed to have felt that morning that the Sabbath sun had risen upon them with healing in its wings.

"Shall I wind the clock to-day?" asked Agate Bissell of the Doctor.

"No, Agate, not to-day. Both ceased to keep time together. Let them stand silent for another day."

It seems that, for the first and only time in her life, on that Sabbath day on which the battle of Bull Run was fought, the great black clock in the

hall had been forgotten and had run down. Agate, whose last duty on Saturday night before going to bed was to wind up the clock, had for some unaccountable reason neglected it. The clock, however, had a little time stored up in it for such occasions, and kept on through the night. It was still at its duty in the morning of Sunday, for Agate remembered looking at it and hurrying up the children for Sunday School. It was some time after noon that its courage began to fail. The ticks had lost their plump sound and grew faint. The right hand swing could hardly be heard, though the left hand was yet decisive. Then it missed the right hand tick altogether, and then the left; and then in silent vibration the pendulum, with diminishing arc, swung on for a moment, and halted. On returning from afternoon service it was discovered. But the Doctor said:

"Do not wind it. To-morrow we will have it examined."

Afterwards Agate superstitiously believed that it stopped with the speeding of that ball which struck Arthur. And Doctor Wentworth would not, on this funeral day, allow it to be set agoing.

"Let it be for to-day. They ceased to keep time together. Let both be silent together."

With this day ended all struggle. It was the

day of life from the dead. It was the Lord's day —pledge of resurrection and immortality. Bent down and obscured by the physical shock and aspects of death, father and mother had at first spoken of their child as dead, as early lost. But now came brighter and brighter every hour the certainty of his living. Their thoughts went upward, along that very path by which the ascending Saviour moved; and their faith sought the child among the everliving and the for ever joyful, where sorrow and sighing has passed away!

And when the day was ended, and the thousands who had thronged Norwood to follow this young martyr to the grave had dispersed, and the sun was gone down, and twilight softened the landscape, no one unaccustomed to Christian faith could have believed that the happy household which gathered that night, calm, tender, cheerful, had that day parted from the form of one so loved as was this early victim of war.

"*Then the same day at evening, being the first day of the week, when the doors were shut, * * came Jesus and stood in the midst and saith unto them, Peace be unto you.*"

CHAPTER X.

AFTER FRUITS.

Had an entire stranger entered Dr. Wentworth's family, he would scarcely have suspected that a great sorrow had befallen it. He might remark a tenderness manifested by one toward another, unusual even in the circle of affectionate people. The voice of singing was there, but the music flowed deep, carrying few bubbles upon its surface. Even mirth re-asserted its wholesome sway, but it was manifested more by the dewy freshness given to conversation than by a positive efflorescence of its own. In this case, happily, sorrow worked upon the moral sentiments and developed a serene and high joy! There was no drug in it deadening to the sensibility. All of life had become richer by what it had lost. The heavens seemed nearer. The lightest duties and most trivial offices of daily life seemed coloured with celestial hues. When Death is interpreted it means Life. Its ministry is to enrich life, not

to rob it. It takes away the flesh, but pours back along the way upon which the departing spirit went a flood of light and influence which heightens the colours and doubles the value of all that remains behind. The worth of common things depends upon the sentiments which we have twined around them. Sorrows are gardeners, and plant flowers along waste places, and teach vines to cover barren heaps. The common duties of life, unblessed, are but as fences of stone, or timber; but blessed with sorrow, each stake carries its twining morning-glory, and mosses picture the stones, and glowing ampelopsis tufts the walls with its autumnal red.

Rose and her mother were conferring in whispers.

"Ask him," said Mrs. Wentworth.

"Father, what is your feeling about—about—our going into mourning?"

A grave smile barely tinged the Doctor's face as he replied, scarcely lifting his face from the book which he read:

"It is proper, my daughter, that we should mourn when we are afflicted."

"Father!—you know I did not mean that. Shall we put on the customary mourning clothes?"

"If it is indispensable to your comfort. Do not do it to please me—unless you follow the Scriptural example."

"What example is there, father?" said Rose.

"Read in the twentieth chapter of John," replied the Doctor, "and about the middle of the chapter;—let me see—there it is—the eleventh and twelfth."

Rose read aloud—"But Mary stood without at the sepulchre weeping; and as she wept she stooped down and looked into the sepulchre——"

"Yes," interrupted her father, "that is too often our way in grief—we 'stoop down' and we 'look into the sepulchre.' Except by a miracle, they that look into the grave for their dead will find darkness, and gloom, and decay. But I interrupted you—the part that I meant is yet to come."

Rose resumed—"And saw two angels in white sitting, the one at the head, and the other at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain——"

"Old Francia, before Raffaelle's day," said Dr. Wentworth, "in a noble Pietà, which is now in the National Gallery in London, represents an angel at the head of Christ, with the expression of *hope*, as one who was looking forward into the future, while the other angel at the feet wears the sorrowful look of one who *remembers* the past. The idea is very beautiful. Since I first saw it I have always interpreted this passage in John's gospel in the same way. Two angels, Hope and

and Memory, but both in shining white, sat in Christ's sepulchre. The angel of sorrow wore white as much as his fellow. Demonic sorrow should wear black; but Christian faith shows us angels yet hovering at the grave's mouth. Our Arthur is not sleeping there. He is awake, and in Heaven. Why should I wear black for him? His life was Christian and beautiful. He died as a pure offering to Duty and Patriotism—why should I wear black? I thank God for giving me that child. His life was a prolonged mercy to me. I thank God that he has so taken him from me, that he is more present than ever, present in everything, and everywhere, pure, sainted most beautiful.—Why should I put on black?"

"I think," said Mrs. Wentworth, "that one is shielded by mourning costume from careless inquiries, and from unfeeling intrusion of people."

"No doubt," said her husband, "in a few instances this may be true. But the advantage at best is slight. Well-meaning blunderers are not to be cured so easily."

"But I think, my dear," replied Mrs. Wentworth, "that it is congenial to one's feelings, in a great sorrow, to avoid bright colours, and to be clothed in darker ones."

"That is a matter of education. In so far as

high colours have come to signify gaiety and pleasure, there may be a good reason for dismissing them. If one would mark one's grief, why not by the colour chosen by the Bible to express spiritual things? White signifies purity, triumph, spiritual gladness, and this ought not to be uncongenial to the moods of Christian grief."

"And yet, in the public mind," said his daughter, "there is a seeming want of respect to the memory of the departed, if we make no difference in our ways."

"It is not the custom of our people to symbolize their feelings by a change of dress, with this solitary exception. If a man becomes bankrupt, or has his house burned down, or loses heavily in commercial operations, or has a son in disgrace, or a child misled by evil company, or any other grievous experience, he does not change his garb. The one solitary and exceptional case is bereavement! But there is in domestic sorrow a delicacy, or ought to be, which should shrink from an ostentatiousness such as mourning apparel cannot fail to have. No one has a right so to express his sorrows as to intrude them upon every eye wherever he goes. Custom has long justified it; otherwise, it would be esteemed an indelicacy for one to be a walking advertisement of one's own

private griefs. But, even if one were permitted to announce this one side of domestic experience by change of garb, the question still remains, whether expression should be given to the weakness of natural feeling, or the triumph of Christian faith? Whether we should symbolize the darkness of the grave as unenlightened nature shows it, or the grave made luminous by the triumph of our Saviour and the glories of immortality beyond it? We may be sure there is something wrong, in a Christian community where death is surrounded with associations of terror, where the young are reared to a horror of the sepulchre, where present grief rises up like a dark cloud and shuts out the heaven, where—in sermon, services, conversation, and dress — everything conspires to shroud death and the grave with darkness. Has sorrow a right to be selfish? May it bear false witness against immortality? Has a Christian under bereavement a right to declare by his conduct, 'There is no light in the grave, none beyond it, and no comfort for the bereaved but only black, black, black sorrow!' I never meet one muffled in black from head to foot, without a certain horror. The smell of crape is to me like the smell of a charnel-house!

"Did it ever occur to mourners to ask, what, if those for whom I grieve were to speak to me

out of their blissful rest in heaven, would be their choice—that I should be shrouded like one in despair, or robed as one who mourns, but with Christian hope?"

Nothing further was replied, and the subject dropped.

A great change had taken place in Rose. At length, she had an object in life, which was of sufficient magnitude and interest to develop and occupy all her powers. Hitherto her life had been bright, tranquil, and happy. Yet, at times, there had crept upon her a deep sense of dissatisfaction with herself. What was she accomplishing? To wait in elegant idleness for some domestic settlement, violated both her moral sense and her delicacy. And yet, what was she doing commensurate with the powers which had been entrusted to her and the culture which they had received?

She had revolved in her mind many projects without settling upon any. At one time, she was seriously bent upon leaving home and seeking a place in the South or West as a teacher, and desisted from the purpose only on seeing how much pain it would give her parents. She also revolved plans of teaching at or near home, but found that she could do it only by dispossessing others who depended upon teaching for their bread. Some-

times she thought of art as a field of usefulness, but was convinced that in no other department of life was usefulness so dependent upon the very highest talents as in the ministry of the beautiful.

But the war, which was now disclosed, opened a field for every power which she possessed. Her brother's early fall seemed to be a call to her to enlist in the same cause, and make his place good. And though, at first, she did not see the particular way in which she could enter this field of humanity, yet she never for a moment doubted that she was called of God, and that He would, in His own time and manner, open her path before her.

With her mother she did not speak of her intentions. To her father she disclosed her wishes, and when his natural shrinking from the thought of the toil and exposure were overcome, he began to aid Rose in her preparation. He placed in her hands works or parts of works that would give her such general knowledge of physiology and of therapeutics as would furnish a proper basis for right nursing. In conversations, he gave her also much information upon gunshot wounds, surgery, and particularly on military surgery. He enlarged upon hospital treatment — air, cleanliness, and the medicinal effect of cheerfulness and

moral sentiments. Rose's industry was unremitting. Her power of acquisition, always remarkable, was stimulated to the highest degree. She soon conceived a love of the study for its intrinsic interest, and brought to the study of medicine an enthusiasm, an apprehensiveness, a tact and delicacy which few medical students possess.

Not content with books, she insisted upon riding with her father, at least enough to wear off that shrinking from suffering so natural to a sensitive nature.

"Remember, Rose," her father would say, "that you are to be a nurse, not a surgeon. For the active practice of medicine, or the performance of surgery, you know enough to be only a good charlatan! But with modesty and your good sense, you know enough to aid you materially in nursing."

During the summer Norwood, in common with every town and village in the North, was filled with zeal, both in raising the quota required of Massachusetts by the call for a half-million of men, and in providing for the soldiers' comfort in the camp and for necessaries for sickness and wounds. Old linen came to a good market! Bandages of all widths, and in endless quantities, were provided. Lint was scraped in every house.

Sick dresses, drawers, shirts and stockings, held high jubilee, and found themselves in great honour. Sewing circles in every church! sewing circles in almost every other house! sewing circles on every day of the week, except Sunday; and even then, there was unrebuked talk about sewing circles!

About the middle of this summer was organised the most magnificent voluntary charity ever recorded. Experience had found, in every nation, that the medical department of the army, however thoroughly organised and faithfully served, had, by virtue of its connection with the machinery of the army, a certain formality and precision which was inconsistent with elasticity and suppleness. It was a wheel in a complicated machine, and its revolutions must be determined by its relations to its fellow wheels.

The Sanitary Commission undertook not to supersede, but to supplement and assist, the medical department of the army. Its career is as notable as any single feature of the war. In no other nation has the compassion of the people for their soldiers resulted in so wonderful an organisation, which, by voluntary contributions from citizens, disbursed during four years, of money and material, between twenty and thirty millions of dollars!

It was October before Rose let her mother know of her intentions. She had prepared herself to meet any objection, and adduce any persuasion necessary to overcome maternal reluctance inspired by love. To her surprise, the announcement of her purpose was received with prompt favour, and a vehement opposition was raised in an unexpected quarter.

"Rose," said her mother, "I am glad you are going. You are the very one to go. I wish I could go too."

"Well," said Agate Bissell, with a look of unfeigned amazement, "I have heard a good deal about the singularities of the Wentworths, but this beats them all! I wonder what will come next!"

"Why, Agate? What is there so remarkable or eccentric in a woman's going to hospitals to nurse wounded soldiers?"

"Of course women ought to go," said Agate. "But I don't think it the place for young and pretty girls! I guess you've little idea of what soldiers are, or what camp life is!"

"But somebody must go," said Rose, smiling at Agate's earnestness.

"To be sure there must. But homely folks aren't all dead yet, nor old folks, nor middle-aged folks. When all these are used up it will be time to try the young and handsome ones!"

"Really, Agate," said Rose, very much amused, "I never knew you so complimentary before. I think I shall have to go, even if I wear a veil to save the young soldiers' hearts while I dress their wounds. It would be sad indeed to make worse wounds than one cures!"

"Do you mean to say, Miss Rose, that you are going?—or only that you are thinking about it?"

"As sure as my life is spared, Agate, I shall go, and that before many days."

"Then, as sure as my life is spared, you won't go alone!"

"What, Agate," said Mrs. Wentworth, "you don't mean to go yourself!"

"I do mean to go myself! If Rose will venture on so rash a business, it's high time for somebody to go along and take care of her."

Without more ado, Agate turned and went to her room, selected the few things which she needed, finished all her packing within an hour, except a few articles yet to be made, and came down to see to the tea, as if she had merely been getting ready to go to the prayer meeting. She said nothing further on the subject of the conversation, except to Rose:

"I am all ready. You can start when you please."

It was Wednesday on which this scene occurred. The next Monday was fixed as the day for departure. Agate, though ready, night or day, to leave, was yet glad of the respite, chiefly because on the next afternoon she would have one more opportunity of attending the female prayer-meeting.

Let us look in on the meeting.

In a small room, about three in the afternoon, were gathered nine women, every one of them mothers, except Agate Bissell.

Polly Marble was there, with her great spectacles mounted up on her withered face, as if the sun had used them as lenses and dried every particle of moisture out of the features behind them. One or two others were melancholy and silent women, plain farmers' or mechanics' wives, who had evidently struggled much with sorrow. Miss Pifkins was there—a sharp saint, who ferreted out people's sins with a zeal and assiduity which rendered her grace most savory. In action she was really kind. Her hand was bountiful. In sickness she knew no limit to service. No one in trouble had ever a better friend. It was her tongue that played the part of Law, while her heart acted the Gospel. Her prayers were often but salutary lectures. When any wickedness had disturbed the town she was apt to have great liberty in prayer at the next meeting. "There is no use in mincing

matters. Sin is exceedingly sinful, and we may as well out with it, as to smother it all up with excuses and mercy and all that sort of thing."

Good Mrs. Taft was there, as sweet as twilight in June. So was Mrs. Goodhue, who never failed to go to sleep. She was round, rosy, good-natured. There was a smile spread out under her very skin, which nothing could rub out. Trouble had tried it, but failed. Stern religious views had tried it, but her round, rosy face smiled on. Age now was trying it; but though it could dry up the hair, change its colour, convex the eye-ball and disturb its functions, it did not get on with the face. *That* shone and smiled at fifty very much as it did at twenty-five.

Mrs. Goodhue came unfailingly to prayer meeting—I could never tell why; for, as soon as the preliminary talking was over and business began, she dropped asleep. She waked easily—waked to kneel down, and waked to rise up again. She was always asked to pray, and always said, in a sweet voice, "No, I thank you." So much for externals. There is another side.

A mother is praying. Before her is opened the other world and the listening Saviour. She is praying for children, meaning her own. Her heart is deep. Her love is the whole treasure of her life. She believes her children in danger

of eternal ruin. She is imploring succour. Listen, as her voice, low and tremulous, rises with the intensity of feeling, and grows musical. Listen! as her emotions swell, how sentences dissolve in passionate feeling, tears fall, and sobs are uttered, and low sighs on every side attest the sympathy. Respect such a scene! Respect is a poor and barren word for such fervour of faith and fidelity of love.

And now Agate prays. She has imparted to her friends her impending journey and errand. Her heart is full. There is not a word for herself. She prays for the country, for the church, and for the cause of God. She prays for the afflicted family in which she lives; for the one who is going to minister to the sick and dying; and all her petition is that Rose may be wise in directing dying sinners to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world. As she proceeds, all formality of tone is gone. At last Agate is free, when she can, without let or hindrance, pour forth that silent soul in full utterance before God. Her words rise in power and dignity. She falls into the language of the Old Testament. She seems greater than woman—some prophetess returned to our days—with wealth of affection and chastened familiarity! She pours out her innermost feelings before her Redeemer; and so real is it, that, stand-

ing, as I do, and listening, I half expect to see the clouds part and the celestial vision appear. Ah! when women's hearts are unfolded in the presence of their God, he must be base-minded indeed who remembers their pinched faces, their angular forms, their ungraceful ways, while their kindled souls are giving utterance to the very passionateness of love and worship! Few places on earth are so near to heaven as where Christian wives and mothers pray for their families.

When Agate returned home there was nothing unusual in her look or manner. It was no unusual feeling that she had experienced. The hidden life was mightier and nobler in Agate than the revealed one. Her faith was not only a tabernacle of joy in times of sorrow, but a pavilion where she was hidden till the storm was overpast.

There were two surprises in reserve for Rose before she left. Alice Cathcart came on Saturday night, as she often did, to pass the Sabbath day in town, and on this night she was radiant with joy. Barton had been exchanged, and was now in Washington with his regiment. He expected, however, to be at home the next week to take the colonelcy of one of the new regiments. Frank Esel was to be his lieutenant colonel!

"Then you have had letters?" said Rose.

"Yes. Do you know that, until he reached Washington, he knew nothing of Arthur's death. His letter is very full of Arthur. He loved him, he says, more than if he were a brother. How strange it seems, when you have had a great sorrow, and months have passed until you begin to grow used to it, to see it break upon some one, as this news did on Barton, as if it had just happened, and all the freshness and particularity of your sorrow comes back to you in an echo from another heart!"

While they thus sat in the open door, talking of the loved and absent, and both of them thinking, down deeply in the silence of the heart, of other things, which their lips would not reveal, a robin flew into one of the trees in the meadow, and began singing that plaintive call for its mate which one hears so often in summer. It is the robin's sweetest and most spirited song, and few strains there are that surpass it in tenderness, clearness and brilliancy. Rose had always associated this evening robin-song with the idea of a love-call to one absent. To-night it seemed more yearning and passionate than usual. She followed the bird with her eye. At first he sat patiently and sang. Then, as if surprised that no response followed, it gave new force to its call. Now, growing restless, it changed place, singing

in turn from several trees, and jerking itself nervously, as if really alarmed at last lest it were forsaken. It seemed to Rose to say, "The night is coming on. Where is my love? Oh! is he harmed? Am I forsaken?" It grew dark rapidly; the song ceased; the bird flew silently away as if there was nothing left to sing for. There was silence in the air and among the trees. Rose too became silent and thoughtful. At length she said, abruptly,

"*Colonel* Cathcart! Who would have dreamed in the old happy days, when we were all children, and he was so shy and yet so bold, that we should grow to this?—he in the army, and I in the army hospitals! I did not see him, Alice, before he left. You will meet him next week, but I shall be in Washington. This is playing at cross-purposes."

Alice had something else to tell; but, as if there was a pleasure in keeping it back, she waited till the evening was spent, and they were preparing for sleep, when she said, looking at Rose earnestly, and yet mirthfully, with her great black eyes:

"Rose, won't you tell anybody if I will tell you something?"

"Of course not, if it is a secret."

"Well, I too am going with you and Agate.

Father has consented; mother always wanted me to go. But I am to wait till next spring. Then, if the war is not over, father says I may go out in the service of the Sanitary Commission and join you. And Hiram Beers says he's too old to go a soldiering, but that if Agate can find out that he can do anything to help in the hospitals, he'll wind up this winter and come out in the spring with me."

Joined as their lives had ever been, it was a joy to Rose that they were to be inseparable still; and though some months were to elapse before Alice would come to her, yet by that time Rose would have become used to the work, and could smooth the way for Alice.

The seed sown by Florence Nightingale brought forth a plentiful harvest in America. Wherever hospitals were established were found women of energy and devotion who gave their time to ministrations of mercy. They came from every position in society; yet to the honour of true culture be it said, that women from circles of wealth and refinement led in this merciful crusade.

Mrs. Wentworth, with maternal anxiety, would have overloaded our pilgrims with preparatives. Agate Bissell, however, refused all help.

"Why, Mrs. Wentworth, we are not going

where fine clothes will do us any good. Few things and strong, are all we want. When they are used up we'll send for more."

"She is right," said Dr. Wentworth. "A life among field hospitals is as near a total revolution of ordinary experience as can be conceived. It will be a spectacle of Christian refinement going down to the very border of savage life on an errand of love. Now, Rose, you are walking in His very footsteps, 'who, though rich, for our sakes became poor, that we through his poverty might become rich.' Great joy is before you, if you go in that spirit. But it is a joy unknown to common life,—the very joy of self-sacrificing Benevolence, But what *is* Agate building up with her needle, Rose?"

"Well, father, it may be called a Paradise of Pockets; otherwise, nursing aprons."

"You may laugh now," said Agate, very composedly, "but when we go into the field, and follow the march, with men every other step faint or wounded, you will find these aprons better than lugging a carpet-bag."

There were pockets on the sides, and pockets on the front, pockets low down and pockets high up, pockets for thread and needles, pockets for buttons, tape, and small things, pockets for small rolls of bandages and lint—pockets for knives,

scissors, and comb and brushes, a pocket for vials, and one for a good brandy flask.

The cloak may be described as a congeries of small bags, so arranged that the wearer, if strong enough to stand up under the load, could carry in it a reasonable supply of comforts and restoratives for a small household.

Although the Doctor made merry over Agate's contrivances, he admired her sagacity in foreseeing the nature of her work.

"It is not every one who has served in a campaign that is as well instructed as Agate seems to be before she has seen a single wounded man."

"Anybody that ever did any nursing," said Agate, "can imagine pretty much what they've got to do. In the hospitals I expect we shall have everything provided. But in the fields I guess we shall have to provide for ourselves—at any rate a good part of the time. It's better to have these things and not want them, than to want them when you get there and not have them."

Dr. Buell, on the last Sunday before the little party started, bore them in memory, and the fervour and tenderness with which he prayed for all who went forth to succour the needy, manifestly showed that his thoughts were with Agate and Rose. Indeed, though not his custom, he spent the Sabbath evening with the Wentworths.

Although they were to leave on Monday, there was nothing to tempt Agate to the least work on Sunday. She was twice at church, and with her Sunday-school class as well prepared as if there had been no unusual outfit going on, and by ten o'clock on Saturday night the last stitch had been fastened, the last string tied, everything was packed and laid ready for early departure on Monday.

"Why, Agate," said Mrs. Wentworth, "you will work on Sundays, shall you not, "when you are in the field?"

"Of course I shall. Works of necessity and of mercy are proper on Sunday. When folks live at home and have the whole week to themselves there need not be many such works left for Sunday—not if they have any conscience about it. But I think now-a-days folks make Sunday a kind of rubbish day. They save up all the little odds and ends, through the week, that won't pay, and then on Sunday call 'em works of necessity and mercy. I call 'em works of laziness. Anybody that *wants* to keep Sunday to the Lord, will keep an eye to it all the week. My opinion is, that the reason why folks don't like Sunday is, that they don't know what it is to have a day full of real peace, up to the brim, from morning to night, and sweet as milk."

"She'll do," said Dr. Wentworth to his wife, in an undertone, and in an amused way. "Before Agate gets back she will have learned something about the world; but I'm mistaken if other people don't learn something about a real plain New England woman. It's a pity that some man had not the good sense to win so much sense and goodness."

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Wentworth, with a slight cast of her eye at the other side of the room, "some other people are of your mind."

"What?" said the Doctor, "you don't mean——"

"*I* don't mean—but I think Dr. Buell does."

Why *will* people pry into other people's business? There sat Dr. Buell properly enough, neither saying soft things to Agate nor exchanging glances. All that he had ever done was to consult Agate, within the last six months, respecting the religious interests of the parish; and any minister might have done that with profit. Her judgment was worth any wise man's consideration. Dr. Buell was grateful for it, and expressed his sense of thanks by the cordiality with which he shook Agate's hand; and if it lingered in his, it was because the good man was growing absent-minded.

When Mrs. Wentworth had slily hinted to

Agate that Dr. Buell would lack for counsel when she was gone, Agate's manner showed that there was no foundation whatever for Mrs. Wentworth's sly humour. Her cheek flushed slightly, and her eye, with resentful good nature, flashed a little, but did not turn away; she looked the Doctor's wife full in the face, while she said:

"I know what you mean. It's no such thing. The Doctor has never said a word to me that any body might not hear, and he's no ideas about it anyhow."

"About what, Agate?" said Mrs. Wentworth, in the most innocent manner, "ideas about what?"

Agate walked out of the room with some emphasis in her movement; yet her principles enabled her to keep good-natured.

On Monday they left for Washington, to enter upon their new and strange duties.

CHAPTER XI.

A NEW LIFE.

It was indeed a new life to Rose more than to Agate; for Rose's life had dealt less with business and more with sentiment, while Agate's had been trained to practical affairs. There was a hospital in Washington which had suffered from the incompetence both of nurses and surgeons. After a few weeks the medical director of the department was glad to place Agate Bissell there as a superintendent and matron, while Rose became her assistant.

Agate's entrance upon her duties was the signal of alarm among a multitude of unworthy attendants. It can be likened to nothing better than the entrance of a conscientious cat into a house where rats and mice have had unmolested liberty. There was racing and scampering, hiding and peeping out of holes, alarm and cunning; but, one by one, each culprit was surprised and dispatched, to the great comfort and stillness of the household.

Hospital stores were no longer squandered nor consumed by nurses and attendants. Wines and brandies now found their way oftener to the wounded than to those who waited on them. The special diet suddenly improved in quality, in regularity, and in a certain feminine neatness and refinement.

"I say, Jim, there's a new hand at the bellows in this shop—we never had things afore like this!"

"That's so; the old 'un is a cap'n. I tell ye she drills 'em, she does. When she fust came and I heerd her dressin' down some of the nusses, I thought we'd got a tartar. Lord bless her, though, when she comes to the sick 'uns—you'd think she's ten mothers rolled into one!"

"This is the first time," weakly sighed a mere skeleton of a man, on the next couch, "that anything has tasted good since I got here."

Agate's zeal of neatness had the eagerness of the hunting instinct. She brought everything to order. She established a method for all things, and compelled its observance, or dismissed the refractory. She stood very little upon ceremony. She expressed her opinion upon persons just as unhesitatingly as upon things. Every day her heart yearned more and more for "her boys," as she called the patients. In a month's time a per-

fect revolution had taken place. The hospital, which was the very worst, had risen to become a model. She did not confine her labours to her subordinates. She had lived too long with Dr. Wentworth not to know what conscientious medical practice was. She rebuked the assistant surgeons when they neglected their proper duties, and became such a thorn in their sides that they determined to oust her. She helped on that purpose. One morning she found out that, though it was eleven o'clock, no special diet list had been made out for one of the wards, the assistant surgeon in charge having been on a "spree" the night before. He was sleeping off his drunkenness. When at length he came, Agate confronted him with an eye that did not seem pleasant for him to look upon. With a few cold but terrible sentences, she brought the blood to his cheeks.

"Well, well," said the surgeon, with ill-concealed annoyance, "what's the matter now?"

"Matter enough, as you shall soon find out. All these sick men left without attention or food, that you may indulge a brutal appetite! And then do you dare, sir, attempt to face me down with your impudence? You'd better pull off those shoulder-straps and resign."

"There is a great fuss over a little matter," said the surgeon, who was more alarmed than he was

willing to show. "I know my own business, and I shan't tolerate your meddling."

"I know my business, too," replied Agate fiercely, "and you shall find it out. I'll pull off that shoulder-strap before you're a week older."

When he was gone, some of the attendants were greatly alarmed, dreading his influence with his superiors.

"Oh, ma'am, he'll have it jest his own way. He'll get up a report, and them 's above him will think it all right, and, first thing we know, you'll be sent off to some other work. I've seen how things go here."

"Don't you be troubled," said Agate, quietly, and went on with her work.

"Sure enough, within a week came a new matron with an order superseding Agate Bissell. As the woman seemed to be both sensible and kindly, Agate said:

"I wish you would withhold this matter till afternoon."

"Certainly, madam, if it will make a difference with you."

"It *may* make a good deal—with some other folks."

Agate immediately gave things in charge to Rose, put on her bonnet and shawl, and started for the White House. She had never been used to

riding in hacks; and, although the distance was great and the walking very bad, she bravely sped her way to the President's mansion.

The waiting-man at the door looked at her very much as a dog looks at a stranger, to see whether it is worth his while to bark or not. The inspection, however, seemed favourable. He pointed to the stairs and said:

"Go up."

Not knowing whither, Agate obeyed and went up. Landing in a wide hall, a folding door stood open, in which she saw some fifteen or twenty people waiting. A doorkeeper stood at the first door on the right as she entered, receiving cards, which he carried into the President's reception-room, and then, from time to time, as parties came out, he called to one and another to enter. Agate approached him and said:

"Is the President in?"

"Yes, ma'am. Let me have your card, if you please."

"Tell him that Agate Bissell wants to see him."

"Let me write your name. Perhaps you'll do it yourself, on this card!"

Within half an hour she was admitted. The room was large, and furnished scarcely better than a country lawyer's office. A large open fire-place

was on the right side of the room as she entered. On the left hand wall hung many maps. One also there was over the mantelpiece, apparently just drawn in ink, and giving the country between the Potomac and Richmond. A large, long table covered with green baize stood in the middle of the room, and beyond it, near to the windows on the side opposite the door, was a smaller table at which sat a long, lean, grandfatherish man. He was running his left hand through stiff and long black hair, now beginning to be struck through with grey. His features were large, and seemed, like chance travellers at an inn, to have put up together for a night, rather than to have been a family of relations.

"Well, ma'am," said he, in a broad country accent, his voice somewhat drawling and shrill, "this is Agate Bissell, I 'spose. What can I do for you."

"You can do nothing for *me*," said Agate Bissell, firmly, but with great respect; for she had a profound New England reverence for a chief magistrate of the nation, queer as she thought the specimen now before her—"you can do nothing for me, but you can do a good deal for the soldiers."

"Well, what is it?"

Agate briefly narrated her experience, to which

the President listened gravely, and she ended by saying:

"I wish, Mr. President, that you would ask the chief medical director here, to look into this matter with his own eyes, and not to take his opinion from drunken underlings, who, while soldiers shot down in battle are lingering and dying before him, is lying beastly drunk, and then would turn out of charge those who rebuke him. Oh, Mr. President, how can anybody doubt the doctrine of total depravity when they see the wretches robbing wounded soldiers, eating the delicacies sent to them, and drinking their cordials, and letting their wounds stink and rot, from carelessness? It's enough to touch a stone's heart"

Mr. Lincoln's heart was no stone.

"Madam, I will give you a note to the Doctor, and do you go and talk to him just as you have to me."

He sat down and took an unglazed visiting card, and wrote with a pencil:

"Dr. ———. Please hear this woman's statement, and make inquiry in person, and if it is true, put her back, and pray for twenty more such women. "A. LINCOLN."

"There — do you go yourself. If anything turns up, and it don't go right, you come to me again. Let me see. Agate Bissell—Agate

Bissell—yes, I'll remember your name and some time I'll come down and see how you're getting along."

Armed with this, Agate soon found the medical director. It required but little to satisfy him. She was reinstated, the assistant surgeon was dismissed the service, and great fear fell upon all who had to do with Agate!

That evening Rose said—"What kind of a man did you find the President to be?"

"A very good *man*, said Agate—but I didn't see much President about him. But I 'spose he had not got his official clothes on, and so he did not rumple up his feathers much."

While Agate played the General, Rose, in her own way, was quite as efficient. She had, what many noble fellows in this labour of love had not, ample command of money. She sought to cheer the sick and wounded by relieving the barren wards of their cold and forlorn appearance. She procured cheerful engravings, suited to the tastes of the men, and hung them where they could easily see them. She went daily to the green-houses for flowers, and distributed them through the wards. "It does not require masses of flowers," she would say. "A single bud with a leaf, by a cot, is often far more prized than a large bouquet would be." In this way, the con-

valescents had each some token, and many of the men begged leave to send home these offerings to their mothers or sisters.

Rose showed great skill in conversation with the men, and imparted to them much religious truth. He must have been a hardened man indeed who could not listen to her sweet voice reading in low tones by his bedside the Psalms of David, or the Evangelists.

"Why, Tom," said a wounded man to an Irish soldier, who lay next him, "I thought you was a Catholic? How dare you let a heretic read the Bible to you!"

"She's no hiritic, I tell ye. D' ye think they make hiritics of such as thim? Ye couldn't keep her out of hivin, more'n you can keep the birds out of the gardens. If you druv 'em away iver so many times, they'll fly back agin, sure!"

The experience gained in Washington was such that, when in the spring and summer of 1862, McClellan made his ill-fated campaign of the Peninsula, Agate, Rose, and Alice, who had joined them, followed the army and served in the brigade and regimental hospitals. During battles, they hovered upon the edge of the conflict, preparing food for the wounded, aiding in binding up their wounds, furnishing them with stimulants, and comforting the dying. Now it was that Rose

found her whole soul drawn forth. Every power was taxed. She rose to the necessities of the hour in a manner which made her the admiration of all. Perhaps she could not surpass Agate in the methodical administration of business, in the routine of wards in hospital, although she equalled her and grew every day in strength and endurance. But she surpassed Agate in *medical sense*. She had evidently inherited her father's medical tact and insight; and, though she avoided taking the surgeon's work out of their hands, her quickness and aptitude were of continual service even to medical men.

But far more than these things was Rose noticed for her courage and her power of inspiring men with hope, and cheer, and courage. Her resources of thought, her wealth of feeling, her great power of expression, her imagination and humour seemed endless. Indeed Alice wrote truly when she said to her parents that Rose had broken forth into a new life. All those resources which lay untaxed in her former quiet life were now developed into an even and steady enthusiasm. Her pity and tenderness made her presence to the sick and wounded like a light shining upon them from their own home. In different places, she earned for herself among the soldiers pet names. They played upon her name, and

styled her the "Ever-blooming Rose." And when she brought coffee, or fragrant tea, made as no else knew how to suit it to their taste, they natually called her the "Tea-Rose." In other camps she was known as the "Norwood Beauty,"—and she *was* beautiful! The constant play of courage, pity, benevolence, and the enthusiasm of patriotism had given to her face a radiant outlook peculiarly charming.

She accompanied the troops and returned with them from the Peninsula. She returned to Washington to care for the multitudes of wounded that came in from Pope's disastrous campaign. She went with the waggons of the Commission to Antietam, and hovered along that field wherever were wounded and suffering. It was here that she was inspired by danger and desperate necessity to take the surgeon's knife.

In a small house, so near to the battle that shot were flying around it in every direction, were collected multitudes of the wounded. The surgeon was in the act of amputating a shattered leg. Rose stood near, his only assistant. The saw had half-severed the bone, when a cannon-shot struck him dead. The patient was left bleeding. Seized with an inspiration, Rose, without an instant's hesitation, put her hand to the saw, completed the severing, tied the arteries, joined the flaps,

and bound up the wound. The man recovered. She had often been called the "Surgeon's Daughter;" but now the men changed it, and called her the "Daughter-surgeon."

Alice was never separated from Rose. They worked together, rode and travelled together, slept together. Scarcely less than Rose was Alice admired and beloved by the common soldiers. She often sang to them in the hospitals, wrote their letters home, received dying messages and faithfully transmitted them to friends at home.

The heroism of the war received its highest illustration in that band of noble women who followed the flag through darkness and blood, toiling as no soldiers on the march toiled, enduring hardships which none surpassed, facing all the dangers of the battle-field and many others in hospitals even more perilous than bullet or shell, and in many instances offering their lives as a sacrifice to humanity and religion! The evangelists of a true gospel were they, sowing the good seeds of peace in the furrows of war!

Alice Cathcart was not less patriotic in her feelings than Rose. But for some reason, she added to these generous impulses a peculiar pity and tenderness toward the sick and wounded rebel prisoners. This disposition drew forth from Hiram Beers many criticisms and discussions.

"I think you might use your time better'n to be curin' up the fellows that fought us, so's to fight agin."

"Why, Hiram," said Alice, imploringly, "they are not our enemies now that they are sick and helpless. The poor and sick the world over should be like their own children to the well and the merciful."

"You may have 'em, if you want. But you won't catch me adoptin' sech a scaly set o' children. I'll tell ye, you're fattenin' 'em up agin to shoot down our boys. It's like geese and chickens goin' round to cure up all the sick foxes."

"Would you let them suffer, Hiram? would you see them die without a crumb from our stores?" said Alice, in a plaintive way.

"Wal, mebbe I'd give 'em the crumbs, but I wouldn't give 'em a slice round the whole loaf. The fact is, you give 'em cakes and ginger-bread, and that's running kindness into the ground, I'm thinkin'," said Hiram.

Agate Bissell came to the rescue.

"Hiram Beers, you old hypocrite, what do you want to teaze that child for? You know you don't believe a word you're saying. I should like to know who 'twas that ran about last week for clothes and stockings for the shivering pri-

soners; and who 'twas that looked after those two boys in ward ten, when we were in the hospital? You know you are just plaguing Alice. Alice, don't mind a word he says. His tongue is of no more account than the shaking of the leaves on the trees."

It fell out that after the battle of Antietam there fell to Alice's care, among others, a young rebel officer, evidently a person of refinement and position. He entered into no conversation. His wounds were severe, and probably fatal. For several days he maintained a proud and almost defiant reserve. His face wore the expression of suffering, though he carefully avoided all tokens of pain.

He seemed reluctant to get well at the hands of Northerners. Alice hovered about him as if there was some fascination which wrought upon her. Nor was her labour of love unregarded. Little by little the young officer showed a pleasure in her presence, and a docility which he manifested to no one else. That pride and repugnance which sickness and suffering could not break, began sensibly to yield to kindness.

As he grew weaker, his large eyes, set in an emaciated face-frame, followed Alice as she came or left, as a child's eyes follow a mother. As he declined, Alice, as often as she could snatch time,

read to him the Word of God, or sang hymns in a low, sweet voice.

"I know not what it is," said she to Rose, "but I seem to have met this gentleman before. Of course I do not suppose that I have; but there is something in his voice at times that startles me. I can hardly help saying, 'Where *have* we met before?' Last evening, when I sung to him, a tear ran down his cheek and he said, 'That's my brother's favourite hymn.' He turned his face to me and said:

"'Will you be kind enough to tell me your name?'

"I repeated that it was Alice Cathcart, of Norwood, in Massachusetts."

"He seemed agitated, and looked intently at me, and repeated it several times—'Ah! Alice—Cathcart.' Then, pausing as if his mind ran back over some memory, he said, musingly,—'Alice Cathcart! That is very singular, that both of us should have fallen under your care.'

"'Both of us?' I asked, inquiringly. 'Have I ever met you before?"

"I was just then called away. But to-morrow, if he seems disposed to conversation, I mean to find out more about him."

Very early in the morning, before the sun was up—before it was fairly light—Alice was sum-

moned to her patient. Mid-September fogs clouded the air and drenched the grass and leaves with wet. She felt a chill shivering as she hasted to meet the call. He was fast sinking. It was evident that death was upon him. He revived a little. Looking upon her, he said:

"Alice don't leave me. I have much to say."

Then, his voice sinking to an inaudible whisper. his lips moved for a minute or more. A little stimulant was given him, and for a second he revived, as a fire on which a handful of shavings is thrown.

"Tell my mother, Alice"—and his voice died away, though still his lips moved.

Once or twice Alice could distinguish names, but all the rest was undistinguishable. He lay for a few moments in perfect stillness. Suddenly the light came to his eyes, and he looked around eagerly as if following a vision. It was but a flash. The flame went out, and all was still.

Alice, although familiar with every form of suffering, was so much affected by the death of the young rebel officer, that Agate Bissel insisted upon her retiring.

Agate herself gave orders for his burial. His few effects were gathered up. His watch and a pocket-book were the only valuables. On

examining them there was found several letters from his home—one from his brother, a colonel in the rebel army—and his own name,—

HENRY C. HEYWOOD,
Lynchburgh, Va.

Agate called Rose to her.

"This young man is your friend Tom Heywood's brother—the brother *Hal* he used to mention so often."

Rose was scarcely less affected than Alice had been. For a moment she was overcome; but quickly recovering herself, she enjoined upon Agate the most profound secresy.

"For reasons which I cannot tell, you must not mention this name to Alice. It will do no good, and will do much harm."

Agate's sharp sagacity needed no further help. She had her own thoughts, but was satisfied to leave Rose to manage the matter as it pleased her.

At the evening twilight young Heywood was quietly buried, and the place marked securely. As soon as the opportunity could be found his few effects were sent to his friends, and with them a note to his mother.

"MY DEAR MADAM.—After your son was wounded and captured on the second day of

the battle of Antietam, he came to the hospital of which I have charge. Every attention was paid to him. A faithful friend ministered to his religious wants with the fidelity and tenderness of a sister. His last thoughts rested upon his home. He called by name his various relatives, and would have sent messages, had not his death been more sudden than he anticipated. I pray you to allow me, as a friend of Mr. Thomas Heywood, to express my deep sympathy with you.

"Rose Wentworth."

CHAPTER XII.

THANKSGIVING.

When November came in 1862, came also in Norwood the renowned Thanksgiving Day, the holiday of old New England from its founding. The Pilgrims found it written, "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth and weepeth bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." This beautiful poetry was translated into the policy of the Pilgrims by establishing a Fast day, in March or April, and a Day of Thanksgiving in November. Thus the whole people were to pass through the two gates of the year, Tears and Smiles, and observe them as Holy Days, all other profane and misleading festivities—Christmas, New Year's, and Saints' days without number, being laid aside. Both days, the Day of Fasting and the Day of Thanksgiving, were to be esteemed religious days, and so kept. On the forenoon of each the people were

to assemble in their churches for religious services and a sermon. On these days, good ministers were allowed a wider pasture than was befitting the Sabbath Day, and were expected to discourse upon public affairs. So that the pulpit had two safety valves, and the minister could give vent to his opinions upon matters and things in general twice a year without danger of being unsettled, on the one side, or, on the other, of exploding from pent-up fire.

If anywhere, a Fast Day ought to flourish in New England. Not that its people were acerb and superstitious, but they derived their tendencies from fathers who had suffered persecutions, and to whom "strong crying and tears" were familiar; and as the religious convictions of its people are deep, and their views of duty stern, one day in three hundred and sixty-five for public fasting could not seem unreasonable.

In the beginning, it was a day of *fasting*. The steps of decline are melancholy and instructive. "Nothing should be eaten between the rising and the setting of the sun," would seem a plain rule. But many people refused such rigour, and ate their breakfast with the foresight that it must last till supper, leaving out dinner by way of fasting.

But soon, while breakfast and supper were left as abutments on each side, the span was so long

that a pier of crackers and cheese was built up in the middle, to carry the fasting safely over. Now all engineers know that a crib sunken in a stream, or a pier, is apt to become a point around which a deposit is soon formed, and even islands have thus grown up from a stake driven down or a mere lodgment of brush. And so it was with Fast-day. Crackers and cheese became premises of an argument. If crackers may be eaten without violation of fast, why not gingerbread? As the court before which these questions were brought often held its sessions in the stomach, the case was decided in favour of gingerbread.

Thus, with lamentable blindness, dough-nuts were added; and to dough-nuts (with astonishing infatuation) dried smoked-beef; though, with a latent sense of the danger, it was shaved exceedingly thin; to dried beef was added cold chicken —small, but young and tender; and to this, cold corned-beef. A plain apple-pie also got foot-hold. But, at this point, devotion made a stand against luxury, and conquered. The worldliness of eating *hot* dishes was happily eschewed. Cold victuals often require, and so minister to, the gracious feelings, if partaken of with patience and an uncomplaining spirit.

In the early day, fasting was the very spirit of abstinence; then, the spirit of moderation in

eating; and finally, the spirit of abundance, making a judicious selection. At first, all intelligent creatures fasted. Then servants began to be excused; then delicate women; and then robustious children, that ran roaring round the house on Fast days as if it were an exceeding Sunday; and finally, Fasting was itself the only thing that fasted on Fast day.

Meantime, while the starved Fast day, like a consumptive moon, grew pale, and thin, and wasted away, every year dying, and yet clinging tenaciously to life, the well-fed Thanksgiving day, like a new moon, grew bright and round, and lay upon the year's horizon like a joyful pumpkin upon the ridges of a Yankee corn-field; the pumpkin! sign and symbol in the calendar of New England of jovial festivity! And, now, Thanksgiving may be seen any year, in the mellow days of November, round and jolly, with all the air of a fat old English Christmas; while in April, amidst blustering winds and pinching frosts, its defrauded and bankrupt brother, very poor and thin, shambles along, wishing it were dead, among millions of hard-hearted people who wish so too. And so Self-gratulation flourishes in New England, while Humiliation loses popularity every year.

Rose Wentworth and Alice Cathcart returned

home, after the great labours of summer and autumn, to recruit, and to spend the Thanksgiving. Agate Bissell peremptorily refused.

"Why should I go home? I have enough to do, and I love to do it. Nobody can take as good care of my boys as I can. And as for rest, I was never so little tired in my life."

In fact, Agate was living in an undreamed of glory. With such tender duties, so important; with such scope, and so many instruments; the love of activity which had all her life, like a subterranean river, flowed darkly and hidden within, now came to the surface and sparkled in the light without hindrance or bound.

"There can't be any thanksgiving to me like taking care of four hundred men that have been wounded for their country. But, then, you girls ought to go. You have fathers and mothers that have a right to you. I have none," said Agate, somewhat sadly.

"Well, Agate," said Rose, a little slyly, "you may have others who would like to see you, quite as near as if they were fathers?"

Whereat Agate's eye twinkled just a little, and she bent over to put up the bandages again which had been tumbled out of a box.

Rose and Alice meant to slip away without notice; but in some way it was known, and they

had to pass the ordeal of gratitude. Next to ingratitude, the most painful thing to bear is gratitude. A sensitive nature is glad to know that one is grateful, and that one longs to show it. But to stand in the focus of an enthusiastic thanksgiving is awkward enough.

Few can express thanks gracefully, and fewer yet are those who can gracefully receive them. Both Rose and Alice found this out when rough men thanked them for their very lives, and others professed that they had been more than mothers to them, and some craved them to accept a button, or some token of their prowess captured in battle. Amidst cheers, and some tears, too, on hard cheeks, the girls got away; and, though their faces were homeward and their hearts eager, there was a heavy feeling that they had turned their backs upon that which had taken hold even deeper than Home.

After the natural overflow of gladness at being once more at home had somewhat subsided, Rose was conscious of a dull disquiet, a sense of the emptiness of former pleasure. Common duties and the ordinary flow of village life were tame and flavourless. It seemed to her that people were living for trifles, and wasting the noblest powers upon matters scarcely worth a thought. Indeed she chid herself for wanting natural affection,

inasmuch as her own home failed to furnish that deep content which she formerly knew. So long had she been engaged in the profoundest tragedies of heroic life, that the simple duties of peaceful domestic circles palled upon her taste. She grew restless, and longed to return to the exposures, the fatigues, and the sufferings even, of the hospital, the march and the battle-field. There was, too, a strange uneasiness of conscience. Her judgment told her that she had a right to rest and to recreation. Yet she started when persons came in, as if they would reproach her for indolence.

But the winter soon wore away, and in March both Alice and Rose returned to their labours again, and prepared to enter the campaign of Chancellorsville with that glorious army whose only fault it was, that it was too large for its commander, a noble soldier within a circle not too large.

Before March had done blustering, but not before the birds had come, our two brave women, glad to depart, though it was from homes as well loved as any for which mortal heart ever yearned, turned their dear faces southward.

Agate Bissell greeted them with a most motherly welcome. She seemed as fresh and unworn as if the winter had been a long vacation.

"Why, Agate," said Rose, "I never saw you look so well! A little pale—just a little. But I suppose that is because you have all winter been under a roof. Field work will revive your colour."

Rose handed her a package of letters, and among them one from Dr. Buell, saying archly, as she saw the colour come to Agate's cheek:

"On second thought, I do not know but you have as much colour in your cheek as ever."

"Rose, you think that you know a good deal. But I tell you, if you do, then you know more than I do! You may read the letter and welcome," said Agate, extending the open letter to her. It ran:

"NORWOOD, *March* 14, 1863.

"MISS AGATE BISSELL—*Dear Madam:* At Miss Rose's suggestion, I write you a line, lest under the accumulation of labours, and in hours of weariness, you may be in danger of believing yourself forgotten. Truly, every pious and patriotic heart here at home thanks you for your excellent and most praiseworthy labours in behalf of our sick and wounded soldiers. Doubt not that many prayers ascend for you daily, mine among the number. The Lord is preparing you, it may be, for future important labours, in a school where

so much of patience and of wisdom are required, and whatever may be the divine counsels which respect the future, may He overrule all to his own honour and glory.

"The meetings are well attended. A gracious spirit is found in the female prayer-meeting. Polly Marble is dead, and the Deacon is very much afflicted. She was very faithful to him, and her last breath was spent in exhorting him, in an edifying manner. It's a great loss, indeed, to him, and to all of us, but a gain to her.

"There has been an interest in the church this winter, and several persons give pleasing evidence of a saving change. May they run well! All your friends will rejoice when your duties shall allow you to return home, and none more than your friend and affectionate pastor,

"JEDEDIAH BUELL."

The campaign of Chancellorsville opened in May, 1863. General Barton Cathcart—for he had been advanced in rank,—learning of his sister's presence, sought her out immediately after the withdrawal of his brigade to the north side of the Rapidan. Rose Wentworth was engaged in the hospital transport service, and spent most of her time, for weeks, upon the steamboats that conveyed the wounded from the depôts along

the Potomac to Washington. Barton failed to see her. But Agate Bissell and his sister Alice, as soon as the army settled again in its former camps, he found. The movements of the army to the west and north soon separated them again, nor did they approach each other afterwards till the great battle of GETTYSBURGH, toward which we will now wend our way.

Early in June, 1863, Lee began, with great skill of secrecy to transfer the bulk of his army from before Hooker's lines to the Shenandoah valley, preparatory to a sudden invasion of Maryland and Pennsylvania, by which masterly movement he had good reason to hope that the war would be removed from Virginia, which had already suffered incredible ills as the chief battle-ground, to Pennsylvania, where an army might be easily sustained; and, if Hooker's army were defeated, Baltimore and Philadelphia would become prizes. Washington, cut off from the North, must then fall; and not far off from such an event must come peace, with the recognition of Southern independence.

Nor can one now, after the event, standing in General Lee's place, and reasoning upon the facts as they then appeared, and as we now know them to have actually been, charge him with unsobriety of expectation. There were good and

sound military reasons for expecting success, and success would in all likelihood have been decisive of the results of the war.

After the battle of Chancellorsville, in May, the army under Lee had, in numbers, equipment, but above all in the confidence of its own irresistibleness, reached the highest point of its history. It certainly had cause for self-confidence.

It had resisted the whole power of the Union for two years, with but one grand defeat, while it wrote upon its banners the great victories of the Seven Days of the Peninsula, of Fredericksburgh, of Second Bull's Run, and of Chancellorsville.

One general only had that army had, or desired, after it was fairly organized. Both the North and the South bore witness to his ability —the South by an enthusiastic admiration and confidence; the North by four times changing the general of the Army of the Potomac opposed to him.

On the third year of the war, with an army invincible thus far, and a commander whose name had gone out into all the world, it is not strange that they should be resolved to transfer the field of battle from Virginia, which was but one great mountain-clad fort, long enough besieged and seared with fire, and let the Northern fields take their turn of blasting, blood, and flame.

With their faces aglow with the victory of Chancellorsville, Lee's army skilfully glided past Hooker, entered the valley of the Shenandoah, drove out or consumed the loyal forces, and, in the last days of June, burst into the Cumberland valley, in Pennsylvania. Their cavalry, like the biting scud of a storm, spread instantly, and scoured all the defenceless region to the banks of the Susquehannah. With promptness and admirable decision, Lee stretched out Ewell's corps and dividing it, as with its right hand, seized York, thus threatening Baltimore and Washington; with his left hand he seized Carlisle, aiming at Harrisburgh and Philadelphia; while his main body lay at Chambersburgh, near the head of the valley of the Cumberland.

Then it was that he learned that Hooker, moving in pursuit, had crossed the Potomac, concentrated at Frederick, with his face as though determined to strike across the foot of the Cumberland valley and cut off his line of communication with Virginia. To compel Hooker to let this enterprise alone, Lee drew back his advanced corps from York and Carlisle, with orders to concentrate with the centre, which poured through a pass in the South Mountain, upon Gettysburgh, a small village in the eastern skirts of the mountain range; and so, Lee said, in effect,

if you touch my line of communication I will seize Washington.

But, before this movement was known, or even half-way developed, Hooker retired from command, and the fifth commander in order came to the head of the Army of the Potomac. Ignorant of Lee's purposes, and knowing in general only that he was advancing to the centre of Pennsylvania, Meade, abandoning Hooker's plan, spread his army along the eastern side of the South Mountain, parallel to Lee's line, determined to follow him to the Susquehannah and bring him to battle.

But two marches had Meade made, bringing his army up nearly abreast of Gettysburgh, somewhat to the east and south-east of it, when he had reason to believe that Lee was concentrating on the east of South Mountain. Meade's left wing, three corps, under Reynolds, advanced upon Gettysburgh to discover the enemy, as well as to hide the operations of the centre and right wing. While Buford was pricking and probing the country with his cavalry, on the 29th of June, he rode into Gettysburgh, and was there stumbled upon the next day, June 30, by the advanced guard of the Southern army. Thus the two armies approached each other, big with terrific battle, as unconscious of the imminent shock as

are two summer clouds, charged with storms, and moving upon opposite winds silently toward each other.

Three days of battle there were;—one on the outlying hills beyond the town, and two along the slopes and rocky crests south and east of Gettysburgh;—three days, on which the Southern army rolled in and broke upon the rocky ridges of the North, as spring tides moving with the power of the ocean behind them beat high and fierce upon a rocky coast, and retreat back again to the dark caves of the sea.

This was a battle between the men of the tropics and the men of the temperate zones. It was to be decided whether the gods of the valleys or the gods of the hills were the mightier. The fat Southern soils, tilled by enforced labour, made war on the rocks of the North, where men by hard labour had learned patience and skill. Two battles there were waged in one. Principles were contending in the air, while men were fighting on the ground. And when on the night of the 4th of July the army of the South, sullenly and in the dark, drew back from the farms of Pennsylvania and retreated southward, it was not alone the defeat of the army, but far more of the political economy, the genius of government, and the evil spirit of a perverted religion, that had inspired

the conflict and given moral significance to the Rebellion.

But we have overrun our story, or, rather, gone before to prepare a way for the maiden's feet to tread.

CHAPTER XIII.

ON THE MARCH.

A GREAT excitement filled Washington when it was known that Lee had entered Pennsylvania. The darkness which had hung painfully over his movements was cleared away. The sweep of Jenkins' cavalry, the rapid movement of Ewell upon the Susquehannah, the opening of the rebel general's plans with such decision as indicated his sense of power and confidence of victory, were enough to account for excitement. But an invasion was something new. The intrusion of Lee the year before into Maryland scarcely punctured the rind of the Free States. But now it was reaching at the core. Such an uproar was never known among the farmers of Pennsylvania. The old Dutch settlers at last experienced a thrill! Three years had they probably been in doubt whether hostilities had broken out or not. They were conservative men. They would not be carried away with rumours. Newspapers they rarely

saw, and then only to doubt them. But the cavalry raids, the sweeping up of their stock, the sudden departure of horses from the plough and waggon, and the farewell cackles of expiring hens, were things to be believed. In fine, eighty thousand men, with Lee at their head, had power to drive a new idea into the heads of the Pennsylvania Dutch around Gettysburgh. But once in, that idea of war wrought mightily. They raised a clamour that filled the State. Like Munchausen's horn, which, when hung near the fire, played all the tunes which had been frozen up in it through the winter, so all those hopes and fears, doubts and enthusiasms, which play out of common people's lives, but freeze up in the Dutch mind of Southern Pennsylvania, were now thawed out by the fire of war into clamorous racket, which went echoing through the cities of the country as if the last day had indeed come!

All manner of wild rumours filled Baltimore and Washington. As soon as Hooker's army had crossed the Potomac, it was known to the Sanitary Commission that a great battle must soon be fought. Energetic measures were taken to prepare succour for the wounded. Waggons were loaded with clothing, food, cordials, blankets, tents, and with all those numberless delicacies often so much better to the sick and wounded

than medicine. Nurses and ladies were summoned. It behoved the Sanitary Commission to be on the ground as soon as a blow was struck. This was its golden opportunity. Its mission was not to supersede the Medical Department of the army, but, being more lithe and nimble, to anticipate the regular unfolding of organized succour; to meet exigencies not otherwise provided for; to fill up gaps and intervals, and to perform, by the presence of women, as noble as ever ministered in temple or sanctuary, those offices of consolation and Christian instruction to the dying, or desperately wounded, which transcended the functions of the Medical Department.

Signs multiplied of urgent danger and impetuous haste. The great hour of Destiny was advancing. The Departments of Government, the city of Washington and the whole region round about were like a boiling caldron. As if more fuel were needed, Stuart and his large body of cavalry sought to regain Lee's army, and crossing the Potomac at Seneca Creek, swept up through Maryland, flirting their wings in the face of Washington and Baltimore as they passed, and stirring up all the region as if they had been flying dragons.

No wonder, when, on the 28th of June, the sentinels and citizens saw mounted men looking

right into the city of Washington, and then scuds of cavalry whirling around Baltimore, that troops were on foot, citizens armed and hastily rushed to the lines of defence, and that a thousand rumours, mixing truth and the fictions of fear, filled the air.

Hiram Beers started forth with a line of eight waggons, to overtake the army. Others were speedily to follow, while the railroads were to be employed, so soon as the battle-field was determined, for the bulk of transportation. He took the Rockville road, aiming at Frederick, where, in a conveyance of their own, Agate Bissell was to meet him, with Rose and Alice. At Rockville he was warned to turn back—the enemy filled the country. A train had just been seized and burnt.

"That's lucky for me," said Hiram. "You don't see a cannon-ball go through the same hole twice. I guess the enemy hasn't made up his mind to stop, yet awhile, and if he's gobbled up trains ahead of me, it stands to reason that he'll be gone afore I git there."

"There's no tellin', stranger," said the old man who was informing him, "how many there is of 'em. I hearn tell that the country's full on 'em. Jake Armistead has been out, you know, in the rebel army, though he's home now, and Union

too, till his wounds get well, and *he* sez, there must be nigh about ten thousand, and that they cover the hull country thick as pigeons in acorn time. I reckon, stranger, that they'd like to take a look at your waggons."

Hiram pushed his hat up a trifle, on his forehead, and drawing a knife out of his pocket, as if utterly at ease, said, as he began slowly and smoothly to curl the shavings off the edge of a white pine stick:

"Thank'ee, sir. I guess they've got something else to look after by this time. Why, sir, there's twenty thousand troopers gone up after 'em from Washington; and Hooker, he's got a hundred thousand men at Frederick, and there's a hundred thousand more in Washington and Baltimore, and more comin' from the North every hour."

"More comin'?"

"More? Why you hain't begun to see yet. Fact is, the North is just wakin' up. We hain't done nothin' yet but cut out the work. There's nobody gone hardly. You wouldn't think there was a man missin'. But, now we see what's to do, we are goin' to send down a million men, right off."

There had collected, by this time, quite a crowd around Hiram's teams, and he was improving the time while his horses eat oats to

make a salutary impression on the Maryland mind.

An ex-rebel soldier seemed somewhat better informed:

"Lee has got York, and Carlisle, and, in a day or two, he'll have Harrisburgh; and then look out for fun!"

Hiram looked at him fixedly, as one who is in doubt whether he will impart a secret:

"Well, I guess it won't do no hurt to tell out now. But our folks jest left Carlisle on purpose to tempt 'em—like toasted cheese in a trap; if Lee's nibblin', you may depend on't, he'll find that he's caught."

"Ah, old Yank, you can't come that over me. Lee's used to nibblin' Yankee cheese. He ate some at Fredericksburgh, and he's jest been nibblin' a pretty large cheese at Chancellorsville, and, by the time you'll get there, I guess you'll find the old rat has gnawed his way out."

Nothing daunted by the laugh, Hiram, with a look of undisturbed confidence, just a little touched with pity for their ignorance, walked away toward his waggons.

"Do you really think," said one of his drivers, in an anxious tone, "that it's safe to go on?"

"Safe? what are you 'feard of? Lee is jest

like a walnut in a nut-cracker. They'll smash him, sure."

"I shouldn't care about bein' caught. A prisoner on foot, trottin' along with cavalry, don't feel as comfortable as if he was to hum!"

"Is that so?" said Hiram, very soberly.

"Wal, it is, I tell ye—mebbe you hain't tried it? I've travelled ye see, and don't want to do it any more. The fust time—Mosby's men, they tuck me. Wal, one on 'em took a fancy to my cap, and swopped. I got something to boot, though," said the driver, beginning to scratch his head; "every time I think of that old felt hat that he guv' me, somehow I feel like scratchin'. Another man, he wanted my shoes, and I lent 'em to him. They never cum back. Then one of the officers took a likin' to my coat; and, at last, a darned rascal made me get out of my britches. In less than five minutes I didn't know myself, and kept lookin' round to see where I was. But I found out afore they'd done with me."

"Wal," said Hiram, "drive on; I don't expect anybody to catch me."

"Nobody expects to be caught. You see, a feller is goin' along, drivin' his horses and chawin' his tobacker, thinkin' about the home-folks, touchin' up fust one horse and then another,

when—right ahead—fizz! bang! whang! bang! and then, behind in the line, you hear it again —whang! bang!—and a hundred horsemen whirl in on you, cut out your waggons, and, afore the soldiers can get up, twenty waggons are drivin' off like mad, and rebel soldiers a-prickin' the mules with bayonets, and afore you fairly know which eend you stand on, they're all in the mountains and you're dividin' your clothes with the ragamuffins."

Hiram laughed at the descriptive misery, but ordered forward the teams.

"I've no idea of lettin' them Southern fellers have the handling of these goods. Pretty business for our folks to set up nights to knit stockins, and then have the rebels put 'em on to fight our boys with! They didn't have an apple-parin' at our town to make apple-sarse for Lee's army, I guess! Golly! what would Marm Marble say if she should hear that the rebs had got her dried apples and pumpkins? No, no; they shan't poke their nasty fingers into my sweetmeats. I didn't fetch these nice liquors for their accommodation. Liquor is a good thing in its place. But, as a general thing, I'm of opinion that the very worst place you can put good liquor into is a feller's stomach! If a feller's been tapped with a bullet, that may make a difference. But

I don't believe the Lord ever made that hole in a man's face to pour liquor through."

"Wal," said one of his men, "then there's been an amazin' oversight somewhere. There's been a sight of liquor got through the wrong place, then!"

Hiram got safely to Frederick, and met there the agents and ladies of the Commission. But Meade had been gone a day. The order then was to follow up the army and to keep within easy reach of it.

The next morning the whole party were on the road. Hiram expressed himself on the subject of armies:

"If there ever was anything that beat all creation in bein' expensive, it's an army. It runs off property as fast as a river does water. It's waste, waste, waste! Enough is trod under foot every day to feed a town, and when they're marchin', they're wuss than buffaloes in a corn-field. But the hind end of an army is about the most disagreeable place that I know on. The stragglers, and traders, and rascals, strain through, and leave a welt of dirt for miles and miles behind. I couldn't sleep a wink last night. Frederick was chuck-full of roarin', drinkin' fellers, fightin' and yellin'. I think the hind-end of an army is more dangerous than its fore-

end. It's like Gran'ther Morse's old musket, that would tear you to pieces if you were before it, and kick you to pieces if you stood behind it. The only place where it was safe was hangin' up over the fire-place to hum. An army is a very dangerous thing, anyhow, and awful extravagant. I s'pose we must fight it through now, though. Don't see no other way. But, if ever this war's over, I'm goin' to jine an Everlasting Peace Society."

As the party journeyed on, at every mile evidences multiplied that the army was not far away. Stragglers abounded. The main army seemed to have done no damage. One would not—except for the beaten roads, and some little invasion of fields, the breaking here and there of a cherry branch, whose luscious fruit tempted its own fate—have dreamed that eighty thousand men had passed; but after the army came the herd of stragglers. They robbed houses, stole horses from the stables, and in drunken knots caroused or threatened those who were weak.

Rose looked out upon the wondrous brightness of those June days—no, it was the first of July—marvelling in her thoughts how the enginery of death could be moving through all this peace and beauty to its dreaded work. The sky was deep. Drifting through it in profound leisure—drifting so slowly and gently that they hardly seemed to

move, were soft and small clouds. So long had Rose now been trained in scenes of pain and terror that her heart knew its own courage; and though there was in the very air, and through all its brightness, a certain sadness, as if already she felt the horrors of that distant battle, whose sounds, though it was already begun, were not heard, Rose's thoughts floated peacefully as those flecks of brilliant cloud, dazzling white, mixed with shades and shadows.

"Rootless and stemless, ye grow, O clouds! The winds that roar upon forests shake no sounds out of your silent forms. Without seed or sowing, ye grow. Ye wither without frost, or the axe, and pass away in an hour. Ye grow alike in winter as in summer, and shake down from your boughs drops or flakes in both seasons. Yet no man may plant you, nor till you, nor play husbandry in the realm where ye dwell."

"I s'pose you're thinkin', Miss Rose," said Hiram, "that it's time to have something to eat. Well, I shouldn't wonder if 'twas."

"Yes, Hiram, I was thinking of harvests, but not exactly such as could be eaten."

"Well, I'll see what can be done. The fact is, the soldiers are yonder, fillin' all the road, and I don't b'lieve we can git along much further. You wait a bit, and I'll go and see."

In a moment Rose was dreaming again, with her face turned toward the clouds.

"Out of such stillness of white come storms! Ye are the mothers of thunder! Hidden there is the lightning! Now ye are palaces of silence, but to-morrow all the sounds of storm shall resound among you! And so out of men's loving hearts comes hatred, and out of men's consciences comes war, and all that makes peace beautiful changes in battle to mighty wrath, to awful cruelty, to remorseless slaughter. Even now—who knows? —while I look upon this serene heaven, Barton, perhaps, is in the heat of fight; it may be he lies wounded, or dying, because no one binds up his wounds——"

"What on earth's the matter, Miss Rose—are ye cryin'?" said Hiram, and without waiting for an answer, he went on—"It's no time for cryin' now—the battle is goin' on. We've heerd from Gettysburgh—some say it's all on our side, and some say t'other way, and nobody knows anything about it. But the headquarters is movin', and the whole army is goin' ahead. If you mean to get there to-night we must be stirrin', I can tell ye."

Rose consulted with the agents of the Commission in charge of the company, and it was considered useless to attempt to force their way along

the roads by which the army was moving, already choked up with artillery, supply trains, and the troops. In their perplexity Hiram started out to explore. He soon returned. With him came also a military man of distinguished bearing. A staff officer rode by his side, and a coloured man stood at a little distance grinning and looking at Rose in the most extraordinary manner.

An outcry from Alice was Barton Cathcart's introduction. She sprung out of the carriage and threw herself into his arms with impassioned fondness. He looked down upon his sister with a look of the proudest love. For a moment the blood left Rose's cheek, but then came again with a rebound.

"Oh, Barton," said Alice, "to see you here, in this strange place, is like a breath from home. But there is Rose coming to you."

Rose's first impulse was not to intrude upon him. Her next and better thought was, "It is Barton, my childhood friend;" and in a moment every other thought was gone, and with a gladness scarcely less demonstrative than Alice's, Rose reached both her hands to Barton. But he was more embarrassed. Rose's warmth of manner seemed to touch him. He had prepared for a more formal meeting.

"This is very kind, Miss Wentworth."

"No, no, Barton—I am not Miss Wentworth—

to you—I am Rose; the same names which we used in childhood, if you please."

A throng of memories crowded his mind. His heart was like a vortex in which strong feelings whirled. He would have spoken, but seemed like one who hesitates which of many things to say first. He fixed upon Rose a look so full of inquiry, and yet so imploring and hungry, a look full of eagerness and helplessness, that Rose to her dying day never forgot it. Words are of the flesh, opaque. Looks are of the spirit, luminous.

The pause was embarrassing. Rose first plucked up her voice and said:

"Barton, we are going with you. Can we get along in time on this route, or shall we be delayed? The roads are choked up with the army."

"You had better keep with my Division. We are pushing on with all our might. The day has gone wrong, and we must all be up to-night."

There was time but for a few words, hurried and almost incoherent. In a moment Barton was gone. It was a dream! They awake to see him disappear among the throngs beyond!

It was late before they reached the vicinity of Gettysburgh. All the way Barton's look dwelt with Rose. The most emphatic revelations of the soul are made through glances of the eye. By the looks only can the soul signify complex

experiences—hope, fear, yearning, love, sad and sorrowful—and all in an instant. These revelations of the soul's inmost life will not be incarnated in the rude materials of common language. But a look is almost as immaterial as a thought. A glance is a fit incarnation of a thing so tender as love. Not what they say, do we remember of absent friends; but, how they looked while saying it. We live upon the meaning of the expressions of the face more than of the tongue. The silences which speech carries along with it are often more emphatic than the words.

By a side road, Hiram had got his party out from the tangle of the Taneytown road, and was making his way over to the Baltimore turnpike. Although the moon was of some slight help, yet, by eight o'clock, the jaded horses and scarcely less jaded company were glad to find a farm-house where they might sleep. By the faint moonlight Hiram descried a palace of a barn near at hand.

"Aha!" said Hiram, "there is a Dutch barn. Now we shall stumble over the hovel pretty soon."

"Why, what do you mean?" said Agate.

"I mean," replied Hiram, "that them Pennsylvany Dutch think more of their horses than they do of themselves. A feller travellin' round here

awhile almost wishes he was a horse. The houses are mean; the barns are magnificent."

Hiram, for once, had to take back his words, for they approached a large and comely farm-house, which would have done no discredit to the elm homes of New England. Everything about it was still. Though it was not yet nine o'clock not a light was burning.

"I guess," said Hiram, "that they're gone out to see the sights. 'Tain't every day that a Dutchman sees an army. I guess they think the day of judgment is cum. They will if there's much fightin' to-morrow."

He was again mistaken. The family were abed and soundly slept. A rap at the door brought the owner out of bed, and his honest face to the door.

"Can we git leave to stay here to-night?" said Hiram.

"Why, of course you can. Come right in! Women?—why, women?—out this time o' night? That's too bad. Mary! Mary, I say!"

By this time his good wife Mary came forth, the smiles endeavouring to chase the sleepiness off from her face, as she was tying a string here, or buttoning there, or hooking up her dress behind.

"Seems to me you're abed early, uncle, 'aren't ye?" said Hiram.

"Wal—pretty. But we go to bed early; we get up early, too."

"Liked to have got up this time 'fore you got to bed," said Hiram, winking.

"Yes, yes, yes," said the honest old farmer, with an unmeaning laugh.

"Don't you know the army's all round you?"

"Yes; but they won't touch nuthin'. They're welcome to 't, if they do."

"How far is it to town?"

"Wal—'bout three miles; three and a half—say four miles. Depends little on which way you go."

After Hiram had seen to the horses, he followed the sounds, and soon came upon the waggon trains parked for the night. The rumbling of artillery still was heard in the roads near by. Reserve artillery and ammunition trains had turned into fields on either side of the road. Soldiers were still crowding onward. They moved silently, as men who were tired with long and rapid marching.

He came across a part of the cavalry that had that morning been engaged, and picked up some scraps of the fight as they had seen it. He inquired for the hospitals, toward which, in the morning, he was to go. An officer, with his head bandaged, gave him the information.

Buford's Cavalry and Wadsworth's Division of

Reynolds' Corps had held the heads of Hill's and Longstreet's Corps, coming from Chambersburgh, in check, and gained some advantage. But about noon Ewell's Corps coming in on the Union right, brought great disaster and even rout upon them. The whole left wing had barely saved itself, but now was holding the high ground south and east of Gettysburgh. This was the first day's fight. Hiram returned to the house, and after a generous supper the party were glad to retire. The day had been enough fatiguing. The morrow would try them yet more.

CHAPTER XIV.

GETTYSBURGH.

Long before sunrise on the Wednesday morning of the second of July our party were astir. Early as they were, the good housewife was before them, and a bountiful breakfast awaited them. After the farmer's wife had learned from Agate the business which took such beautiful ladies as Rose and Alice seemed to her eyes, to the battle-field, she could not do enough for them; and as they parted from her, the good old farmer said to them:

"We live some ways from Gettysburgh; but if any of your friends are wounded, or you want to send anybody else here, it's a quiet place, and we've got enough, and we'll take the best care we can of them. So, remember, if you can't do any better, won't you?"

Thanking them heartily for their kindness, which was in marked contrast with the brutal demeanour of the Dutch farmers around Gettys-

burgh on those awful days, they were leaving, when, having talked a moment with his wife, he came back and said:

"I reckon I'd better go 'long with you a spell. I know some crooks and turns that may better your road. By what my men say, the main roads have been full all night, and soldiers are still crowdin' up to the front. I expect there will be powerful fightin' to-day, and I'll go up. Maybe I can help the wounded folks, if I don't fight myself. That ain't my trade."

Sure enough, the roads were blocked; but their honest farmer friend, by lanes, and through cart-roads in the wood, and by crossing sown fields, brought them, at last, to the rear of that long line of rocky hills, whose crest and westward slope was already crowded with soldiers.

Not a syllable of disrespect did they receive from soldiers or camp followers. In many instances cheers were raised for them, and "God bless you!" was showered upon them by regiments and brigades who had seen them on other battle-fields. Indeed, there were few regiments in the army of the Potomac, where Agate Bissell's name was not known and honoured. At certain points, where bodies of soldiers were at rest, the men flocked around them, and shook hands with them as old friends.

"What's all that?" said a soldier of the —— Pennsylvania to one of his comrades, who saw the stir and heard some cheering around their carriage.

"What is it? Why, it's the old one with her two doves. There ain't many boys in this regiment that don't know Mother Bissell and the Rose of Norwood!"

With that a bright, lithe young fellow sprung toward the party with all the eagerness of a child. But, as he came up, and was not recognized, he almost sulked like a pouting boy:

"Why, don't you know me, Aunty Bissell? I'm your Willie!"

Agate turned upon him a quick look.

"Take off your cap! Why, Willie Woolsy! I never should have known you!"

And then, patting his head and smiling proudly on him, she said:

"Why, Willie, how you have improved! how fat and rosy you are! I never should imagine that you were that poor, pale boy that I snatched from the very hands of death, I do believe!"

And so, one by one, scores of men came in for a word whom these women had succoured on the battle-field, or nursed in the hospitals, or transported on steamers on the Potomac to Washington, or fed and clothed at various times and

different places. This did not seem like the greetings of a field of carnage; it was more like a home-greeting.

The forenoon wore rapidly away. The hospital camps were selected. The Sanitary Commission had been able to secure no transportation on the railroad; and fortunate it was that—thanks to Hiram Beers' enterprise—so many waggons had been got through and so large a store of articles was on hand.

All through the forenoon, the distant sound of skirmish-firing was faintly heard. It rose and rippled on the air, and died away. Again, from another quarter, it pattered for a half-hour, and gradually died out like an expiring drum-beat. Noon came; and no battle. All was suspense. No one that they could reach could give the information. Would Lee retreat? or was not Meade willing to give battle?

The afternoon wore on. The wounded of the day before were in Gettysburgh or beyond, or, if brought behind the Northern lines, it was three miles to the north of the position chosen by the Commission for the first station.

It was after two o'clock. They were resting. Suddenly the great hulking body of Pete Sawmill rose up before them; and Pete, gurgling and laughing, seemed overjoyed to see his old friends.

"Well done! as sure as soot," said Agate, "here's our Pete! I'm as glad to see your homely black face, Pete, as if you were as white as snow!"

Pete reached out his great hand, to each of them, giving to each of them in turn one down motion that seemed likely to take their arms out of the socket, and giggling and laughing, in a way more silly than usual. He sidled up to Rose, with the most foolish look of affection, and began to move his hands in the air, as if he was taking up a child, or patting and playing with some invisible dog.

"Why, you poor old soul," said Agate, "we are all as glad to see you, Pete, as if you belonged to us."

"He, he, he! I guess I do. I don't b'long to nobody else, except the gin'ral."

"Where is Barton?" said Alice and Rose almost in the same breath.

"You see them woody hummocks yonder?"

"Yes."

"Well, the gineral he's along beyond them, furder up, up toward that way, and a leetle over."

This very luminous description was given with a serious, solemn air, for Pete's heart in every battle was much moved at the danger into which Barton Cathcart *would* throw himself.

"He's allers runnin' to find it and fetch it. He might jest as well wait. Ye see, danger will come itself when they're fightin' such all-fired battles."

"Pete," said Rose, "do you think we could see Barton's position if we were to go on to that hill?"

"Sartain; I'll take you." Pete seemed as if he were literally about to take Rose as in the old days, when she rode upon his shoulder.

Rose laughed and dashed past him nimbly, on her way to the edge of Little Round Top. As she ascended the ridge the scene began to open upon her.

On reaching the summit, the view was obstructed by the fringe of woods through which the road passed. But by climbing a little to the south of the road, Rose obtained a clear view of the ridge on whose slopes lay the Northern army, extending from where she stood two miles north towards Gettysburgh, which, from this point, was tucked up so close to the northern head of the ridge that only the western skirts of the village could be seen, fringing out into the valley. A mile and more across from where she stood looking west, was a range of low and rounded hills, forest-clad in spots, or dotted with orchards. On the southern half of the line they were so carved

out by the wear of waters for ages, that they seemed like huge beads half buried in the ground; but further north, and over against Gettysburgh, the terrace was less scarped and ran with an easier slope. Above and beyond these hills, to the westward, rose others, and wide strips of forest, and ten miles away the blue mass of the South Mountains banked up against the horizon.

Between the two low-lying ridges on which the armies lay was a mile-wide valley, its southern half much filled up with rolling hills, and cut into with dells and tangles of wood and rock. The upper half, or that nearest Gettysburgh, was scooped out and smoother. Along the line of swells between these two sorts of valleys had been placed the left wing of Meade's army, forming an angle of about 45 degrees with the ridge on which the rest of the army lay.

To crush this leg thrust out from the body, as it were, and to seize the lower part of the ridge which the left should have occupied, was Lee's whole aim in the second day's battle. For four hours the fight here raged with excessive violence. The best troops of both armies were in the struggle. Neither before nor since has there been more thorough fighting, of all arms, with heroic tenacity and an indomitable will that did not know how to

let go. And when darkness ended the conflict, the Northern troops, though on the whole worsted, had been only pushed back to their true position along the ridge, with the natural fortresses of Great Round Top and Little Round Top inexpugnably guarding the left of their line. But this is in anticipation.

Pete had followed Rose with more than usual gravity. He seemed like an uneasy hound that smells something in the distance that disquiets him. It is true that Pete had no conception of the construction of an army, nor is it probable that he could have been made to understand strategy, or tactics, in any proper and scientific way of stating them. But Pete was an innate hunter. He had all the intuitions and inspirations which belong to the venatorial art. In their ground forms these are not far from the science of warfare.

What are two armies but two huge animals that are hunting each other? — each, concealing its own movements and spying out the other's— creeping, watching, feigning, waiting for some unguarded moment, or indefensible posture, to spring with concentrated strength and loud roar upon the other! In a vague and rude way Pete felt some such battle instinct. He watched the hills opposite.

"There they are?"

"Who?"

"Why the rebs—don't you see 'em?"

"Where do you mean?" said Rose, shading her eyes with her hand.

"Right over in the hedge of them woods—don't you see the light flash? That's the sun shinin' on their guns. There 'tis ag'in! Them woods is jest full. Don't you see, clear away there, on the left them lines like? that's them too. I don't like it."

"Well, Pete, are not our soldiers there too?"

"Don't you see? there's our boys right across yonder. Them d—— rebels!" said Pete, waxing irreverently warm, "will be creepin' 'round behind 'em. I don't like it! I don't like it!"

And then Pete, uneasily, like a hound, again changed his position, and, pointing his muzzle out toward the scene of impending conflict, looked intently upon the fields.

"Pete, what ought they to do?" said Rose, innocently, to her humble companion, and with as much faith in his judgment as if he were some black Napoleon.

"I dun know. I expect they better come back here."

The scuds of white cloud that held their indolent course through the air early in the morning were now all gone away, and had left the heavens un-

scarred and unfurrowed. The sun now, half way down from the meridian, shot back floods of light along the path it had just travelled, but could not change its blue. Far up, the vault was paled a little—but blue it was—clear, tender blue. But, nearer the ground and along the horizon, the ruddy sunlight flooded all things with a peculiar golden hue. The air seemed rich, the earth dreamy, and the landscape that lay before Rose's eye seemed to her imagination as if in a tranquil meditation. The distant jets of white smoke, the faint reports of sharpshooters' rifles, or occasional ripples of skirmishers' firing seemed only like the plashing of a tranquil sea upon the shore—sound just enough to make stillness palpable. Everything conspired to fill Rose with imaginations contrasting with the impending scenes. A wood-thrush not far from her, in a solitary clump of trees, was singing in a plaintive way to an answering thrush beyond. An oriole flew into a near tree, and sang shrill as a clarionet. Flowers were thick among the stones. A bush of sassafras stood just at her hand, and she was almost unconsciously breaking off the tender and fragrant tips to refresh her mouth.

Rose had risen into that state of imagination in which outward things begin to take on the colours of one's own thoughts, and to stand dressed in

human feelings. The whole heavens above her head said to her, "There is no war in me!" the whole valley answered. "It is peace with me!" the woods about her—the fragrant smell of pine and spicy bushes,—the birds singing, and squirrels running nimbly across her path or jerking their tails on the safe edges of rocks,—all were so many tokens of peace.

Suddenly, right over against her, came a peal of thunder! Up rose a curling wreath of smoke. Quickly through it flashed fierce forks of flame; loud and earth-shaking roars came like the rolls of surf upon the shore, in quick succession. The battle had begun! It opened with no spattering shots, bringing out gradually growing volleys. It struck a deep note of thunder at first, and then kept to that awful pitch through four murderous hours!

Rose was fixed and fascinated. She could not withdraw her eyes from that which she dreaded to see. Lines of men came forth from the woods. They were met with sheeted flame, and withered and shrunk back. They were but the first line. Right on, behind them, came Longstreet's masses, that were not to be daunted—fire-proved, annealed in scores of battles! Little could Rose see but the general aspect. The loyal lines bore up stoutly and well. They were pushed and bent; but, like

a trusty bow, sprung back again. The conflict became many-sided. Far onward, to the left of the Union lines, emerged the Confederate troops. New batteries seemed to spring up everywhere; and battle, like forks of flame in a burning town, kindling wherever a spark fell, flashed forth, from point to point, on every swell of land—in the groves—through wheat fields, but, more than all, right over against her, where the heaven was ablaze with artillery, and irresistible masses of Confederate soldiers broke down Sickles' centre, and drove back his men from Sherfy's peach orchard. For an hour, which seemed an age, she gazed. Troops were hastening from Hancock and from Slocum, drawn from the centre and right, to brace up the broken lines. The fight was creeping up from below to the very hill where she stood.

A division of Northern troops was passing the very road on which she had come. Suddenly a brigade was swung off from it, and began to ascend Little Round Top. She hasted down. It was a new sight that she had beheld.

She was used to every form of wounds in men brought off from the field. She had even been along the edge of fights, but it was when the combats raged in muffling woods and thickets. She had never stood where the whole field lay open,

where the two armies stretched out their masses in visible opposition and the whole work of destruction could be seen. She turned away, and hastened by the road which, running from the very ground of conflict, hugged Little Round Top where she had been standing; and moved over toward the hospital ground of the corps. Within a half-hour, men began to come over the ridge wounded, but yet able to get out of the battle. Their numbers increased.

Who shall describe the roar of battle? If one will know the mechanism and anatomy of battle, let him read our American Napier (William Swinton). If he would see a gorgeous picture of the out-playing of this anatomy, the army charge, the tough and tugging fight, the swirl and hurricane, let him read the brilliant picture-writing of the military Doré of America (G. A. Townsend). But who shall describe the shadow of the battle? Who shall picture the battle of the hospital? Who shall make into history what passes before the nurses and surgeons?

The place chosen for the hospital proved to be in the line of fire, and shot and shell soon came down into the very tents, and men who had escaped the battle and cleared its skirts were reached and slain under the surgeons' hands. Another place was chosen. But scarcely had the

surgeons' tables been set before whistling balls drove them thence. A third place, nearly astride of Rock Creek, was finally established. The wounded men were now pouring in in fearful numbers. Long lines of men lying on the ground covered the space. No tents were spread. The field hospital was literally but a field. A thousand men in less than an hour and a half! and more streaming in from every direction.

One of the chief needs of wounded men is drink and sustenance. Along the roads by which they came in, the Commission had stationed women and men to supply to the fainting and overspent, as they passed, both nourishment and stimulants. Rose suggested to Agate that the point which she had that afternoon visited would be well situated for a station. Fires were built, hot tea and coffee were kept in full supply, milk punch, wines, and other stimulants were at hand. Many who had climbed thus far, but were exhausted, were here revived by welcome nourishment and hobbled and shuffled over the hill to the hospital fields.

No sooner had Rose found some active work to do than all her fancies fled, and she settled back into a stern, practical woman, who could look upon wounds, wash and cleanse them, bind them up, cheer the desperately wounded and suffering. She had that happiest of constitutions, one which

generated an endless supply of nervous force. With danger she grew calm, and her spirits rose with every perilous exigency. And after days and nights of almost continual service, Rose's body, fed by some inward supply, seemed as fresh and nimble as at the beginning.

"How can you endure so much and hold out so long?" was often asked.

But she could never reply, except to say:

"God gives me strength according to my need."

While Rose was engrossed in supplying the suffering, Hiram appeared from over the hill with the ambulance corps, aiding the wounded, but chiefly engaged in scolding Alice. Rose had, for an hour or two, missed her, and supposed that she had gone back over the hill toward the corps hospital. Instead of that, Alice had quietly ventured forward. Pete carried her effects, and acted as her body-guard; and, lured by some fascination, Alice had ventured down almost upon the edge of battle—outrunning, at last, the boldest of the ambulance corps, encouraging the stretcher-bearers to come on; for so terrible had been the fire here that the men whose duty it was to succour and bear away the wounded shrank from the spot. All the stores which Pete could carry were soon consumed, Alice was urging the attendants to more

venturesomeness, when the cloud of battle which had bent and moved outward, suddenly came raining back. A large body of Virginian troops were pressing back our lines. Just then, speeding to the succour of our men, came a division of the Second Corps. It was at the moment of onset that Alice liked to have been swept into the battle, whose bloody spray dashed up to her very feet. Just then some one snatched her by the arm and violently dragged her back.

"What on earth ails ye? Do you *want* to be killed? What sort of a place do you call this for a handsome woman? Come out o' this! Come, come, I say! If this ain't craziness! Never mind, I swow you're a brave girl! By jimminy, I never thought ye had so much in you!"

Just then the spiteful whirl of bullets over their heads renewed Hiram's alarm.

"For God's sake, duck!—duck your head—get in behind here! What a fool you be. No need on't. What business had you out there?"

"What business had the soldiers there, Hiram?" said Alice, with an intense solemnity.

"It's their business to fight; that's their place."

"It's my business to relieve the wounded men who have been fighting for you and for me."

"Well, you might wait till the men fetched 'em out."

"Hiram, the ambulance men shrunk; their very officers hid. I saw them run away. If they had had a brother there, and—and—a brother there—they would have been bolder."

As soon as the danger lulled, Hiram could not refuse his admiration; but the moment shot began to whiz and swirl about her, he fell to scolding Alice again:

"You are a brave girl, anyhow. You ought to have been a soldier. I'm proud of your pluck. Gosh! look out—there come shells and shot—a pretty place for a woman! You want a gardeen over you. I wonder you'd be such a fool. There, then, now we're kind o' behind this swell they won't hit us. I vow, Alice, but you've arnt an epilet to-day."

When Alice saw Rose, she ran to her with a piercing cry:

"Oh, oh, oh, Rose! I have seen him. I have seen——!"

"Who? Barton?"

"Yes; but not him. I've seen Heywood. He was rushing in at the head of his men just as Barton came up. Oh it is dreadful that he is fighting on the rebel side! But, oh how noble he looked. In that awful whirlpool of war he

looked as beautiful as when he sat in our blue-room!"

"But did you see Barton?" said Rose, almost in a terror. "Was he there?"

"Yes — he was rushing right against them. There was an awful crash. Oh God! I hope Heywood is safe."

Rose, trembling, could scarcely sustain herself; but in a moment her courage came again.

"Alice, think only of Barton. He is your brother! May God preserve those who are defending the right, and send speedy overthrow to those who would destroy their government!"

Alice only shuddered, but made no reply.

The sun went down, but still the battle raged in the twilight. The left of the Union army, much twisted and bruised, had been shoved back and sadly rent, but, on the whole, had secured a better ground than it had lost; and at eight o'clock the sounds of battle died away on this part of the field; though far away, to the Union right, for a half-hour longer the conflict sounded on. But by nine o'clock there was silence. Yes, with more than four thousand men a silence which should not be broken till the last trump!

In the two days, the Union army had lost, in killed, wounded, and missing, nearly twenty thousand men. An equal loss, doubtless the

enemy had sustained. And the third great day was yet to come.

That night, within a circle of five miles' diameter, there were from both armies together between twenty and thirty thousand wounded men! All farmhouses and barns were filled. Every sheltered field was covered with sufferers. Hospital touched hospital. If one had come from the north behind Round Top, the first field-hospital would have seemed to contain the wounded of the whole battle; but at every mile, round toward Gettysburgh, he would meet another, and another, until he would wonder what could be left, of the fighting army which had shook off from its boughs such another army of withered men! And if the circuit were continued, Gettysburgh was full; and, moving over upon the western ridges where the Confederate army lay, the same mighty trail of blood held on its way. And thus some thirty thousand men, welded together by blood, twined around the great central armies like a gory belt!

The fighting was ended. The great toil of mercy was but just begun. All night long, men were brought in. Parties scoured the fields hunting for the wounded. Many had crept out of the storm of battle and hidden under fences, or among rocks, or in thickets, and, their strength failing,

they could neither come forth nor make known their presence. Hundreds died whom prompt succour might have saved. When the moon rose and threw its faint light through the moving scuds of cloud, there might have been seen many a stalwart fellow fast fainting unto death. Some clasped in their hands the photograph of wife and children, some of lover; and they were found dead in the morning, the last smile yet lingering on their manly features.

The hospitals enlarged their bounds through all the adjacent fields. The barns in the neighbourhood had been taxed for straw; but, he was fortunate who had under him anything but the fresh grass half covered with a blanket.

Hundreds of wounded rebels had been captured and lay among our men, subject to the same kindness. In the hospital there was peace. Wounds were counted as amicable settlements.

The South, impulsive and unrestrained in the expression of feeling, the North, grave and self-contained, more apt to repress than to show feeling—both carried into battle and into the hospital their peculiarities. The Southern brigades, impetuous and fiery, charged yelling and noisy. The Northern men, sometimes hurrahing, yet oftener sternly silent, put their feelings into blows.

The rebel wounded groaned and cried out. The surgeon's knife set loose their tongues. The Northern wounded lay quiet, suppressed the groans, fighting their pains as stubbornly and silently as they had fought the rebels.

Yet it was not all sad in the field hospitals. The slightly wounded kept up excellent spirits. After their hurts were dressed, and they were washed, and refreshed with food and cordials, they became cheerful and chatty. One might have heard in the early night hundreds of narratives which they were recounting to each other, some sad and some grotesque, and some even gay.

Poor Agate for once quite lost her self-possession and burst into tears like a child, when, towards sundown, an ambulance brought in that fair Willie, who that morning had so joyously greeted her. A ball cutting across his face, had put out both his eyes. But he was going on in a path where one needs no eyesight!

"Aunty Bissell—*is* this *you?*" he said, in a gentle, plaintive voice.

"Yes, Willie, it is. God bless you, poor child;" and as Agate stooped to kiss his pale face, her tears dropped upon his cheeks. He could shed no more tears.

"Oh, don't leave me! Stay with me, won't

you? Do take hold of my hand. Say something to me. I shall die! Oh, mother, mother, mother! Aunty, don't leave me. Do say something to me!"

Agate bowed down by his side, and while the cannon were yet sounding in the distance, and the air filled with departing souls, she sent up a fervent prayer for the lad.

But others needed care. She hurried from one to another, returning often to speak to Willie, finding him each time weaker, and always whispering either a petition or his mother's name. At the very last, as it grew dark, his mind flickered and seemed working at some childhood remembrance.

"Now I lay me down," said he in a whisper—"now I lay me—what? mother? now I—now I——"

Then for a little while he only whispered; and when Agate next came to him all his battles were ended in an eternal victory.

Rose was struck with one man's experience. A bluff and brawny man he looked.

"Wal," said he to some who had been asking him about the conflict, "I remember while we was in Sharfy's peach orchard, and the firin' was just beginnin', that a sparrow was singin' in a peach tree. R-r-rip went the rifles. That shet him up.

But he began agin. Wh-ang! went the cannon, and for about five minutes they fired and he fired, they fired and he fired back again. But I b'live at last they got the upper hand of that sparrow! Queer, wasn't it? I don't remember nothin' else —only it seems as if I had been squirmin' about in a whirlwind of red-hot rain for about a couple of hours."

Hiram re-appeared after an hour's absence, about ten o'clock at night. He had been hunting for Pete, he said.

"For Pete?" said Alice. "Why didn't you hunt for Barton?"

"*That's* the *way* to hunt for Barton! If anybody'd know where Barton was, Pete would."

"Well, did you find Pete?" said Alice.

"Yes, I did."

"Hiram, why don't you tell me if you saw Barton?"

"Cos you didn't ask me," said Hiram. "Of course I saw him. Do you s'pose I should have been grinnin' about here if Barton was missin'?"

"Has he escaped—and not been hurt?"

"Sound as a nut—pretty well tired though. I guess he's blue too. Sent his love to you, Alice, and good-bye to all the rest, if he never sees you again;—would come over, but has jest got word that he may have to move over to the right wing

there by daylight to-morrow morning, to drive out a parcel of rebs that's crept in unawares like."

"Thank God, he is safe," said Rose.

Alice seemed lost in thought.

Meanwhile, though greatly tired out, Hiram said he would take a little turn around among the men—which meant to keep on his feet till past midnight, in various helpful offices. It was about midnight when he laid down near a fire, around which sat or lay a score or two of wounded men. He heard them talking of their day's work. A sergeant in the 146th New York was talking:

"I had 'nuff on't too. 'Twas my regiment that was in the brigade that charged in to support Sickles. And we did support him too. And we hadn't more'n time to turn round after that charge before they told us to go at Little Round Top, and we did go at it, and we took that too. Charged bayonets twice within fifteen minutes. And what was the queerest thing, out of that regiment of 800 men we didn't lose but thirty-three in them two charges. But most o' them was officers. In that charge up Little Round Top there happened to be one platoon of rebel sharpshooters in the place, and jest in them two or three minits they picked off our colonel, our leftenant-colonel, three cap'ns—the cap'n o' my comp'ny 'n both leften-

ants, 'n I do' no how many more. I found myself in command o' that comp'ny pretty sudden.

"Well, after the hottest o' that fightin' was over, I lay down behind a rock and went to sleep; told my second-sargeant to wake me up if there was anything. Well, pretty soon somebody came 'n waked me up, 'n said Gen. Warren wanted to see me.

"You see, where we was was jest before brigade-headquarters; and, right on top of the position, there was a great big high rock that had a view all over the whole field. 'Way down in front o' that, there was a kind of a valley like, all full o' rough ground. There was one place in it they called the Devil's Den. 'Twan't nothin' but rocks — a reg'lar nest on 'em — big boulders standin' up endways, ledges and all sorts o' things. Now a lot o' rebel sharpshooters they'd get into them rocks, and they was awaitin'. There couldn't a hat 'a ben showd on top o' that rock on Little Round Top 'thout it had a ball slap through it, and them generals they wanted to get up on there 'n reconnoiter.

"So I went up in the tent. Warren he knowd me; I'd bin under him before, in the old Fifth New York. And there was Gen. Kilpatrick, and Gen. Pleasonton, and Gen. This, and That, and so on. So Warren he says to me, 'Leftenant, can't

you take some skirmishers, and go down in there, and clean out them sharpshooters?' Well, that was a command, you know, jest as much as if he'd said I *must* go and do it. So I said, 'Yes; I want sixty men, and I don't want nobody but volunteers neither.' So he said I might go and git 'm. So I went down to my regiment, 'n I picked out forty old Fifth New York men—the 146th was a new regiment, 'n they'd put these old veterans in to give 'em a *mow-rail*. Then I went to another regiment, 'n got twenty-five more; that was sixty-five, all told. So I got 'em all ready, and I arranged with Warren that, when I'd got down in the valley and got things all straight, I'd wave a handkerchief, 'n then they could git up on the rock. Then I told my men, 'Now,' says I, 'we must break down this slope jest like dust till we git into them rocks down there, and then we must scatter and take cover, pretty much every man for himself. But, one thing—don't you none on you fire till you see me do it. I'm agoin' to git a good place, and blaze away jest as fast as I can, so 's to make 'em think there's a whole party o' men jest behind that one rock where I am. Then you wait for 'em to reply. There ain't but about twenty on 'em, all down in that nest o' rocks there in the Devil's Den. When they fire at me, you watch and fire at the place, and there'll be eight or ten on ye

firin' at every one on 'em, and somebody 'll hit him.' So we got all ready, and away we went, tearin' down the hill like mad. They giv' us a volley or two when they saw us a comin', and picked off about a dozen killed and wounded; so when we got down among them ledges and boulders, about two hundred yards away from where the sharpshooters was, I had 'bout fifty-five men. So I went to work a-blazin' away, and the boys they got down behind the stones, and, amongst us, we kep' up a hell of a fire; for every one o' my men had a hundred rounds of ammunition. And every once in a while we'd see one o' them sharpshooters jump up and fling up his hands.

"Then they began to slacken their fire, and my boys had been kinder drawin' up towards me; so says I, 'Now, boys, we'll make a little charge over in there, 'n see if we can't find some o' them fellers.' So we charged over in there, and we thought we'd got pretty near where they was, and we couldn't see nothin' on 'em. You see, 'twas all full o' nothin' but rocks, and they was hid. So I was satisfied that we'd pretty much silenced their fire anyhow, and so I out with my handkerchief and waved it, and the officers they hopped up on the rock. So the rebels, when they saw that, they got mad, and they went to firin' agin, and we began too. So there was a feller a layin'

alongside o' me, Sargeant Weaver his name was, and he see a place where one o' the rebels was a firin' out of. So I looked, and there the feller had built up a little place between two rocks with loose stone, and he'd put a big rock across on top, and there he was, a firin' through a porthole at us. So Weaver he wanted to fire at him, and says I, 'Go ahead.' So Weaver fired, but he didn't hit him. Well, I had my gun already, and I watched close, and when this here feller drew back to load up again (here the speaker imitated the movements of one ramming down a bullet), I could jest see the back of his head one side of that are rock. So I let him have it, and the bullet struck him right in the middle of his neck, right here (touching the base of the skull behind). I should think he jumped up in the air about four feet. Well, when we seen that, we all gave a hurraw, and we charged right over in there, and we gobbled up every one o' them fellers, all except two.

"Well, as soon as the rest on 'em saw what we was up to, a regiment on 'em came down to try and git them sharpshooters back agin. So then our regiment had to come down in bodily to support us. Then a rebel brigade came in, and then our brigade came down too, and we drove 'em back after a little while, and advanced our line

the whole of that are two hundred yards, and kept it too.

"When I went up to see Warren, he said all sorts o' things to me, and promised to give me a medal and a commission, and all that. But I don' 'spect to git 'em. Folks forgit easy."

By four o'clock on Friday morning, July 3rd, the sounds of battle were heard far away on the right wing, on the eastern slopes of Culp's Hill. But before this, before the birds sang, while the very twilight hesitated in uncertainty, Alice was up and out. Nor was it long before the ambulances were moving to explore the remotest parts of the battle-field. Alice sought to retrace again the path of her yesterday's excursion. But scarcely could she recognize a feature, in the cold gray of morning, of that scene which she had seen late the afternoon in the lurid light of the sun lying low, and in the smoke and wild confusion of battle.

She was alone. She carried, besides a flask and roll of bandages, nothing. Following the road, over the northern edge of Little Round Top, down into the dell below, then inclining to the left, she began to recognize the place where she had seen Barton in the very thick of battle.

With trembling eagerness she looked on every hand. The wounded had mostly been removed. Heaps of dead showed where the weight of battle

had fallen. Suddenly, and like an arrow shot from a bow, she sprang from the path to the edge of a low forest or thicket, where an officer, half reclining, half sitting, either was asleep, or was dead. It was Tom Heywood.

Alice paused at a few steps; then, venturing nearer—pale, very pale—spoke as if she would waken him from sleep.

"Mr. Heywood! Mr. Heywood!"

Timidly, yet eagerly, she came close to him, laid her hand upon his arm; it fell heavily as she pressed it. She touched his hand and the truth flashed upon her,—he was dead! As one bewildered, and even yet uncertain but that he slept, she gazed upon his calm and noble face.

"Speak to me! Do wake! It is Alice—Alice Cathcart! Oh, Heywood, I would speak to you if it were I lying so! He is not dead! It cannot be death!"

Then looking long and wildly, as a child looks shudderingly into some dark room at night, she lowered her voice and said, in a hoarse whisper:

"He is dead! O God, take *me!*"

Already the light seemed vanishing, and Alice fell fainting upon Heywood's breast. At last she had found upon his bosom a brief rest of love!

A man lying in the hedge of the thicket called out to Hiram, who soon after was coming that way:

"I say! I say, stranger!"

"Well, what's up? Where are ye? Oh, there you are. Are you hurt badly?"

"No matter 'bout me jest yet. I kin wait. But I reckon somebody oughter take care of that gal yonder. She's got a fit o' faintin'. That man there is Col. Heywood. He commanded our boys. He was shot yisterday about the time I was. He lived an hour or two, but never spoke."

Hiram needed no quickening as soon as he saw Alice. Lifting her tenderly in his arms, he carried her back to the edge of a small stream that crossed the road but a little back, and then he bathed her face freely.

"Poor child, I guess you've got about the worst wound yit. Alice! Alice! Poor thing, her heart's broke. I allus suspected how 'twas. There—there—that's right; open your eyes. Gracious! don't groan so—don't, child! It'll all be right, poor little thing!"

As she revived, Alice looked at Hiram in a scared and bewildered way. Little by little her memory came with consciousness.

"Hiram, let me go back."

"Why, Alice, don't," said Hiram, in a coaxing

way, at the same time drawing her gently by the hand.

"Hiram, I *must* go to him. He is *not* dead! If we only go quick he will come to. Do go, Hiram —do go!"

It was not in human nature to resist. A short walk brought them again to Heywood. The moment they reached his feet, with sudden revulsion of feeling, Alice stopped short.

"Hiram, he *is* dead! He will never speak again! Oh, how noble! Is he not beautiful?"

"Why, Alice, I didn't know as he was in love with you!"

Had he pierced her with a sword she could not have shown a face of anguish such as she instantly exhibited. Then, in a low and half whispered tone she said—a slight colour coming to her pale cheek:

"No—he did not love me. But I loved him. And now he never will know it. Oh, Hiram, he was good and noble!"

After a moment's pause, she said, artlessly:

"You don't think it was wrong, do you, Hiram? I am not sorry. I am not ashamed of it. He was very noble?"

"Lord bless you, child, it was all right, poor thing—it was jest as right as it could be."

Hiram pulled out a cotton handkerchief, which

he carried in his hat, and after hemming and coughing a little, and dabbing it first to one eye and then to the other, he began, he did not exactly know why, to wipe his hat; an operation less needful, as it was a straw hat.

Alice sat down by Heywood, apparently unconscious that any one was present. Her thoughts were like an unloosed boat, with no one at the rudder, which turns round and round in the tide, and drifts just as the wind or under-currents impel it—a boat upon a troubled water and under a dark sky.

"Oh, cruel, cruel! to pick the fairest and noblest! The wicked and ugly have escaped, and he is gone, so good! so good!—Eyes that shall never see again—lips that shall never speak—hands which are death cold! So true—so beautiful—so good! He *was* good! Hush! he stirred! Hiram?"

Hiram had tact enough not to oppose Alice, and humouring her idea that Heywood was only in a swoon, he said:

"I guess, Miss Cathcart, we better take him over, and let the doctors see if anything can be done for him. Mebbe he'll come to."

"Oh, yes! Hiram, dear Hiram, do take him to the camp."

"Well, if you'll go back, I'll see to 't. You

can't be no help here, and you may be over there."

Directing some of the ambulance men to remove the body, he led Alice away to Rose.

In a sunny field, close up under the edge of a grove, and about half way between Little Round Top and the bridge across the Rock Creek, of the Baltimore turnpike, a grave was prepared. A chaplain from the sixth corps, of his own church, read the solemn burial service. Three women, half a dozen men, stood around. The roar of distant cannon was the only response.

The sun fell warm in the very grave. Rose had plucked from the near trees some burnished oak-leaves; and hastily plaiting them to a wreath, laid them on Heywood's breast. Thus fell one who hated the war, but was swept into it by the turbulent tide of revolution which he had not strength to resist.

Agate Bissell proposed to Rose that they should send Alice to the farmhouse of old father Lobdell, where they had spent Wednesday night. But all thoughts of planning for her comfort were laid aside when they saw Alice's conduct.

After she returned to the hospital, she arranged her apparel with more than common care, stepped forth calmly, but firmly, to her merciful duties. Her face was serene, but without smiles. Her

care and pity, always striking, had in them now an austere tenderness that struck the rudest men with awe and admiration, as if an inspired priestess were among them. Nor, to the end, did Alice ever mention Heywood's name, nor for one waking hour did she ever forget it!

CHAPTER XV.

THE LAST ENDEAVOUR.

On the third day of July, and the third of the complex battle of Gettysburgh, Lee, having in vain assaulted the left of the Union line on the day before, determined to break through the centre, and at the same time to enlarge the hold which he had secured upon the extreme Union right, on the eastern slope of Culp's Hill. But by four in the morning Meade attacked the intrusive forces which had thus, while yesterday's battle raged on the extreme left, as it were stolen in on the right, and by eleven o'clock they were driven out, thus anticipating and defeating Lee's intention of turning the Union right.

A wonderful silence now came over the vast battle-field and brooded for the space of two hours. Birds sang again, though the ground beneath them was covered with unburied men. The rustling of leaves could be heard once more by the men who lay resting under the trees. But the

very silence, that usually brings all thoughts of peace, now sharpened men's fears. It was like that dreadful calm which precedes the burst of storms. Just such it was. At one o'clock it was broken by an uproar as wonderful as had been the silence. Two hundred and thirty-five cannon joined in a clangour of death, such as had never been heard upon this continent. Lee had concentrated a hundred and forty-five guns over against the centre of Cemetery Ridge, and Meade replied with eighty guns—all that could be well placed in his narrower space. The other battle before seemed noiseless compared with this immense cannonading. The slopes of Oak Ridge and the swells upon the further side of the valley seemed on fire. Each little hill-top became a volcano. From the right, from the left, from the centre, battery upon battery, and parks of batteries flamed and thundered. The smoke rolled up white and bluish-gray, as storm-clouds lift and roll up the sides of mountains. From every direction came the flying missiles — cross-ploughing Cemetery Hill with hideous furrows, in which to plant dead men. Shot flew clear over the ridge —caissons sheltered behind the hill were reached and blown up. Horses standing harnessed to reserved artillery, in places before secure, were smitten down. Strange was the discordant music

of the missile sounds, for which there were no pauses, that filled the air. Some went hissing, some flew with muffled growl, some shook out a gushing sound like the rush of waters; some carried with them an intense and malignant howl; some spit and sputtered in a spiteful manner; others whirred, or whistled, or spun threads of tenor or treble sounds. But whatever the variety in this awful aërial music, all meant death. If a thousand meteors had burst, and each one flung down shattered masses of meteoric stone, it would have scarcely seemed more like a deluge of iron rain than now it did. Orderlies and aids found the roads and fields on the far side of the hill, safe before, now raining with bullets. Meade's headquarters were riddled and his staff driven to another quarter. In half an hour all the fields were cleared and the men were under cover. Fortunately, the enemy's artillery was elevated too much. The Union soldiers escaped with comparatively little harm, while the reverse of the hill was excoriated with shot and shell. In the burial-ground on the head of Cemetery Ridge, projecting toward the village of Gettysburgh, fell the iron hail, rending the graves and splintering the monuments. Flowers growing on graves were rudely picked by hurtling iron. Soldiers who had fallen

at Fair Oaks, and had been brought here for burial, far away from all thought of battle, in this quiet Pennsylvania vale, were still pursued by war, which rudely tore up their graves; and they heard again the thunder of battle swelling above these resting-places, where, it would seem, they should have found quiet.

When it had thundered and rained iron for more than two hours, there came moving across the valley fifteen thousand men to take possession of that ridge! As they moved from afar the Union artillery smote them; but they did not heed it. As they drew near, still rent by shot and shell,—earnest, eager, brave,—there burst upon their right flank a fire of musketry and artillery that quite crumpled up and swung back their men upon their centre. Next, their left wing was utterly riddled and routed by the sharpness of the musketry; and what part was not captured fled and escaped. But the massive centre, with men as brave as ever faced death, stern, headlong, pushed right up to Hancock's lines, and across them, but could come no further! Like a ship whose impetus carries it far up upon a shoal, from which it cannot recede when it would, several brigades had shot, by the terrible momentum, so far up, that when from the slopes of the cemetery, and from the artillery on Meade's left

wing, they were enfiladed, while Hancock, with fresh brigades drawn from his left, met them in front with a fire that pierced like a flame, they yielded themselves up. They had gotten the hill for which they came, but not as victors. The rest shrunk, driven backward, sharply raked with artillery and scorched with sheets of musketry, got them out of the battle, and fled across the valley to their lines, whence they should come no more out hitherward. Many that longed to go with them lay with pitiful wounds. A thousand that an hour before were fierce in ambitious expectation, now and never more cared what befell them, nor what happened under the sun! When the sun went down on that 3rd of July, the Union army, a mighty sufferer in more than twenty thousand slain and wounded men, yet had never such cause of rejoicing for the coming anniversary day as now, when all those thousands of men joyfully had died or suffered wounds to preserve that nation's life whose birthday is celebrated on the Fourth of July!

The morning of Saturday, the 4th of July, rose fair over Gettysburgh. Ewell's corps of Lee's army withdrew from the town and Howard's troops immediately took possession.

There was great joy throughout the Union army. Officers congratulated each other; the men were

raised to the proudest exultation. The Army of the Potomac, the victim of misfortunes, but always a model of indomitable patience, had at length met their great antagonist in a long and severe fight, and thoroughly defeated him. While all were exhilarated with the immediate victory, the thoughtful men of the army experienced a deeper gladness in the prescience of the scope of this victory in its relation to public affairs. The climax was reached. Henceforward the Confederate cause was subject to decline, weakness and extinction.

The work of burying the dead engaged large details of soldiers. The wounded were sought out more assiduously. Lee having withdrawn his right wing from before Round Top and concentrated his whole force on the hills over against Gettysburgh, there could be no danger in going over on the field of battle. Relief parties were busy. Among the rocks of Round Top and Devil's Den wounded men were found in fissures, slid down into gaping chasms, and in the black seams, pits and caves which abounded in that savage tangle of giant rocks. But it is probable that many wounded died unsuccoured in those dark spaces, and that the bones of many yet lie buried but unsepulchred, with the huge rocks around them as stones of hiding rather than of memorial.

The farmhouses were filled with wounded; barns were filled; the fields were as full as, in a few days, they would have been of sheaves of the wheat which had been so strangely threshed by the feet of wounded men. The town was full; all the sheltered spots and nooks were full. A large number of the enemy's wounded, particularly of the last day's battle, remained upon the field; the total was swelled to an extraordinary aggregate. This little hamlet of a few hundred people had become a great city of wounded men.

The tidings of the battle spreading through the land had begun already to bring hither those who had sons in the fight. As fast as trains could be despatched, those of the wounded who could be transported were sent away to various cities, for better care. The horror of the scene was much alleviated by the cheerfulness of the wounded. As soon as their wounds had been dressed, and they were placed in comfortable circumstances, those not desperately hurt grew quite talkative and even merry. The women of Gettysburgh, and the wives of the farmers living in the region, devoted themselves to the care of the sufferers with heroic devotion. But the stolid farmers and men of the district round about the town, manifested neither patriotism nor humanity, practising every extor-

tion, and wringing out money for a drop of water given to the wounded men who had fallen in the defence of their homes and lives!

There are no contrasts more striking than those between human feeling and the moods of the atmosphere. On this fourth day of July a joyous sun arose over the most sorrowful scene that it could well look upon. Three days had converted a peaceful valley into a Golgotha. No form of injury which the human body can receive was wanting. The ingenuity of nature in the production of life is not greater than the ingenuity of death in the destruction of life. Leaves and flowers are not more varied in form than were wounds. From the crown of the head to the sole of the feet, there was not a point in the human body which had not been pierced. The wildest caprice had revelled in singularities of effects. Men received a mere scratch of a glancing ball, and the shock overthrew their nervous system. Another, with wounds on every limb, the lungs pierced, bones broken, the head torn, trampled on by men, run over by artillery, stabbed, shot, hacked, bruised, given up by surgeons, still clung to life and climbed back again to health! The fields bore ghastly harvests of suffering men. The sun came up and shined upon them as if they were but heads of yellow wheat. Their

tremblings and shrinkings were to Nature only as the quivering of leaves in the frolicsome wind; heir groans and sighs passed for no more than the singing of birds or the low moaning of the pines.

The morning seemed an emblem of victory to the unwounded and exultant soldiers. They said: "The sun triumphs! Nature exults! The heavens and the earth rejoice with us!"—But how was it to the wounded man — too weak to turn away his face from the sun which shone full upon it with blistering heat? How was it with hundreds of parents and friends, wandering up and down through all the vast field in search of some child, brother, lover? What mockery of grief was it, as the mother sat down by the corpse of her only son, that the heavens cared not, that it spread its brilliant arch without sympathy for aught below it, and that the heartless sun marched on over anguish, desolation and despair, as if this had been, not a battle, but a banquet.

Could a pitiful God look down through the air on such a scene and not fill and change the air with his sympathy to a soberer hue? Alas! this great field of war was but a point, a mere punctuation point of blood, in the history of that world which groans and travails in pain until now! As the midwife, in the throes and groans

of the mother, heeds not the pain, but waits for the child that shall bring joy out of woe, so we must needs think the Merciful heeds not the forms of suffering, but looks beyond, at the blessings wrought by them! When at last account shall be taken of all the blood that has been shed and of all the tears that have fallen, then the most wonderful name of God will be, THE LONG SUFFERING!

And God has taught the Sun to see beyond and through the beginnings of things to their ends.

For the sun for ever sees life and not death. It beholds in the revolution of the sod, not the roots that die, but the harvests which shall spring from their death. Death is but the prophet of life. The evil is but for a moment. The benefit runs through the whole season. What if twenty thousand wounded men lie groaning here? It is the price of a nation's life! The instruments of their great conflict were carnal, but its fruits spiritual.

War ploughed the fields of Gettysburgh, and planted its furrows with men. But, though the seed was blood, the harvest shall be peace, concord, liberty, and universal intelligence. For every groan here, a hundred elsewhere ceased. For every death now, a thousand lives shall

be happier. Individuals suffered; the nation revived!

Shine on, O Sun! that beholdest evermore the future! Thou wilt not, glorious Eye of Hope,—ever looking at the ends,—be veiled or mourn because the ways are rough through which God sends universal blessings!

I cannot say that such thoughts as these passed through the mind of Rose Wentworth on this glorious morning after victory. But had some one thought aloud such thoughts, she would have been in full and instant sympathy with them. There was a latent sense of the great mercy to the nation of this victory which lifted her above the mere sight of the eyes, and instead of being depressed with the vast sacrifice spread around her, she had an instinct of its meaning, and a calm and peaceful gladness. She had need to have it.

"I wonder where Pete is?" said Agate Bissell, as it drew toward noon. "I have not seen him this morning. He ought to be here and tell us about Barton."

"There comes Hiram," said Rose, "he will do as well. What a brave fellow Hiram is! He has shown more courage, and performed more work, too, in succouring the wounded, than if he had carried a musket. All the brave men are not in the ranks."

Something disquieted Hiram Beers this morning. He had little to say and seemed fidgetty. He picked up things only to lay them down, and worked without any purpose. At last, he gave way:

"'Tain't no use, Rose; you may's well know it fust as last. I've got a letter for you from Barton, and I expect it's the last one you'll ever git from him."

Rose stopped, and, raising herself to her full height, looked fixedly and even commandingly upon Hiram.

"Hiram, has Barton fallen?"

"I don't know; I'm afraid so. I can't find nothin' of him. Pete's gone; nobody's seen him to-day. Barton's officers say they saw him fall in a charge yesterday, and that he didn't come back with his men, and that he must be dead. But we've hunted everywhere for his body and can't find it. I was up there the night before the last battle. He said something would happen to him in that fight. He felt it. He told me to wait till he wrote this letter. If he got out safe, I was to bring it back to him; but if he was killed, I was to give it to you."

Rose took the letter, and read:

"I have a presentiment, Rose, that something will befall me to-morrow. If you receive these

lines I shall have fallen, and my words will be forgiven as of one dead. Rose, I have vainly tried to conquer that love which has so taken possession of my life as to overcome all other feelings. As early as I can remember I loved you. It has grown with my manhood. It is a part of my being! Not to love you would be not to be myself. When I told you all this, on leaving home, I had hoped for some sympathy; I plead for only a word. My letter was not answered or noticed. Perhaps your silence was best. It was hard to bear. If I could have ceased loving, I could have conquered the pain of that refusal which you gave by silence It will not be a trouble to you any longer to know that a heart has loved you beyond every other thing. My latest, strongest feeling, Rose, is love for you! My last wishes and prayers invoke blessings on you! I go toward darkness; but there is a light beyond. In Heaven, oh, Rose! in Heaven I shall meet you, and say, I love thee! without fear or repulse.

"BARTON CATHCART."

Rose stood silent and motionless. Amazement, sorrow, and joy filled her heart. She whispered to herself:

"He loved me! He loved me always!—best!—to the last! He told me of it! When? *what*

letter! There has been some dreadful mistake! This is his writing—this is Barton's writing!—and here it is written down: "*My latest, strongest, feeling, Rose, is love for you!*" And he will never know that I loved him more! Noble soul, if thou art in heaven, God will tell thee how thou art loved!—And he wrote to me! wrote to tell me all this when first leaving Norwood! Where is that treacherous letter that did not fulfil its message?"

Rose called to Alice. There was something in her manner so high and commanding, that Alice scarcely believed that this was Rose. She had never seen her in a mood of such exaltation.

"Alice, my sister, Barton has left us!" Alice could not look paler than she already was, but a ghastly, ashen hue came over the white of her fair face. "Read this, Alice.—Can you not? Let me read it to you."

With a firm, low voice, Rose read every word without faltering. Barton's words of love seemed to inspire her soul. There was a triumphantness in the gentlest of her tones that showed that sorrow had in it an overmastering joy.

Alice looked upon Rose with wonder.

In a low and solemn way, with a wondering, inquiring look, she said:

"I cannot understand you! It all seems

dreadful to me! God is full of anger toward us both."

"Alice, God loves us both! Oh, I know not what joy that would have been, of loving, had Barton lived and loved me, when even in death it is so full of joy and thrilling. I am more glad than sorrowful. He loved me! loved me always! loved me to the end! My heart sings: only my eyes weep! Come, Alice, let not people see us."

They walked along the edges of the woods. Again the little birds were singing,—the melancholy pee-wee, the pine-warbler, the vireo. They came to Heywood's grave. The sun shone brightly upon it. Already some one had transplanted, from the edges of the wood, clumps of flowers.

Poor Alice, tears running down her cheeks, turned to Rose:

"Oh, Rose, tell me how to feel as you do! My heart was sunk down so low that there is no more light for me! I have envied the dead around me. I want to go. God does not love me enough to let me die!"

"Alas, Alice, grief poisons you! me it cheers. I am glad that I suffer. Death has divided you from your lover; but has given mine to me. Barton's death has made him mine. Oh, noble

soul! oh, heavenly hero! oh, spirit walking free in glory!—death, that separates others, unites us. I am thine! I am henceforth wedded till thou come for me! Oh, Alice, why should I be sad? My heart is with him. My thoughts walk with him. My life is lifted up higher than sorrows ever fly!"

"Oh, Rose! you make me feel worse than ever. You seem gone away from me. I cannot follow you. When he fell, the whole world fell too, to me. I cannot see any thing that is bright. I do not love anybody now—nor you, nor father, nor mother, nor myself. Oh, my heart is very angry. God is cruel, Rose!—I will speak it. God is cruel to me—very cruel. I don't want to live; and, if I were to die, *he* would not love me *there!*"

Rose was drawn down from her own high thoughts by Alice's childlike outburst of sorrow.

"My sister, I *am* sorry. I am more sorry for you than for myself. You do not know what you say—that you love nothing. Your heart is like a bird driven into the woods by a thunderstorm. By-and-by it will sing again. But I know that God loves you, or He would not so afflict you. All this black will be white by-and-by. Be brave, and resist the selfishness of sorrow."

"Rose, I am not selfish. I shall give my whole

life away for others. I was not selfish. I did not ask great happiness for myself. I only wanted him to love me enough to let me love him. I would not have troubled him. I could have kept trouble from him, and helped him a little, and loved when I could stand a little way off and look at him. He would never love me as Barton loved you, Rose. Oh, you will never know all of that! But if after a great while he should say, 'Alice, I am always happier when you are by me,' oh, Rose, the angels in the resurrection will say nothing so sweet as that would be! But he will never say it now!"

Rose caught at Barton's name.

"Did Barton confide his feelings to you, Alice?"

"Yes, he did. No, he did not. I mean I knew them without his saying anything. And I am sure he knew mine. And we both knew that the other knew all; and so when he would say a few words and stop, I knew all the rest!"

"It is strange—very strange—that Barton did not speak."

"It is stranger that you should have needed to have him. If *he* had been near me, as Barton was near you, and felt as Barton did, I should have known it, just as I know the morning is come when it floods my window with light."

Rose mused a moment:

"My time had not come. I was like one who hears sounds in his sleep and turns them all into the fabric of his dream. Surely I knew! and yet I knew not. It was like seed sown before the ground is warm. But the summer floods me now. Every seed is a blossom!"

They sat for awhile, silent and thoughtful; then Alice pointed to a clump of columbines that blossomed by the edge of a rock.

"Rose, you are like those flowers, and trouble seems to move you as the wind does them, only to show the sparkle of the sunlight with every motion. I am like the shadow which they cast upon the rock, that perishes by night, and is but a shadow all day."

Rose still fell off into musing—often talking to herself in a low tone, or half whisper, as one who chants a forming poem to weigh its words.

"O my soul, thou art crowned to-day! O Death, thou hast taken his presence from me; thou hast given me his heart! In one moment I am bereaved and wedded,—I am cast down and exalted! Barton, thou didst all thy life love me without response? I, too, all my life will love thee, alone and unrequited!"

Rose took Alice to her bosom and kissed her, with a strange and solemn tenderness which

brought tears from her eyes. But Rose neither wept nor was sad.

"Alice, did you know that Barton had written me?"

"I did."

"Why did you never mention it? Was it sisterly? I knew not of it. No letter has ever come to me from Barton. I was sad and dark that he went away forgetting or caring little for his childhood friend."

"I was not permitted, Rose. Barton solemnly enjoined silence; upon my honour, I was not to mention his secret."

"Oh, Alice, this is a day of great joy, and sorrow cannot reach to it, nor pluck it down."

"I can only see grief upon grief. *He* is gone, and Barton is gone. I would that I, too, were gone."

"Poor Alice—dear Alice—if only Heywood would speak to you out of the air, or coming in the vision of the night, saying, 'I do wholly love thee, Alice,' would you not triumph over grief?"

Alice shuddered with intensity of feeling.

"Yes!—if I might know that he loved me, and would always love me, I would go through a thousand years of sorrow and be glad all the way! But, oh, Rose, Rose, he did not love me. It was you—not me."

And Alice wept like a little child. Rose comforted her as a mother comforts her child, and, withdrawing her from thoughts of herself, Rose, half to Alice and half to herself, went on:

"At last I am free. No more checking. No more self-deceiving. No more suffering and misnaming of one's deepest life. No more shame for the heart's best fruit. I am beloved—and I love! I almost wish it were known. I would that men could see it on my brow, and read it in my eyes. I would that all that knew him, when they behold me, might say, 'See how his love covers her as with a queen's garment!' I would have such gladness in my eyes that men should say, 'His love is like a crowning flame about her head!'"

"Oh, Rose, I do not understand you. I cannot rise as you do. My heart is heavy, my soul is dark, my life is gone out. I dare not murmur, but I cannot submit. I was not called, and yet I loved. Great is my punishment."

"Mourn not, Alice! It is noble to love with an unsullied love! Not those who love are poor, but those who do not. He was poorer that knew not how to love you, than you, whom God made wise to love greatly and divinely. As for me, this is the day of my espousals. I will sing of sorrow now all the days of my life. Since God has taken him into heaven, he will send over all things that

the heavens cover, something of his nobleness and honour. The sun shall be brighter to me for his sake; the earth, and all that grows upon it, shall have new meaning now; and every sound that the ear loves to hear shall be to me a part of his voice, saying, 'Rose, I love thee!'"

The clouds had been silently gathering in the sky. First a haze, then films that grew thicker, and a gray tint in the sunlight that changed rapidly toward dark, until soon the whole heaven was sheeted, and rain began to fall; at first gently, but with increasing quantity, until it poured abundantly.

Great battles are said to bring on rain-storms. A great rain certainly set in on Saturday after the battle. Rock Creek, that had been so shallow that it was easily crossed by the men upon the stones, without wetting their feet, began now to show signs of uneasiness. The water grew discoloured. It began to gather volume. One familiar stone after another silently disappeared. It grew more restless, and began to send down flecks of foam. It filled up the edges, clear up to the banks. It still rose as evening came on. That modest, little stream had become surly and despotic. With headlong will it swept all before it, and its usual gentleness was lost in its turbulent rush and roar. But the hospital lay upon both

banks of this stream. As the darkness came on, it was plain that the men must be removed. No time was to be lost. Already the stream had reached the wounded. Those who could help themselves climbed the steep slope a little further inland, to which the surgeons began to remove the men. All was haste. Whatever help could be got was impressed. Men with with stretchers were busy carrying the badly wounded. With all their effort, two or three, overtaken by the merciless water, were swept away and drowned. When morning came, a raging torrent divided the surgeons, some upon the further bank being unable for hours to cross to the hospital field. The bridge on the Baltimore pike was overflowed, its planks lifted and floated away. The whole night was one of toil and anxiety.

With the morning came joy to Rose. On the second day of the battle word had been telegraphed to the northern cities for surgical aid. The enormous accumulation of wounded men, of Union and rebels, overtaxed the exertions of the medical corps. To this summons speedily came many scores of men eminent in their profession, for a short service in the field, and among them Dr. Wentworth. Although he arrived on Saturday, it was not until Sunday afternoon that Rose

met her father—and then she had to search for him. For, not waiting even to brush the dust from his clothes, nor for food, Dr. Wentworth, within half an hour after reaching Gettysburgh, was established and at work. Nor for two days and two nights did he rest for an hour. Such were the necessities of the occasion, that with the most heroic energy and perseverance of the regular surgeons of the army, working night and day, and with all the help which they received from volunteers from the profession abroad, it was three or four days before the first round was completed. In some of the field-hospitals the wounded were treated as they came, without regard to the side to which they belonged. In other hospitals the Union soldiers were treated first, and in one case three or four hundred rebel wounded waited in a barn some three days before our surgeons could reach their cases. But, then, the reaction had set in, their nervous systems were prostrated, and they could not endure the operations necessary. Almost every man died. A strange fatality attended some hospitals. In some places almost every wound led to lockjaw, and every attack proved fatal. Some hospitals were more deadly than the battle-field. Of seven hundred men, in one case, who bid fair at first to recover, scarcely a hundred survived. The poison generated by

sickness and wounds when vast numbers of men are clustered closely in disadvantageous circumstances is of frightful malignancy. Men fall away like leaves in an October day when east winds strike the trees.

Among the memorials and monuments, the eulogies and honours so deservedly bestowed upon the soldiers and officers of the army, some place should be found, not second, for the medical gentlemen, who, as a body, illustrated the highest virtues of patriotism and humanity in their extraordinary zeal and labour. Often much exposed to fire, conversant with fatigue as great as could be endured, brought face to face with all that is horrible and depressing in war, working against insuperable obstacles, maintaining a desperate fight against death, without those almost supernatural excitements which carry men through battles, the surgeons of the army deserve to be ranked with the foremost soldiers. Not a whit less is due to that noble army of nurses who, without fee or reward, devoted themselves unwearicdly, from the beginning of the war to the end, to the sick and wounded soldiers, and to the social and moral improvement of those that were well. It is computed that, first and last, two thousand women, during the war, left homes of

refinement and comfort, accepted every hardship of the field and the march, of the camp and of the hospital, with a heroism not surpassed by the soldiers. Women carried with them the inspiration of love and duty, and brought to the camp the remembrances of home, to the hospital the softer graces of humanity, and everywhere a spirit of self-sacrifice and fidelity, that shone like a rainbow upon a scowling cloud of war.

It seems fit, therefore, that among the testimonies of a nation's gratitude some recognition should be given to this rear-guard of humanity! At least it would be a wise and comely act for the Government of this Nation, in the Capital, to rear a monument, and inscribe it

TO

THE HEROIC SURGEONS AND THE NOBLE WOMEN

WHO

LAID DOWN THEIR LIVES FOR THE NATION!

CHAPTER XVI.

THE MOUNTAIN COVERT.

THE tidings which Hiram Beers brought to Barton's friends will require us to go back a day or two, and to trace the events connected with Barton Cathcart's fate.

No one who saw the calmness and cheerfulness with which Barton awaited the famous charge of Pickett upon the left centre of the Union lines, on Friday afternoon, would dream that he was sad or foreboding. It was not the darkness of despondency or pain. Coming events seemed to him to cast their shadows over him. But there was in this very premonition a cordial. The settled certainty gave calmness, and his Christian hope gave him cheerfulness.

The night before he had, as we have already learned, entrusted Hiram with a message, and he also had made every arrangement with Pete, to secure to his friends the few effects which might become precious in their sight. Pete, though not

a fighting character, was made brave in exigencies by his fidelity. He took good care of his own person, unless General Cathcart was in danger; then he almost lost sense of his own peril in his anxiety for his master.

When the grand charge of Pickett's corps had almost expended its force, there was concentrated upon its overtasked ranks such a fire, on either flank and in the front, as no mortal men might endure. Hundreds dropped their muskets and fell flat upon the ground to escape the sweep of fire. A thousand men were captured. The enemy retired sullenly, fighting from point to point, broken up into small bodies. The utter destruction of this, the flower of Lee's army, might have been accomplished had Meade possessed reserves of fresh troops. As it was, several brilliant charges were made, and in all several thousand prisoners captured. It was in such a charge that Barton Cathcart was first severely wounded in the thigh, and then, separated from his men, he found himself surrounded with Confederate soldiers, and borne away in the whirl of the retreating masses. At first, he sought to break through and regain his own side, but a bayonet thrust through the right arm still further disabled him, and he was swept away across the valley, and in half an hour was within Lee's lines. He was speedily sent to

the rear. He lay all night in the open fields, suffering much from his wounds, and musing with some surprise upon his case. Was this, then, all that the presentiment meant? Was it only wounds and captivity, and not death?

But, though at first he felt this relief, every hour of the night, while he pictured to himself the fate of prisoners in southern prisons, increased the feeling that he had escaped death for a worse fate.

When the morning dawned on Saturday, July 4, his spirits had fallen low. The excitement of battle was over. Just before the dawn came that utter sinking of the spirits which those in trouble so well know. It would seem as if between dark and dawn there was a space, measured by an hour of time, through which the globe moved, infested with malign spirits, that jibe and tempt the weary heart and ride it to the uttermost.

He could not sleep. He could not keep awake. He vibrated wretchedly between waking and sleeping. His head was enough unsettled to make his sleep seem spectral and his waking ghastly. It was out of one of his painful moments of delirious sleep that he woke thinking he heard his name called. There by his side stood Pete. Barton thought at first that it was only another vision of dreams. He looked at

him without speaking. But he was not long left in doubt. Pete was overjoyed to be again at his side.

"Why, Pete—is it really *you?*" said Barton, putting his hands upon his brawny arm, to make sure.

"Yez, sir, it's me—'tain't nobody else. I guess I owns them feet," said Pete, extending a foot which would answer for a small boat; the shoe, at any rate, suggesting some such idea.

"How in the world did you get here? did you drop down? I thought it was a dream. I've had a good many this morning—but this is the best dream yet."

"Wal, as soon as you didn't come back, I thought somethin' had to be done, and I kind o' went down to look arter ye, and they cotched me, and then they axed me who I was, and I told 'em my name was Pete. And they said who did I belong to, and I told 'em I was a free nigger, and took care of Gineral Cathcart, and they larfed considerable, and so they brought me to jest the right place, for the very fust thing I seed this mornin' was you."

All day Lee was sending back his trains, his wounded and prisoners. Cathcart was despatched about noon. It soon began raining. Pete was never a moment away from Barton's side. As the

ambulance in which he was conveyed approached the pass through the South Mountain, Pete grew cheerful. It was evident that he purposed something unusual. He said in a low tone to Barton, at a time when the guards were a little in advance—"Gineral, I s'pose you'd jest as lieve git away from these fellers, if you could?"

"There's no chance, Pete. Don't you see the guards on every side?"

"But I want you to be ready, and if I see a chance, you must be spry, as spry as you kin with that leg."

A heavy rain was now descending. The road was much choked up, and the trains moved with difficulty. It grew rapidly dark. Either side of the pass was rugged and wild. Pete carried himself in a dull and plodding way, as if he had not a thought in his head. Yet he was watching sharply the soldiers, the character of the ground, where it rose steeply, where ravines on the right or left showed openings. About eight o'clock some interruption at the front caused a halt and a little confusion. One or two shots were heard in the distance. Some one said that the pass ahead was in possession of the Union troops. The guards near the ambulance stepped forward for a moment to speak with their commander. Pete looked cautiously

about, without turning his head. There were no soldiers within several rods.

To the right, as nearly as he could discover, the rocks did not rise precipitously; but there seemed some kind of opening. In fact, a small stream descended and crossed the road not far below them, and it was some damage to the rude bridge that had checked the column.

Seizing the favourable moment, Pete came to the rear of the ambulance, silently, and reached in his long arm. He gave Barton one or two emphatic twitches, as much as to say:

"Now is your time."

As fast as his wounded leg would allow, Barton worked his body toward the back of the vehicle. No sooner had his legs hung down from it than Pete, turning his back to his master, took Barton on his shoulders and darted instantly into the thicket. His movement was not a moment too soon. The driver, seeing his prisoner gone, cried out. The soldiers, catching a glimpse of Pete, fired upon him, and several of them dashed after him. But at each step the thicket became so difficult that pursuit was soon given up, and the prisoners escaped. But a shot had reached its mark. Entering Barton's side just above his loins, the bullet had traversed the inner walls of the abdomen, and came out at the front.

Every step now grew more difficult. The mountain laurel in spots formed such barriers that it could not well be penetrated. The sound of the stream drew Pete toward it, and he groped his way, sometimes in it, sometimes along its rough and rocky edge; at other times, turned away from the stream by some insuperable obstacle, he plunged again into the thicket. Barton grew faint, and would fain have stopped; but Pete determined to reach some retreat that was at once safe and of better accommodations. The chances seemed poor. The heavy spruce-boughs swept in their faces, shaking off showers of drops, which could scarcely add to their discomfort, for they were drenched to the skin already. None but Pete could have proceeded a step in such gloom of night, dark by reason of clouds, and still darker by the overshading trees of this mountain forest. But, though Pete often stumbled, was frequently stopped, and with incredible labour got along but a little way, yet his great strength enabled him to hold out as few but he could have done, and by some instinct he contrived to keep his direction. For an hour he had toiled on. At length the side of the brook seemed smoother. But it ended suddenly against almost precipitous rocks. The way seemed effectually shut up, unless he could find a path by the

channel of the brook itself. Carefully laying his burden down, Pete descended to the stream and followed it up. He found that it now issued from a sort of gateway, by a series of cascades, which were quite shallow, and that the ascent was at an inclination which made it scarcely more difficult than a pair of stairs. Returning to Barton, he bore him carefully up the steep channel; and, at its top, finding the brook more level, he judged that he had reached nearly to the summit of the hills, and that he might find a more accessible path on its banks. There seemed no forest on either hand. Moving away from the stream, and groping along a kind of gravelly bed in search of higher ground that should not be affected by the overflow of the stream that might be expected, should the rain continue all night, Pete at length reached some shelving rocks, which furnished not only an elevation above the stream but a partial shelter also. Here he gladly laid Barton down. Finding that hemlock-boughs were hanging over him, Pete broke off an armful of them to furnish his master with something softer than a rock.

The hours passed slowly and gloomily. Barton could not sleep from the pain of his wounds. Pete was sleepless from anxiety about his charge. The rain at times slackened. Once Pete could discern the clouds above growing thinner and letting

through a faint light from the moon. Midnight passed, although they could not determine the time. The rains redoubled their violence. Little rills, formed above them, trickled down from the rocks. The stream began to sound angrily. Pete's ear, alive to every sound, noticed with alarm the change from the shrill sound of shallow water rushing over rocks to a deeper tone, as if the stream were growing to a torrent. The roar became more portentous. Pete peered anxiously from his lurking place into the darkness. Nothing could he see. Another hour passed, another hour of pain to Barton, but of alarm to Pete. The faithful soul would not impart his alarm to his master. He said to himself, "Gosh-a-beely! don't I wish it was light! I don't like this place—I don't now. Maybe we've got trapped?" His thoughts reverted to the ravine at Norwood, where Heywood had received his fall. Should this be such another, a mere chamber in the rocks, it might suddenly be filled by the rising torrent and become a rock-bound reservoir. He listened! Could it be that he was hearing the water just beneath him? It seemed so. Yet the roar of the stream had risen to such a pitch of sound as well nigh to drown all other sounds. He reached down his foot, and drew it up again quickly. The stream *was* rushing along swiftly by the very rocks

on which they lay! He waited a half-hour, and sounded again. The distance was lessening! The water was rising! He moved cautiously—first in one direction, and then in another—to find on every side that they were shut in! A horror began to fill Pete's soul. He had brought Barton hither to be drowned! Once alarmed, he had no resource in reflection to restrain and moderate it. The poor fellow wept. Speak he would not, for fear of alarming Barton, though he might have shouted, without danger of being heard in the thunder of the cataract!

He reached his hand over to see if the water was rising, and to his horror it was even then lapping the very edge of the rock. The foam flitted past him, like specks of faint light. It struck him that he had seen no foam before! It must be growing toward morning! Oh, if it were but light! To be drowned in darkness, to be caught like rats in a trap, and made way with, when, perhaps, if one could only see, there might be a way of escape hardly a step off! Poor Pete gained a slight hope from the very sight of the waters. But the morning rose slowly and the waters rose fast. It must be soon or never.

The light dawned, at length. Pete began to see the walls of rock on either side. About two

hundred yards up, the stream came pelting down with a tremendous plunge, and with that massive movement that indicates great depth of water. Across, from side to side, the chamber of rocks was filled by the stream, which was still hastening wildly, madly, toward the ledge over which Pete had ascended.

The rocks on which they were perched had fallen out of the walls on that side, being sprung from their original place by the frosts. The place was visible from which they had been moved. It was like a huge step in the side of the cliff, about six feet above their heads. Could that be reached, immediate danger, at least, would be over. From the crevices of the rock grew some shrubs; but an old hemlock, that seemed as if it had once had the rheumatism, which left all its joints swollen and twisted, projected from the sides of the rocks, almost at right angles. To catch the boughs and swing himself into the tree, to spring from it upon the rocks where the block upon which Barton lay had once been, was but the work of a moment. But how to get Barton there? He could help himself but very little.

The need was pressing. The water was running clear over the surface of the rock. Pete descended, helped Barton to his feet, placed him in a selected

spot, then springing again into the hemlock, and reaching down, he took Barton under the armpits and drew him upon the trunk. The tree quivered. Should its roots give way, all was over with them! Pete did not wait for inspection. It was this or nothing. The hardest feat was yet to do. Moving back along the trunk, he came to the point least distant from the rock. Seizing Barton with his left arm, he made one bound into which he put every particle of his strength, reached the edge of the rock, wavered, reeled, and fell, but fell forward, and was safe at last!

CHAPTER XVII.

A NIGHT AND A DAY IN THE MOUNTAINS.

The first step had been taken. But it might be called a step away from danger, rather than a step toward safety. They were safe at least from the peril of waters. On looking back, one now could by the morning light see into what a dangerous position they had wandered. It was a narrow ravine, cloven through solid rock, apparently by some convulsive agency rather than by the slow wearing of waters. When the stream was low it occupied but a small space. But heavy rains brought down from the mountain sides such sheets of water as had the power suddenly to swell the rill to a torrent, and as the exit was quite narrow, the waters, if rains were violent or continued, set back and filled up the whole space.

The place on which Pete now stood with his almost helpless burden, was situated at the mouth of what in a thousand years might become a lateral ravine, sloping toward the gulf from

which they had just escaped. There was a depression in the rocks, a kind of rude channel, that fortunately did not pursue a straight steep course, but zigzagged in such a manner that a very strong and agile man might climb to the summit. Had Pete only himself to rescue he would have gone up almost as quickly as a crow could. But his own safety without the rescue of Barton would have been a great disaster to his simple, faithful soul.

Laying his burden carefully down, Pete began to explore the way. He soon ascended to the summit. But there were points where even Pete Sawmill, with the strength of three men, could not have conveyed himself and Barton too. In so far as mere lifting was concerned, Pete could have carried Barton up as easily as a bear could carry her cub in her mouth. But to lift and spring at the same time, with the dead weight of a sick man upon him, transcended even Pete's power. Could Barton have helped himself enough to cling around Pete, it would have bettered matters. But the severe strain of battle for two days and two nights, his wounds, and the exposure to cold and rain among the rocks that night, had now rendered Barton quite helpless, and Pete was even afraid that he might die on his hands.

After surveying the several sides and selecting the most feasible, Pete returned to Barton and slowly and with extreme difficulty conveyed him, little by little, to a point more than half-way to the summit. Here he was confronted by an obstacle that seemed likely to stop him. On every side but one the rocks were insuperable. But on the right a perpendicular faced rock was laced with roots, and overhung with the branches of some stunted trees in a way that, if Pete could but have the use of both arms and feet, he could easily ascend. But how to hold on to Barton and climb with but one hand!

At length, Pete's ingenuity vanquished that difficulty. Barton seemed like a dying man. He moaned when any violent exertion stirred up his pains. He was quite helpless. Pete first tried by passing his sash about him to lash Barton to his own breast. That would not do. He then attempted to loop the sash under Barton's arms, and to pass the other part over his own neck. Both endeavours failed for the same reason. Barton hung down so low that he was quite unmanageable. At length an idea struck Pete. Whether it was an instinct derived from his pre-existent state, wherein Pete must have been a stalwart bear, or whether he remembered that animals carry their young in their mouths, or whether,

still more probably, he remembered the pennies which he had earned (and drank up) in Norwood, for lifting men off from the ground with his teeth, he determined to bring a new force into play that should still leave him the full use of his hands and feet. Winding the sash tightly round and round Barton, close under his arms, he seized it with his mouth, and, straightening himself up, he found that Cathcart's feet fairly cleared the ground. He now, with his arms and legs free, could without difficulty climb the rock. While Pete was thus occupied, two pair of eyes were peering out from above upon him, with an expression that boded no good.

"What dat, Sam? Look a dar—what dat, I say?"

"Oh, Lord, I tink he be bar!"

"Dat bar's got a big cub, den—dat's what I say! Mighty strong mouf!"

"Oh, lord, lord! I tink it be debbil—cotcht a sinner — gwine to eat him up — oh, lord-a-marcy!"

"Shut up, nigger! I know what ee be! It's a reb. Don't you see his'n clothes? He's reb ossifer! Git me some rocks, nigger! If he tote dat feller under here, I smash him head!"

Pete had come to the very place designated, and our story would have had an abrupt termina-

tion had not the more intelligent of the two negroes above observed something in the uniform, as Pete laid down his burden, that looked less like a rebel than he at first supposed. Whereupon, a parley ensued.

"I say, dar, you better stop!"

Pete, much surprised, looked in every direction at this summons; but could see no one.

"Who's that?" he said; and instantly imagining help at hand, he added: "Where are you? Jist come and give us a lift, will ye? I'm afeered the gineral will die."

Two woolly heads protruded from the bushes, on the summit above him, the one looking cautiously and the other timidly down upon him.

"Who be dat? W'at you got dar? Rebel?"

"No, it is Gineral Cathcart of the Union army. We got away from the rebs last night. He's badly wounded. Can't ye give a fellow a lift now?"

"You wait now, I tell ye! Sam, you go for Massa Jacob, quick?"

It was not more than ten minutes, though to Pete it seemed hours, before Jacob appeared, in the form of a comely young man of about twenty-two years of age. His hair was long; his hat something wide of brim, though rather rough; but his speech at once bespoke him of the excellent

and honourable family of Friends, or, as the world will have it, Quakers.

He needed no explanations. Union or rebel, a wounded man must not die unhelped. Dispatching one of his men for some halters, he soon had made a line long enough and strong enough to lift Barton up. Pete was at the summit quite as soon. A walk of about five minutes conveyed them to a rude hut, built originally by charcoal burners, but now patched a little and made tenantable. Pete speedily told his story, and learned, on the other hand, that he had stumbled upon a hiding place of cattle and horses. Within a stone's throw there were a hundred and more cows and oxen, and some three score fine horses, the half of the neat stock and two-thirds of the horses belonging to Paul Hetherington, the father of the comely youth who had rescued them. Several contrabands, who during the war had escaped from Virginia, and who had found employment on Hetherington's farm, were more than willing to retreat into the mountains with the cattle, for reasons of their own safety, while the rebel army remained in the valley.

Jacob Hetherington, fortunately, had some little medical knowledge. He had been much among the wounded at the battle of Antietam. He had already conveyed to Gettysburgh, on two several

days, a load of various comforts for the wounded. But, sorely to his regret, he could not devote himself to the work of humanity, being needed at home to superintend this new department in the mountains.

Barton's wounds were at once cleansed and bound afresh. Spirits he had none; but hot coffee was soon prepared. The young Friend put his own coat on Barton, wrapping himself in a blanket.

It was full time for Barton Cathcart to receive some succour. Wounded twice upon Friday afternoon, his weary progress on Saturday, the additional wound on making his escape, the cold rains, the rude kindness of Pete, by which he was dragged through bushes and over rocks, without nourishment, and without stimulants, all this had brought him down to such weakness that he seemed likely to sink away of mere exhaustion. His pulse was very feeble, his skin cold, and his whole system very low. Jacob Hetherington was alarmed. The wound upon his abdomen was likely to be mortal. If the ball had sunk deep within he would die within a few hours, and all his appearance indicated the approach of this catastrophe. Even if no interior part had been sundered, much was to be feared from inflammation, and he was in no state to bear a peritoneal fever.

Jacob Hetherington was a rigid temperance man, as also was his father, and the young man presented such a wholesome cheek, a skin so pure, an eye so unstained with morbid blood, that he was a walking commendation of abstemiousness. Albeit not given to violence, yet, if any one had doubted whether a "total abstainer" could be strong, he had only to repair to some green and grassy spot for a wrestling bout, and every doubt would disappear! Jacob was well satisfied with his own principles and practice; and yet, when he saw Barton's condition he sorely regretted that somebody of an opposite view was not in his camp. He had strictly forbidden the use of intoxicating drinks among his father's hired men, and now, when he would have given a river full of cold water for a pint of whiskey, not a drop was to be had. Jacob questioned Pete on the subject.

"Wal, I brought a flask along, but when I got in the rebel camp the fellers went through me mighty quick, and one on 'em pulled out my flask, and sez he, 'Ah, nigger, this pocket pistol is very dangerous—might go off.' I never seed it agin."

"I am afraid that your master will suffer for want of stimulants. He may die for want of a gill of brandy."

Pete was a good deal troubled.

"Brandy? why don't you give 'im whiskey? Our folks give 'em whiskey when the brandy gives out."

"But I have no whiskey. There is none in camp. None of my men ever touch it."

"S'pose you jest ask 'em. Mebbe some on 'em got it accidental like."

Jacob had no hope in the matter. His orders had been peremptory. He knew that his men would obey. Besides he did not believe that they could use whiskey and he not perceive it. Yet he called his men.

"Have any of you got a little whiskey?"

They all looked horror struck!—No, none of them.

"This gentleman will die on our hands, I fear, unless I can procure some immediate relief. Sam, I think you had better go down to the settlement—you might even take one of the colts—and get a flask of whiskey. I will give you a dollar for it."

Great as was Sam's aversion to whiskey, he had a yet more terrible dread of rebel soldiers. Anything rather than venture down where he might be caught. Indeed, the urgency of the case awoke in Sam's memory something which he had entirely forgotten.

"Why, sah, I jis 'member, dat Dutchman, las'

night, had a bottle. I see him drink suthin, and den he hide 'em in de rock. He wanted me to drink—'course I wouldn't, 'case I knew 'twas whiskey."

Pete was impatient.

"What's the use, you nigger, in lyin' so? If you've got a bottle, you go git it—pretty quick, I say!"

Pete's words were far more efficacious than Jacob's. For Pete had had a pull at that bottle already, and knew its quality. His only doubt respected the amount of contents left. All three of the coloured men had tasted it, and none of them hurried themselves.

Sam soon appeared bearing a junk bottle in which a cob served as a cork. He seemed to be an entire stranger to it. He took out the stopper, and looked in to see if there was anything there. He held it up to the sky for the same purpose. He smelt of it.

"I guess um whiskey—spects so! mighty bad stuff," said Sam, with the most virtuous look of disgust at this dangerous substance. "Massa nebber let a nigga have um—put de debbil in de nigga."

The grave smile that lay upon Jacob's face indicated that he had his own opinion of this new miracle of whiskey from the rocks, and of the

story about the Dutchman hiding it there, but he eagerly took it, turned out its contents—alas! but slender—into a tin cup of coffee.

"Better than none, but far from sufficient. I would give thee another dollar for a bottle full."

His master's wishes were a law to Sam—with such sanction appended; he renewed his search, and faith and diligence were rewarded. That Dutchman had hid another bottle in the same place! but cunningly as he had secreted them, Sam found them,—showing that he had the natural gifts of a detective under the excise law.

As soon as Barton had been attended to, Pete left him in charge of Jacob Hetherington, while he himself went with the plantation negroes to view the cattle. Pete's great size, his lofty manners toward his humble attendants, the awfulness of that knowledge which they thought he possessed, served to make him an object of hardly less than reverence.

Descending rapidly from the point where the cabin was, they came to a kind of basin, sheltered on all sides by ridges. It might once have been a lake. From springs breaking out here ran that stream which had nearly swallowed up Pete during the night. And the reason of its sudden rise was soon apparent. All the rain falling on these slopes was conveyed as by a tunnel to the one

outlet, and an hour's hard rain was enough to set the brook a roaring; while a half-day's rain sent down through the narrow defile such torrents of water as stirred it to a rage and a violence awful to behold!

In this mountain basin were collected about a hundred head of cattle, of Paul Hetherington's and his neighbours. Rude divisions were attempted to keep them somewhat separate, lest being strangers they should punish each other. For cattle partake of human feelings in this respect, that they quarrel with all that do not belong to their barnyard. In spite of short commons they looked remarkably well. A rebel quarter-master would have blessed his luck could he have plumped down on this mountain nest!

But it was the horses that gave to Pete his chief delight. They were hitched singly or in pairs along every little level spot, on terraces, and in snug coves. Two teams of huge grey Conestoga horses; a span of sorrels, with light manes and tails, with a brown stripe along from withers to rump; a pair of blood-bay mares, daintily built, and yet strong and serviceable; a score of brawny, hard-featured work horses, eight fine brood mares, a pen with five or six fine colts, two full-blood Messenger mares, and a full-

blood stallion, between chestnut and sorrel, with white feet, and with a disposition not the most amiable. He seemed angry at his rude quarters. He was savage as a Roman exile. As Pete came toward him, Old Duke lashed out at him in a style that Pete regarded as an invitation to a funeral, and which would have led to one if Pete had not been on his guard.

But that horse was never foaled that Pete feared. He passed toward his head, and though the vicious beauty laid back his ears till they seemed to sink into his head, and showed an ugly muzzle, Pete fixed his eye full on him, spoke in low, decided tones, moved quietly but firmly right up to him, and in a minute the stallion eat out of his hand, and whinnied when Pete left him. If his companions had reverenced Pete before, they worshiped him now. This fascination which he seemed to exercise over the animal kingdom addressed itself to Sam's understanding far more effectively than if Pete had spoken ten modern languages and built St. Peter's church.

The mountain air was peculiarly exhilarating to Pete. The longer he stayed with these contrabands the more amiable he became, and when he returned to the cabin after an hour's absence, he was extremely gracious; he laughed, and chuckled, and sputtered by turns, in a manner

which, in any other person, would have indicated an over-dose of whiskey. It could not be, however, that Tom had secreted any more mountain dew; for Jacob said that his men were all of them temperate, except, of course, that unlucky Dutchman, who had gone down to prepare fodder and grain to be brought up in the night, and on whose shoulders Sam put all the blame of concealing whiskey! At any rate, Pete fell asleep, as well he might, after the toils of the two days and nights which he had borne in so stalwart a manner.

Jacob Hetherington had grave anxieties. He appreciated Barton's critical condition. It was not possible in this place to render him such service as he instantly needed. He determined, therefore, to get him down to his father's house as soon as possible. As a first step, he set to work to learn whether the rebel army had left the neighbourhood and cleared the pass. It was but a mile across from his cattle camp to the pass through which Lee's army was retreating. The stream whose course Pete had followed did not run at right angles with the pass, but, after being followed a half-mile back, it came from the right and ran nearly parallel with the road, so that, though Pete had travelled several miles, the point which he reached was not more than a

mile from the road. On a careful reconnoissance, Jacob concluded that it would not be safe to venture down much before sundown. As Ewell did not leave the lines before Gettysburgh till about noon of that day, his corps still stretched along the roads and were now entering the defile.

A little before sundown, Pete was roused from sleep into a state o waking bewilderment. He seemed to have forgot everything and everybody, and in a maze and wonder at his strange surroundings.

The sight of Barton restored his consciousness, and he gradually came to his recollections. A rude litter had been constructed. Halter ropes and odd straps were woven back and forth as a substitute for a canvass bottom. A rough blanket was laid upon it, and Barton laid thereon. The two black servants carried him the first part of the descent and then, they returning to their charge, Jacob and Pete took their places. When they reached the cleared fields it was dusk. Avoiding the roads, Jacob, who knew the whole region familiarly, moved across lots, by ways both nearer and more obscure. It was full dark when they entered the avenue leading up to the wide-faced stone house where Paul Hetherington lived. As they entered the dwelling the change seemed to Pete like a translation from purgatory

to heaven. Paul Hetherington stepped forward, —a tall man, strongly built, with a large face, long between the mouth, and eyebrows (as every grand face must be), a high and wide brow, but wider than high, hair—now changing colour—worn long, an eye that was blue when he was calm, but grey when it kindled; and, altogether, such a fine, large man as would, in any company, excite admiration and respect.

His face testified by its texture to right living; by its whole frame and shape to largeness of nature; by its eye and brow to sagacity and thoughtfulness; by its mouth to a suppressed humoursomeness. Here was stuff for a statesman. He might have been an archbishop. Had he been a general, his very presence would have been worth half an army. He might have made anything. He was only a Quaker. Yet one could not help saying:

"What a pity that such a man should have no sphere worthy of his nature!"

The proper reply would have been:

"What a happy land that can afford to have such men for private citizens!"

Martha Hetherington, his wife, about fifty-five years of age, was the very and proper wife for Paul Hetherington. She was of rather full habit; yet her face was pale, but not cadaverous.

Every feature was shaped finely, and yet the whole face conveyed the impression of largeness rather than fineness.

She was not handsome, though every feature was good. There was a sort of independence in the members of her face. Each feature, as it were, kept house for itself. But that harmony and sympathy which was originally denied to the physical form of her countenance had gradually been supplied by the expression which, year by year, crept over it. One would be apt to say, "That is the handsomest homely face that ever I saw." Three children blessed their household. Jacob was the youngest, and the only son. The eldest daughter was like her mother, and had married and settled in life; the other, resembling her father, was living at home. Two other daughters there had been, but they were no longer living.

While we are telling you all these things, you may be sure they were not standing still listening to their own praises. The best room was always prepared. Into a bed, whose linen shone like snow, Barton was laid by the strong arms of Paul the father and Jacob the son.

The room opened out of the family room, and so was the very room for sickness, which loves to be cheered by hearing the soft sounds of family life without being in their very midst.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE SURPRISE.

It is not given to all birds alike to soar high, or to continue long upon the wing. The wing must be shapely, the muscle must be ample, the nerve strong, if a bird is to hang long in the air without weariness. Small birds, with short and blunt wings, are always near the ground. Quails and partridges, grouse and woodcock love the earth, and run upon the ground with more delight than they fly in the air. Therefore their enemies easily find them and their nests—the rat, the weasel, the polecat, and the swine, and other hunters many. Small birds, seed-eating,—finches, sparrows, thrushes,—build low and fly low. Their courses are neither wide nor daring. They hop along on the twigs in hedges, or hover, giggling and simple-hearted, in low-branched trees. In fence-rows, cats lurk for them. In the woods, small hawks, blue-jays, and shrikes devour them. Even darkness does not cover them from the

goggle-eyed owl, whose soft wings are as noiseless as death. Then come bolder birds, that seldom descend below the tops of forests, that live high up above mousing enemies and are more familiar with the sun than with the shade. And higher than all are the long-winged birds, that hang over the ocean, that beat about in storms,—gulls; petrels. Or, still higher, falcons, condors, eagles,—that brood upon the sunlight and lie upon the mere air as if it were water under their breasts and they were fowl swinging on the sea. In these glorious solitudes they live secure. Noises never rise so high; storms and thunder sound below them. The sun comes earlier to them, and lingers later. Their days are longer. There are no fences there parcelling out the great domain. No trees or forests shadow the empyrean; no mountains divide it, nor rivers water it. Only the Sun himself inhabits there—solitary, though the father of multitudes,—dropping down showers of light, which he does not see, and giving life to infinite broods that never knew, or are known of their father, who through ages is giving and forgetting, begetting and forsaking, creating and devouring. And yet, no wing was ever framed that could soar for ever. The gull at last alights. The falcon builds a nest, and seeks it. The eagle has a home among the rocks. Only man's thoughts

rise higher than the eagle's wing, higher than the sun, and walk in the celestial city, where is no night, nor weariness, nor sorrow. But even Faith itself may not always abide in these high delights. The heart must come bank to its nest.

Through all of Sunday Rose Wentworth soared up above all trouble. The sun went down without bringing darkness to her. But, on the 6th, while the camps were waking up, and Meade's dilatory army began to creep out in pursuit, Rose chanced, somewhat after mid-day, to meet Colonel Frank Esel, who was hurrying forward to overtake his regiment.

"Miss Wentworth—a thousand blessings on you! I knew that you hovered somewhere about here. General Cathcart told me of your presence. By the way, you have heard that he was wounded and taken?"

"I heard that he had fallen—that he was dead!"

"Dead, Miss Wentworth? dead? Upon my word, you're mistaken! it must be a false report. I was not far from him in the fight. I saw him go in, and he and a dozen more men were gobbled up. But he was alive, and wounded, and a prisoner—I know; for several of the men escaped during the night, who saw him within Lee's lines,

and, though little able to walk, yet he was not apparently wounded dangerously."

If Rose had been caught up by a whirlwind, or swept down in the current of the over-full Rock Creek, she could not have been more whirled about and helpless than she was at this astounding news.

"Not dead!—not dead!—alive?—a prisoner?—alive! Oh, do not say such things! It cannot be! Alive?—alive? Oh, my soul, be still! Do not believe it!"

"Cousin Rose," said Esel, moved by the intensity of her manner, "I do truly assure you that Barton is alive, unless something has befallen him since he reached the enemy's lines. He was alive and not dangerously wounded on Saturday, that I certainly know; and there is no reason to think that harm has befallen him since. I truly wish you joy, and am heartily glad to surprise you with such good news. God bless you, my dear cousin," and with that he put spurs to his horse and disappeared.

Rose stood like one dreaming. Then she started, as if to go to her patients. Suddenly she stopped and turned to go after Agate. Then, with another sudden change, she started to find her father. All her settledness of heart was gone. She had fallen down out of the clouds to her nest quite near to

the ground, and began to experience those gusts and whirls of feeling which sweep the lower levels of human life. While she thus was going first to the right and then to the left, Hiram Beers met her.

"Well, Miss Rose, what's up? You look flustered like. I hope you ain't taking on 'bout Barton; 'cause that won't do no good. We must all die. You know what the catechism says—'Xerxes did die, and so must you and I.' It's a fact, and can't be helped. But I dew feel bad, after all. I tell you, Rose, there ain't many left that's equal to Barton."

"Hiram, Barton is not dead! Colonel Esel says that he was seen in Lee's camp, wounded and a prisoner."

"Well, now, that's wuth hearin'," said Hiram, greatly excited, but holding in every sign of it, as if it was a sin to show his feelings. "But it's a pity to feel bad for nothin', I swow; if I hain't cried every time I've thought on't, and now it's just so many tears throwed away! Well, well, I vum, but it's jolly! that is, supposin' it's true."

"Hiram, you must go with me to Agate Bissell. Barton must not be left thus. Something must be done immediately for his release.

The glad tidings spread joy in the little band. Agate spoke not a word. She stood firmly, list-

ened to every syllable, her face shining brighter with each confirmation. Then stepping to one side with her face toward the woods, she stood for a while in prayer of thanksgiving. At length, lifting her apron for a handkerchief and wiping her eyes, she came back to Rose, with an intensity of feeling that seldom escaped her, and put her arms about her and kissed her forehead—"Rose, it is the Lord that slayeth, and the Lord maketh alive. Blessed be the name of the Lord!"

Alice was certainly glad, but joy had but poor chance in her heart. Like plants that grow under shade trees, it came up pale and feeble, and could not blossom into laughter.

"Agate," said Rose, "what shall be done? Will you look after my men? I can do nothing further until I have released Barton."

"Child, what can you do? You must wait."

"What will waiting do? Is he not even now moving down toward those hideous Southern prisons? It were better to have died outright, under the bright sun, than to mould, and decay, and die piecemeal, in those dens of cruelty. No, I will this instant find General Meade."

"Head-quarters is moved," said one of the men; "the gineral has gone."

"But I can overtake him."

"Rose," said Agate, "you are wild. What could

General Meade do, if you did see him? Can he stop his army to go after one man? I guess he's got something else to think of."

"But I could get a pass to the enemy's lines—I could see General Lee!"

"Why, Rose," said Agate, rebukingly, "this is downright craziness." And then in a pitying tone "I don't blame you, though; and if anything could be done, I'd encourage it."

"Standing here, and seeing all the difficulties but none of the favourable chances, will not help Barton. It is no common case, and will admit of no common action. I will go to him. There is not storm enough in the sky, nor water enough in the river," said Rose, looking on the turbulent stream below her, "to hinder me. Everything will help me; everything will give way to that courage which fills my soul. God is in me. I know that this purpose is not of man! He who kept Barton in the battle will keep me."

Agate was more convinced by Rose's appeal to God and her declaration of her trust in Him than by anything presented to her reason. The evidences of piety were more to her than the evidences of her own judgment.

"Rose, if God has called you to this work I don't doubt that He will open the way. But you ought to examine your heart and know whether

this is of God, or whether you are following your own affections! And, though we trust to Providence, it should always be in the use of means. Now let us sit down and see what can be done."

"I can go to General Meade's head-quarters, and procure a letter which will give me access to General Lee."

"Tut, tut,—that won't do—never in the world. Barton is in Virginia before this time, and Lee can't help him if he wants to ever so much."

"Then I will go to Virginia. I will find his prison."

"Suppose you did—you could not storm the prison. They wouldn't let you in nor Barton out. It's pretty much as they say in Richmond about such things, I guess."

"Then I'll go to Richmond. I will see every man in authority. Agate, you need not discourage me. There is that within my heart that will make my way. "I will rescue Barton, or I will die in the endeavour! I can do anything but stay here!"

It was now about the middle of the afternoon. The conference was broken up by an unexpected event. Just as Agate was about to reply to Rose, in came Pete Sawmill, making two or three jumps which a deer might envy, and then, in a transport of rude delight, he tumbled over and over, and rolled on the ground, as an extremely merry

and jolly dog will do who finds his feelings far too great to be expressed by the mere wagging of his tongue at one end or his tail at the other.

When at last he had reduced his superabundant excitement to a more governable state, Pete informed the party that Barton had escaped; that he had got him safely into good quarters; that he had come over in a waggon after a surgeon; that he had luckily stumbled on Dr. Wentworth, who was promptly going back with him; and that the Doctor thought a nurse had better go over too.

Rose said to Agate: "Do you not see that I was led? The Lord's hand has been in all this strange work."

"His name be praised!" said Agate, whisperingly.

Paul Hetherington had brought Pete over, taking care at the same time to fill his waggon with such comforts for the wounded as he could provide. Jacob Hetherington remained at home to superintend the descent of the cattle and horses from the mountain fastnesses. Paul excused the indifferent quality of his team by explaining that his best horses were hidden away. They rode briskly away from Gettysburgh, and across the very ground which was yesterday held by Lee's rear-guard. As they proceeded Pete pointed them to a field with scattering shade trees in it.

"There 'twas. There's where I found the gineral, under that tree, fast asleep."

Along the road were marks of the haste with which Ewell had retreated. Broken waggons, dead animals, muskets, knapsacks, were strewn along the ways.

The sixth corps of Meade's army had closely followed, and were yet lying near Fairfield, somewhat impeding the journey to Hetherington's house.

When once fairly on the road, Dr. Wentworth, who had not before seen Rose for more than a few moments, said:

"I thought it likely that Agate Bissell would come; but I am glad she sent you, Rose. I have hardly seen you for a moment."

"I needed no sending, father. No one could have been permitted to go to Barton but me. It is my errand."

And with that she drew from her bosom Barton's letter, and gave it to her father to read.

Dr. Wentworth read it through—read it a second time. In spite of himself the tears came to his eyes. He put his arm gently and fondly round his daughter, and said, in a whisper:

"I suppose you go to answer this, Rose?"

"Father, if he only lives—if God will but spare us——"

And with that she laid her head upon her father's breast and burst into tears, and wept violently, and almost convulsively. It was well. After such high and long-continued strain nature demanded relief. Rose had come down out of the high and bright clouds, and walked upon the ground again, a woman, full of hopes and fears, of weakness and tears.

Paul Hetherington sat with Pete on the front seat. I do not believe he looked around once. If one had watched, it might, possibly, have been seen that his large and grave face was slightly inclined, so that the merest glance of Rose's agitation, and her father's protecting caress, might have entered his eye; but he turned his face square towards his horses, and sat immovable till they drove up the avenue of venerable old cherry trees which lined the way from the road to the house, trees that now hung full of ripe cherries and red robins. The fruit was over-abundant. The sun, lying low, was shining aslant through the trees, and filling them with a kind of golden vapour. They seemed to be tabernacles for birds. Catbirds miawed and jerked their tails nervously; robins breathed a low *pympf*, or were wholly silent; cedar birds, jays, brown thrushes, and numberless other fruit-loving birds, fluttered and flew as the waggon went on, coming back again the instant

it had passed, as waters open and shut to the passage of a ship.

"I think, sir," said Dr. Wentworth, "that the boys don't stone the birds in these grounds."

"Nay; the only stones which I allow to be thrown are cherry-stones. Thou art aware, doubtless, that music hath little place among Friends; but it is brought to us, even as the prophet's food was, upon wings."

The dwelling-house, of dark grey stone, now stood out plainly. It did not stretch up ambitiously, but lay broad upon the ground, having the expression, not only of roominess, but of hospitality. Every door had a coaxing look, and each window said, Come in. One might search in vain for a stick, a chip, a shaving, or a straw, all around the house. Absolute order and neatness was written upon the face of things. Every gate stood up straight. Every stone in every wall was true to a line. Nothing seemed to have ever fallen down; nothing was ever dropped. The very winds did not dare to send the leaves upon the grass. The garden on the right held out its bright blossoms, and marshalled its rows of culinary vegetables, without a weed or withered stalk.

To Rose, who had so long been used to the rudest scenes, and to the very paradise of disorder,

the excessive neatness on every hand produced something of the impression of fine art. But little time had they for outward observations.

Martha Hetherington stood in the open porch, the door wide open behind her.

"Thee art welcome home, Paul. The young man needs thy friends. I fear, Doctor, thee hast come on a poor errand. Alight! Is this his sister?" said Martha, turning to Rose.

"It is my daughter," said Dr. Wentworth.

Paul, however, explained it with his eye. One look sufficed; and Martha tenderly helped Rose from the waggon, and gave her in charge to her comely daughter.

"Rose?" said Martha.

Two voices answered, one saying:

"What, ma?" and the other, "What, ma'am?"

Martha Hetherington smiled. "Is thy name Rose?"

"Rose Wentworth!"

"And this is Rose Hetherington. Surely ye should like each other!"

Dr. Wentworth went at once to Barton's bedside. He found him in a low and sinking condition. Before making more close examination, he gave him more ample stimulants, together, also, with opium, which had not been administered; and the stimulants only in a gradual manner.

"For fear," Martha said, "of producing fever."

"That is the only way to attack fever—such fever as he is liable to," said the Doctor.

Strong beef-tea was prepared for him, and every means of restoring his ebbing strength was used.

"Had this wound upon the abdomen been deep, he would have died before this,—let's see: Saturday night, Sunday night, Monday night,—forty-eight hours. Had the intestines been sundered, he would have died within twenty-four hours. Should there be an inflammation of the peritoneum, I should fear, in his exhausted condition, that he could not stand up under it. Should there be only a local inflammation and the suppuration of the wound itself, there will be hope."

It was uncertain whether Barton was conscious of the presence of his friends or not. He lay with half-closed eyes, either dreaming or carrying on a fevered process of thought. No groans escaped him, but sometimes sighs. Rose stood by him, outwardly calm. But who shall unroll that which filled her heart, as she gazed upon Barton's bloodless face, and his brow whiter than snow, from which fell back his black hair? His face was thin. His features were sharp. The whole face looked old. As Rose gazed upon him, she momently expected him to speak. She wondered

how they could be so near, and yet so utterly separated. She would have given worlds for one look, for one word of recognition. After all this history of his love for her, should he now at length die, knowing nothing of that deep treasure of her heart?—die by her very side, and know it not?—die while her words were in his ears, and his hand in hers, and yet not know their meaning?

How terrible is the thunder—how more terrible is the crash of battle! Yet neither of them is so awful as the measured cadence of one who tells us that our beloved are walking away from us, along the road of the dying!

Dark is the night; but what night so dark as that of love hopelessly watching? How deep is the unexplorable sea! But far deeper is that night which hope sounds with the line of fear—sounds, but can find no bottom!

CHAPTER XIX.

THE QUAKER HOME.

Compared with the labours of the past two days, the anxieties and excitement of Barton's case brought home so closely to him by the knowledge of Rose's feelings, seemed to Dr. Wentworth like rest. But in a perfectly healthy constitution food may become a partial substitute for sleep, and enable one to go for many days in continuous activity. It was not poetical, under all the circumstances, for Dr. Wentworth to go out to Martha Hetherington's table that evening with a supreme appetite. It was, however, a fact. Nor was the proverbial good housewifery of the Friends put to shame by the ample supper, by the glowing neatness, the exquisite simplicity of every arrangement. After somewhat satisfying the more urgent craving of appetite, Dr. Wentworth could not help saying:

"I am trying to see what it is that renders your table so beautiful, without ornament. I

have always esteemed the family table to be a kind of altar, a place sacred, and so to be made as complete in its finishings as may be. The act of eating is itself one of the lowest. But society has thrown around it such thorough associations of affection and social enjoyment that we scarcely perceive the going on of the very thing for which the table was spread. That a refined and delicate person has been talking, or sympathetically changing countenance while others talk, we remember, but not that she has been eating. But, if you will excuse the remark, something in your table strikes me most agreeably. There are, I perceive, degrees in neatness."

His host replied: "Our customs disallow ostentatiousness, but enjoin order and neatness. That is the one channel through which the imagination has play. Music is not in vogue with us. Our amusements are grave and frugal. We do not choose to expose our young people to dangerous vanities by the use of colours, that so largely enter into the fascinations of the world's people. It is not strange that neatness should become much in our hands, since we are obliged to express by it all that the world's people do by forms and colours and sounds."

"Ah, I see;—like the blind man, whose ears make up by acuteness something of the lost

sense. One might expect far more to be made of neatness when the whole imagination is concentrated upon it, than if the taste were distributed through many channels."

"High colours and brilliant garments," said Hetherington, "do not harmonize with spiritual states. Colours bring the mind down toward matter. As our thoughts reach into the realm of holiness, they instinctively dispossess all objects of colour. We never imagine angels in blue, or red, or yellow, but always in white."

"But God made flowers," said Wentworth; "He coloured the woods, He fashioned clouds, and spanned the rainbow, and made gorgeous sunsets."

"True; all these are of the earth—earthy. They are not to be disesteemed, since the Creator's hand hath fashioned them. But they are not the symbols of holiness, or of spiritual elevation. Useful things are not alike good for all things. Colours are for the world and its objects, but pure white for the saints."

"Since you and your children are in the world, and not in the spirit-land, colours, methinks, might be suffered," replied the Doctor.

"Nay. They who aim at the estate of the just and the blessed are much helped by keeping before them evermore the emblems of purity.

There is need in this world of every help. Simplicity, silence, and a soul open to the invisible light, are chiefest means of grace. Some seek religion through gorgeous ceremonies, by which the senses are made drunk, and the conscience stumbles into idolatry; some by ordinances that usurp the place of God and truth, and become a snare; some by forms of worship and noisy services of music and ritual. All of these rouse up the sensuous nature. The spirit is veiled by them. They hinder and exclude the pure light of divine truth, even as upon windows the fantastic forms and colours which men's hands have painted there throw back upon their makers their own fancies, but keep out the light of God's sun."

"I conceive your view to be largely true," said Dr. Wentworth, "and important. But it is partial, in that such abstraction is possible only to highly organized minds. In your way, you fall into the same error, methinks, that the greatest thinkers in my own church have. That conception of holiness which was easy to Jonathan Edwards, because he was a poet and an ethical genius, was impossible to men of slender intellect, of no imagination, and of a penurious moral sense. In this unconscious way great natures oppress the weak. It is putting children to the stride of the giant. It is like

teaching conic sections and the calculus in primary schools. Men are taught to feel guilt for not possessing religious experiences which they are no more capable of than Mrs. Hemans was of Milton's poetry, or Tupper of writing Homer's epics."

Hetherington paused, as if considering the matter, and after a little resumed:

"There is much to be considered in thy words. Nevertheless, the things which men cannot perform teach them far more than the things which they can easily do. The whole world pulls at the body, and will have it an animal. Therefore the heavens must draw upon the spirit. What if Jacob could not climb the ladder whose top was in heaven? It taught him a lesson. It connected the very stones under his head with the clouds above him, and taught him that there was a way, unseen by mortal eyes, from the lowest thing to the highest."

At last Dr. Wentworth had found his man! Of a nature as large as his own, reared from a standpoint half round the circle from his, and so antipodal; sympathetic and hospitable to others' thoughts, loving rather to think with and compare thoughts than to dispute; capable of seeing things from other people's grounds, and of suspecting what was the absolute truth whose partial

revelations organized sects in the world; sincere, earnest, deep, patient, not anxious to parade his thoughts; sensitive to any confidence which might subject to controversy and defilement the silent sanctuary of the soul where God revealed, if not the truth, yet mighty premonitions of it; carrying an undisclosed life of meditation concerning the whole mystery of human life, and the hope of the life to come; heartily in sympathy with his own sect, yet not believing it to be more than a sect; a repressed loving nature, but loving goodness and nobleness rather than the common things in human nature; and, above all, believing in God, and therefore not accepting the golden dust-specks of the sects as the whole mine, but grandly waiting and willing, with large content, to wait the day when death should spring up into Being, Power, Purity, Knowledge.

Both of these men were loyal to their sect, but larger. Like vines planted in a garden, they covered the walls, over-topped them, and climbed into the neighbouring trees, bearing as much fruit in the great common highway as in the garden. Such men are sometimes called unbelievers, because they believe so much more than others.

Great souls know each other. Years are the servitors of slower natures, and nurse them into mutual confidence. There are certain touches

that fine natures know instantly, conclusive of all the rest, the freemasonry of the sons of God!

What was sleep compared with such communion? It was long past midnight before they separated, who never separated in all their after lives! And in those hours, alone, in confidence, unobstructed by a fear, they spoke of the deep things of life, and moved together over realms and royalties of meditation where each had so often passed as solitary travellers!

Rose Wentworth would fain have watched by Barton's side all night, but her father forbade, and enjoined sleep.

"I am not weary, father: I *cannot* sleep if I lie down."

"That is the very reason why you should not watch any longer. The long tension of care, and your deep anxiety concerning Barton, have wrought a super-excitement, which, if it goes on, will be dangerous. You *must* sleep, and here are the means of procuring it," at the same time preparing for her an opiate. "Your hands are cold, your head hot; you should put your feet into hot water for ten minutes, and then take this."

In the morning Barton was no worse; and "That is a gain," said the Doctor. "If when I return to-night there is no sign of peritoneal excitement, and his strength is kept up, I shall

have hope. But he will graze so near that if he would only look over he might see death."

The sun was rising when Pete appeared with a stylish mare, to take the Doctor back to Gettysburgh. Rose still slept. It was ten o'clock before she appeared, and even then, for a while, the lethargic cloud hung over her.

If Paul Hetherington had found a friend in Dr. Wentworth, so his wife had found a favourite in his daughter. Martha seldom mistook in judging people whom she met. If anything, she was slightly inclined to judge less favourably than her husband; but, then, on that account she was oftener right. People helped her, and made her abated judgments true. When, therefore, she took Rose at once to her heart, it was a compliment, which Rose did not as well understand as did Martha's own family.

Little could be done for Barton. He was either unconscious or wandering in mind. Martha drew Rose from him as much as possible. She must show her the spring house.

"What is that?" said Rose, pointing to a queer stack of bricks under a tile shed close by the house.

"That is our oven," said Martha.

"What—out of doors? We build ours into the kitchen chimney."

"It is the way of our fathers. The other perhaps is more convenient."

They walked a few rods upon a path of flat stones, carefully laid down, and kept free from weeds and grass. Indeed they were more like the pavement of a hall than an out-of-doors walk. It led to a low stone house, on the edge of a slight dell. The gables of the roof came over so far as to form a cover to the door. A small room full of the smell of butter and milk first met them. If the house had seemed clean to Rose, what would she think of this work-room in the spring house? Its maple-wood bowls, the white-wood dishes, the beech-wood ladles and scoops, the pine tables and benches, the blue ash floor, seemed to live in an intense rivalry with each other which should be cleanest. The tubs dreaded lest the pails should get an extra scour; the wooden spoons bellied up with all the conscious pride of the spoon family, thanking God that they were red and not white, being made of the heart-wood of the beech. The oak bench looked steadily over every day in hopes of spying a speck on the white pine table, and the table was tickled whenever it could spill something on the floor that would spoil its ridiculous conceit of its own exceeding whiteness.

"What is that?" said Martha Hetherington,

with more animation than belonged to that enforced tranquillity which she usually bore—"what is that? Verily it is a fly! That silly girl, Polly, has left the door ajar, or some of these nettings are moved in the windows."

The fly buzzed and bolted out of the opened door as suddenly as a heretic from before a bench of bishops, or a thief from the face of a magistrate.

"He knew that he had no business here, the guilty thing! That fly lies in wait, I sometimes think, and when I come he always disappears, but when Polly comes he presumes on her heedlessness. Twice before, this summer, Polly left the door open and I found that fly here."

Rose was delighted with this excessive neatness, the very brilliance of cleanness.

"How can you contrive to be so remarkably neat? I never saw anything like it in my life."

"Ah, child, I wish thee might have seen my mother's spring house! That *was* clean. But she was *naturally* neat. It is but an acquired virtue with me!"

A door opened out of this room into the spring chamber. The cool air and the creamy smell came up out of it, to Rose's great delight. Descending a few stone steps, Rose saw, laid in solid cement, stone canals or troughs running around the whole base; and, at about three feet above

them, another series of like construction, supported upon iron brackets, let into the side walls. Into these spring-water, gushing up from the rock within the chamber itself (which had been built over a strong and unfailing spring), and flowed with a gentle motion through all the troughs, and made its exit on the farther side. Into this living water the pans of milk were set. A part of the pans were glass, and a part silver. At any rate, if they were not silver, they were tin polished to such brightness as Rose never saw before. The names of twenty-five cows hung above their respective contributions. Here were "Crumple," "Brindle," "Queen," "Violet," "Daisy," "Sukey," "Blackface," "Fawn," "Cherry," and all the other honoured names of the barn-yard.

Next, they went to the barn. Such a sight Rose had never seen. It seemed to her eyes more like a vast mansion. It was built of stone, three stories, besides the cellars. Built upon a side-hill, the topmost story was on the level of the upper ground; while side-hill roads, at different elevations, led into each lower story. The mows for hay, now well nigh empty, made Rose dizzy to look down into. They were vast enough to hold hay for the "cattle on a thousand hills." The grain room, the root cellars, the straw sheds, the mill room—where, by water-power, roots and

hay were cut, and grains ground; the harness, and waggon, and tool rooms—seemed like parts of a city rather than of a barn to her eye, accustomed only to the snug and small barns of New England. Everywhere, glass windows, with external shutters, were provided. The wood-work was painted as in a dwelling-house. Besides the barn proper, there were lean-tos, sheds, sheep barns, straw barns, cattle sheds, a horse barn, and colt pens,—until Rose was fairly bewildered! Water flowed everywhere, spilt over nowhere. In one corner, the water spurted from no one could tell where, into a stone tank; and, overflowing, disappeared—no one could see how. There was water for each cattle yard, for the sheep yard, for the colt yard. No half-rotten barrels, nor leaking wooden troughs were seen up to their knees in puddles of their own making. Everything was stone. The water came in an orderly manner, sparkled and dimpled in a quiet and orderly way, gravely moved off again, and decorously disappeared. It was good Quaker water, and neither sung, nor danced, nor wore profane bubbles.

Nothing could have been more soothing and restful to Rose. Nor was the excitement suffered to slacken. All day long, were coming down from the mountains the returning horses, cows, and

oxen. They were overjoyed to be released. They showed as much excitement in returning to their homes as if they were children just coming home in vacation. They ran around the yards, they drank at the stone tanks, or horned each other away, they smelt of the walls and gates, and moved about with a curious excitement, which surely must have answered in them—in a low and rudimentary way—to the affections and domestic local attachments of human creatures.

Even more exhilarated were the horses. It was deemed best to bring both cattle and horses into yards and barns, for a few days, before giving them their old pasture grounds. To be sure, the rebel army was gone, but the loyal army were not wholly unversed in the distributive duties of the quartermaster's department. The day passed slowly away. Rose anxiously waited her father's return.

He came at about dark, but could give little comfort.

"It is well, thus far. But we are in the dark respecting this last wound. It is not safe to probe it. We cannot know the extent of the injury internally. It may be trifling. It may be serious to the last degree. We can only wait the development of the case. If, in a week's time no other dangerous symptoms occur, Barton is safe. Meanwhile, it is necessary that his system should be

held firmly under the influence of opium, and his strength be kept up with nourishment and stimulants."

These were days of weariness and of trial far more severe to Rose than all the watching and service of the hospital. All sweet excitements nourish the body, and increase the strength upon which they draw. But acerb excitements, in which half-hopeless fear plays at battledore and shuttlecock with courage, soon fever the soul with anxious suspense; and suspense, above all other elements, is the very poison of the mind. Rose would gladly have stayed by Barton's side every moment. But Martha Hetherington would not suffer it. The watch was divided between the three. Little there was to be done.

Barton remained quite unconscious of what was going on. Whether it was the disturbance of the brain by the inflammation of his wounds, or whether it was the opium, or more probably, both conjoined, — he gave no sign of recognition. Sometimes he would lie with wide open eye and mutter half-audible sentences, which seemed to be fragmentary orders to his men. But it was like a trance or sleep-walking. He took notice of no questions—he seemed looking into some distant place, and to be separated wholly from the persons and events around him.

The two Roses—Rose Wentworth and Rose Hetherington—came together as naturally as two drops of dew. They had the true conditions of friendship. They were unlike, and yet both were true-hearted and deeply imbued with moral sentiment. Love, whose roots do not reach down to the religious feeling, cannot be rich or enduring. It is a summer herb—not a shrub or tree able to seek its many summers through many winters. They wandered together, talked much, communed much, and began, before they separated, to love much. The Quaker woman had looked at life from a side so new to Rose that she attributed the freshness and novelty to some originality of disposition in her friend. On the other hand, the Yankee woman amazed her more simple friend by her knowledge of literature, of art, and of the great outside world.

With true delicacy, all questions were forborne in regard to Rose's relations to Barton. Every one in the household, of course, knew that there was love between them. But the mother, the daughter, the father left Rose to her own liberty of silence or speech, just as it should please her. Rose loved to go at evening, when the cows were brought from pasture, and the men or women milked them. One must have been little conversant with country life, or very deficient in sen-

timent who does not know the enjoyments which may be found in barns and their surroundings, —among them is the smell of grain or hay, the pleasure of watching the face and manners of spirited horses, the peculiar restlessness and almost motherliness belonging to the large-eyed, good-natured, cud-chewing cow. Then there were wrens chattering in the most vixenish way, and swallows gliding in and out, like snatches of black sunbeams—if there were such things,—and doves that went flapping up from the ground to the roof, and then, from some invisible impulse, discharged themselves into the air, and flew headlong toward some distant field; then, changing their minds, wheeled about—some bolting right up into the air, some dividing to the right or to the left; and then, all of them streaming headlong back to the roof again, circling round and round, as if it were hot—a dozen dropping down, and the rest swinging once more round the barn, where at last all alight, save one, which flies off to another building; the rest won't go to him—and so, after a little, he comes to them, and then they run after each other—crooning and strutting, for all the world, as if they were human beings, in gay society, instead of being the simple, innocent doves that they are. One could find simple delight in watching such scenes for hours. Rose

found them tranquillizing, too, from the contrast with the cruel scenes to which she had so long been used. She compared the doves to cavalry, and laughed at the ludicrous dissemblance.

But, with all that was winning in nature, and all that was delightful to Rose in this great Quaker farm, so utterly unlike any that she had ever seen, the time hung heavily upon her hands, and anxiety wore upon her heart.

At length, upon Sunday, Dr. Wentworth, after considering Barton's whole condition, pronounced him decidedly convalescent. The opiates were no longer needed. It was a day of intense excitement to Rose. When will the stupor pass away? Will his mind come out of this eclipse? Oh, what will he think when he first recognises me? The hours passed on. Rose would not leave the room. It was noon, and Barton was very quiet. The middle of the afternoon came. A mortal fear stole over her. His mind may be permanently affected! His sufferings and hardships may have overstrained his brain! Hours passed on. Rose stood by the window. The sun was descending behind the mountain. It poured down a flood of light over all the fields near and far. Long shadows mimicked the shapes of all things and turned them into burlesque. Through the half-opened

shutters the light streamed into the room. It fell across the bed, and flashed upon the pale face of the sick man, who stirred, opened his eyes, that no longer stared, but seemed full of meaning. Rose came instantly to his side. She sat silently gazing. Barton turned his eyes upon her in a wondering, troubled way. Rose kneeled by his side, every feeling retreating to her heart, as if to stop its beating. Barton closed his eyes, as if to shut out a phantom.

"Barton, do you know me? Do you know your Rose?"

He unclosed his eyes, and in a weak and feeble manner put his hands to his eyes, as if to brush away films that were misleading his sight.

He put his hand timidly out, to touch her, as if to make sure whether it were an illusion or a reality. His hand was clasped in both of hers. She leaned toward him. He felt her kiss upon his brow. Slowly and with difficulty he spoke:

"Is—this—Rose?—my Rose?—I mean—"

"Yes, Barton,—your own Rose;—you *will* live, Barton—oh, Barton, live, live!" She spoke with anguishful intensity, for a moment letting go restraint.

He lay silent. His eyes were closed. In his weakness he could not keep the tears back that would break from under his eyelids. After a

moment's pause, Barton raised his eyes to Rose with a look of utter imploring, as if he would say —"Do not let me be deceived, nor send me back again to hopelessness."

Her eyes were full of gladness and love, if one could have seen them behind Rose's tears.

"God has been very gracious to us both, Barton. He has brought us together, and nothing shall ever divide us again."

Seeing how greatly he was agitated, though with joy, Rose, though her soul longed for utterance and would have poured a tide of golden sentences into his willing ear, refrained, from fear of injury, saying:

"Barton, my own, and for ever my own, you are too weak—we must neither of us speak more now."

He strove to lift his head—he would have put his arm about her. His languid eyes were yet full of wonder and joy. With an ineffable smile Rose restrained him.

"No, Barton, you must mind me a little while;" and then, in a tone yet lower and sweeter, "If you love me, Barton—if still you love me—" She had no need to finish the sentence, and did not, for some puff of wind threw back the shutter, and the whole tide of sunlight streamed across the bed and fell upon Barton and upon Rose, with so sudden

an illumination that Rose, in her high-wrought joy, looking full into the sun, said—"It is the blessing of God! We are accepted of Him, Barton! and nothing shall put us asunder!"

But why need we linger with these lovers through the long weeks of Barton's recovery, made short by the joys of love?

Oh, those mountain hours! those days of July! From morning to evening, moments sped as bubbles on a mountain stream, that come, reflect all the light of heaven, burst with ecstasy, and are followed by other bubbles, gaily dancing to the music of the stream. Little medicine do they need whose souls are radiant with joy. Love was more than medicine and better than food!

CHAPTER XX.

THE ELM TREE.

Two years went by. The war had ended. Lee had laid down his army and Johnson had capitulated. One by one the scattered fragments of the Confederate army had surrendered, or dispersed. Barton Cathcart had returned home and laid aside his stars and sword. He had, after the wounds healed and his strength returned, joined his corps again. He had fought through the murderous tangle of the Wilderness, hammered at the entrenchments of Spotsylvania, flanked the dangerous works upon the North Anna, plunged into the butchery of Cold Harbour, and lay through the sickly autumn and the long winter in the trenches before Petersburgh. He had had part in the last grand battles, stormed Lee's lines, earned every step by desperate endeavour, and after every advantage, found Lee still firm, defiant, desperate. No one so well knew the incomparable skill and bravery of that now waning army of Northern Virginia as they who for four

years had fought it, and now, in the hour of its supreme disaster, were grinding it to powder rather than forcing its surrender; and when, at length, cut off from its lines of retreat by that lion of the battle-field, whose ramping cavalry lay crouched across his only path, his artillery gone, his trains taken or destroyed, his ammunition expended, his chief officers slain, or wounded, or captured, his men reduced to a handful, overwearied by nights without sleep, and days taxed to the uttermost, Lee's army yielded, General Cathcart, and every other brave man, in their admiration felt that the heroism of Lee's army was the only worthy measure of the perseverance and bravery of the army of the Potomac. In every generous bosom rose the thought—"These are not of another nation, but our citizens." Their mistakes, their evil cause, belonged to the system under which they were reared, but their military skill and heroic bravery belonged to the nation, that will never cease to mourn that such valour had not been expended in a better cause, and that the iron pen must write: "The utmost valour misdirected and wasted."

But all this had passed away, and another year besides. It was in October that all Norwood rejoiced in the marriage of Rose and Barton. That wedding shall not be lightly dismissed. After so

long and patiently following their history, it would be a slight, indeed, if every one of our readers should not be invited to their wedding! The town made this its own wedding. Every motherly heart in Norwood felt that she had a part in marrying Rose to Barton.

The morning of the 15th of October rose over old Holyoke, not with the fierce fire of July shot straight upon its stony top and woody sides, flushing hot, but the sun came up tempered and genial. It had finished the chase of summer. It had triumphed. All the fields of corn yet ungathered, whose loose rows were punctuated with yellow pumpkins; all the reaped fields, all the withered stalks even, bore witness to the sun's victory. October is the month that crowns the sun. Then, he moves through the gorgeous apparel which nature wears, no longer a warrior fierce in battle, but a victor, content with his victories, and everywhere shedding abroad the tokens of his royal complacency. The days were soft and hazy. Even at noon the lenient sun would not suffer its heat to go forth. Not even frosts excited his displeasure, slyly creeping after his footsteps at night. The sun reposed all day upon the gorgeous hills, spread with sumptuous apparel. Trees made love to each other. The chestnut glowed benignantly at the yellow-

bronzed hickory. The old oaks stood yet in deep green, unchanged. Something made the yellow maples laugh, and something made the scarlet maples blush. The brilliant ampelopsis had climbed into the cedars, and was peeping out to see what it was that Nature was whispering and the trees were blushing at. The dew this morning magnified itself, and showed and shook the jewels with which the sun pledged its love. A few birds only showed themselves. They were travelling to a southern land. They had in mind another summer far away. They tried a single note, but would not sing their ringing love songs in the broken notes of autumn voices.

But not the hills or mountains purpled with colour, nor the warm-leaved trees, nor the winking dew, nor summer-seeking birds, nor the soft and silvery haze that hung upon the morning like a bride's veil, nor the late coming asters, that would whisper of summer to the very snow, nor the great elm that stood drooping its branches, but lifting high its top in a mighty meditation of grace and beauty—not these, nor whatever else glorifies this bridal wreath of nature, seemed half so sweet to Rose and Barton as did the looks which they gave and took, the low-toned words linked together by silence more full than words.

On the night before this morning so glorious, Rose had said:

"Come early to-morrow, Barton—come very early. I shall walk once more in my favourite paths in the garden before breakfast."

Rose slightly blushed as she added, smiling:

"When the golden gate has once shut upon us, Barton, Rose Wentworth will never be seen on earth again; so you must be with me in my last minutes."

Barton was silent. After a moment, Rose doubled up her little soft hand, and slowly knocking Barton's brow three times, said, demurely:

"Open sesame—let me in."

"My own!" said Barton, "I was wishing a wish that I am not ashamed to have, but am almost ashamed to tell."

"Ah, Barton, the time has come when silence is treason. The thoughts which you hide are the most precious. The shells which the sea rolls out on shore are not its best. The pearls have to be dived for. Better pause while you can! After to-morrow your life is mine. I will be a naiad to every rill in your soul; and if your heart were deep as the ocean, I will be a sea-nymph, and gather white corals from the very depths, and bring out hidden treasures from its caves! Begin, then! Tell me!"

"Oh, Rose, mine—the lips are the key of the mouth, and I pledge you now, for my whole life, that yours shall unlock my soul of every secret thought whenever you shall press mine and demand it in love's name."

It was evening twilight. They sat alone in the porch. A few late blossoms of the Chinese honeysuckle shed down a trace of perfume through the air. There were no locusts singing, no katydids, nor gurgling crickets, and yet some soft sounds I certainly heard? Not birds, surely! I think it must have been the plash of one honeysuckle blown against another. Yet there is no wind to move them! I hear it again! Listen! It is like the falling of a drop of dew into the silver lake from some birchen leaf! No, that is rude. It is as if two dreams floating in the night had clashed; or like the joining of two prayers of love on their way upward; or—nay, it was a kiss!—pure, sacred, holy! It is the soul's symbol, when words fail it. It is the heart's sigh, or interjection, when it has a feeling for which there is no expression!

A soft cloud had hid the moon. It began to move away. The light shone out again.

"Barton, I do believe you mean not to tell me after all. What is that shame-faced secret?"

"You will smile, I know. But I feel it. I

want everyone that has been with me in danger and trouble to be present in my great joy to-morrow. Colonel Stanton, who befriended me when I was a prisoner after Bull Run, has come. By the way, the war has well nigh ruined his property, and I have been of help to him in saving a part. The Hetheringtons are all in your house. Rose, my horse, that carries a man's heart in him, that never flinched under fire, that was wounded as well as I, that carried me along the hardest journeys unflagging, and saved me several times from captivity,—I want him near me when I am married. I know that it would to many sound foolish. But no one but a soldier can know a soldier's feeling for a faithful horse!"

"No one but a soldier and a soldier's wife." replied Rose. "You ought to be ashamed of being ashamed of such a feeling. He shall stand in golden shoes, and eat the plumpest oats out of a china vase, if it will please you, Barton!"

"It is only a feeling, but it is as strong as superstition. Of course it is not for his sake, but my own. I shall feel better if he stand in front of the yard where I can see him."

It was time to separate.

"Come early, Barton. I shall take my favourite walk in the morning for the last time, and I would not be alone."

The day broke over the hills, bent evidently on being present at the wedding. It came in golden tresses, and in silver vapours, and infinite jewelry of dew, and it lit up all the world with joy as it came; but Rose and Barton forgot, as they stood in the arbour, that there was anybody happy but themselves. Could it be possible that there was any joy left?

Dr. Wentworth was as calm, outwardly, as if only the usual business were going on. His face shone. His voice was lower and richer than usual. His eye carried in it a perpetual benediction.

The great mansion was vocal in every room. Guests were present from the east and west and south. The town swarmed with friends come to the wedding. 'Biah Cathcart renewed his youth, and Rachel's face shone with unexpressed thanksgiving. Hiram Beers was glorious. Why not? As he had gone to Dr. Wentworth's to live, in a neat cottage built expressly for him, and to have full charge of the Doctor's stables, barn, and place, why should he not consider this occasion as a family matter?

Pete Sawmill was triumphant. Great was the honour and glory that came back with him to Norwood! The story of his simple affection and fidelity was known to all, and all agreed with

Deacon Trowbridge, "that Pete ain't much in the intellects, but he's got a heart as big as an ox." And nobody was surprised to learn that Pete was to live with Barton Cathcart for life; nor that he appeared on this morning with a bran new suit of broadcloth, and that he had a red cord sewed the whole length of the side-seams of his pantaloons, and that he wore military buttons on his coat and vest. Pete hankered after these vanities, and it was not believed that, if he was pleased, anybody else would be hurt.

Rose had laboured long and often with Pete about his besetting sin, with slight amendment of it. His army life had not developed his temperance principles. He was always penitent on such occasions; always promised to do so no more; and he never did,—until the next temptation came. But one day Pete fairly got it into his head, or heart rather, that his conduct was a grief to Rose —a real sorrow. Instead of expostulating and reasoning with him, as heretofore, Rose on the last occasion had burst into tears.

"Oh, Pete, you behave as if you cared for none of your friends. I am ashamed and grieved to the heart. You have been so long with us, and served the country so nobly, and saved Barton's life, and kept a great grief from us all, and now you have come back to disgrace us. I can't bear

it, Pete; I can't bear it;" and Rose's tears fell fast.

Poor Pete was never before conscious of being an object of such special regard that any human being would cry for him. He was very awkwardly distressed for himself. He shuffled his feet and fumbled with his hands, and felt deeply in his pockets for something that was not there—a good resolution, probably—and blubbered and sputtered in the most distressing manner, till the whole contrast was too inexpressibly ludicrous for Rose, who covered her face with her handkerchief, and bit her lips to keep from audible laughter. But to Pete this covering of Rose's face was the last affliction. He thought that he had done some great damage to her, and he exploded in an extraordinary mixture of crying, confession, and howling, and promises, which astounded Rose. The poor fellow shook all over, and wrangled his hands and arms about in the air, in the most aimless and awkward manner possible, and finally bolted for the door and disappeared. He brought up at Parson Buell's, and stumbled headlong into his study, just as the Doctor was writing out his *fifthly*, in the coming sermon.

"I dew wish you'd giv' me somethin'. Dew! if you please! I wan't to take somethin'."

The Doctor thought that he must have taken

something too much already. But, after some questioning, Pete broke out in a medley of grief again—quite like that in Rose's presence, but not so excessive.

"I ain't goin' to have no more rum; it's making *her* cry; and I ain't goin' to drink any more rum: I want you to give me somethin'."

It was evident that Pete was inquiring after the temperance pledge, and the Doctor at length became satisfied of the fact. Accordingly, he drew up a pledge on the largest sheet of paper that he had in his study; and thinking that it might be more striking to Pete's simple eyes, he ruled a band of red ink about the whole, upon which Pete looked, much as the Israelites did upon the Red sea when they first reached it. But it answered no purpose. Pete made his mark, and was faithful to his new promise. A few tears did more for him than much exhortation.

Throughout the great wedding-day, Pete carried himself most becomingly, dividing his attention during the ceremony between Barton and Barton's war-horse. He was much disappointed when Barton, after the ceremony, did not mount and repeat some of the brilliant feats of horsemanship which he had seen him perform. But supposing that, for some good reason, Barton had changed his mind, he led the scarred horse back to his oats.

At noon, when all the company were assembled, and everybody was merry chatting and chattering, all at once the church-bell broke out into the most musical of invitations. To be sure, its duty was to ring at twelve every day. But any one could tell that there was more than that in it to-day. Its paternal soul had a wedding thought in it. It was no measured, doctrinal ring, fit for Sunday. It was no fearful, funeral ring, thick and heavy. It was a real, out-springing, merry ring, as of a bell that would like to kick up its heels and dance on the green with the best of them.

Before the bell had done ringing, a movement was seen about Dr. Wentworth's mansion. From the front door issued first Dr. Buell and a brother clergyman, then came Dr. and Mrs. Wentworth, and then came Rose and Barton; (while the boys that were peeping into the gate nodded to each other and said, "By George, jest look at that! ain't they bunkum?"); and then came Agate Bissell, and all the other members of the family; and after them flocks and crowds of friends. They moved down to the great elm tree, which hung down its paternal arms about them and filled all its top with blessings! There, at length, stood Rose and her husband, under the very flickering shadows and checkering golden light that had amused her when a babe. While Parson

Buell prayed, all the birds in the tree-top made responses and said Amen! Then there was a moment's pause. There stood the noble pair. By Barton's side, stood Will Belden, on one leg and a crutch. On Rose's side stood Rose Hetherington, "too pretty for anything," said several young gentlemen near by. Then, in the simple forms of the good old times, the ceremony proceeded; and Parson Buell, at its close, laid his hands upon their heads, bowed to his touch, and blessed them! And they were blessed!

No salutation of mere ceremony followed. Barton turned to Rose with an embrace that seemed like to have merged her into himself. Rose put her arms with full love about her husband. For a second they stood folded, some words they whispered, and there were few dry eyes that looked on them. Even Judge Bacon wiped his eyes, and declared that "it was remarkably good, positively affecting, and so unexpected, too."

There was but one event that befel the party which filled them with astonishment, and that was the sudden and unexpected decease of Agate Bissell. None out of Dr. Wentworth's family even knew that she was ailing, that under a fair appearance a hidden fire was in her heart, that would surely take away her name from among those who had so long known it and loved it.

She had manifested, while Rose's wedding service proceeded, a tremulousness, as of one consciously weak, but who had determined not to give way till Rose was married. But Agate could hold out no longer. Scarcely had Rose received the salutations of her own kindred before her father called her aside and her husband also, and quite a stir arose and excitement among the crowd as Dr. Buell, with some dignity and firmness as if repressing a nervous tremble, approached Agate Bissell, and taking her by the hand, walked to the very place where Rose and Barton had been standing, and stood before the excited crowd, who wondered that even at a wedding Parson Buell should venture on such a bold jest! Then came forth Parson Edwards Dwight Bigelow, with whom Buell had many a night held glorious wassail of theology, discussing till after midnight, whether sin was born in the nature of a child or began only when developed by action; what was the nature of generous and right actions anterior to a saving change; whether conversion stood in the act of choice on the sinner's part, or was an irresistible and efficacious influence exerted upon him *ab extra*. Over these and kindred savory delights they had dissipated many a night.

There stood Parson Buell and Agate Bissell, and made answer to the solemn interrogatories,

and she gave away her name, and with a blush as tender and beautiful as if she were just seventeen, she accepted her bridal kiss from Dr. Buell.

Deacon Marble was all a-tremble. The tears ran down his cheeks. "I wonder what Polly would have given to have seen this day. I guess she thinks that she died too soon. Howsomever, she couldn't help it. Well, well, well—Agate, you've took us in this time. This is the best one yit! I dew say, when I saw Parson Buell a-kissin' you, I sort of shivered all over. But you stood it beautiful. But no merit, you know, no merit, cos I s'pose you're used to it, eh?"

Agate, who really looked queenly, replied:

"Why, Deacon Marble, my husband never kissed me before in his life."

"You don't, now! I can't hardly b'lieve that. Dr. Buell is a nice and strict man. But courtin', you know, and engaged, why kissin' is accordin' to natur' and grace too. I kissed Polly a hundred times afore I married her, and you say that Buell never kissed Agate Bissell before?"

"Yes; I believe he kissed Agate *Bissell;* but he never kissed Agate *Buell* before!"

This quite overthrew the good deacon—he laughed immoderately, and repeated the story to every one on the ground, as an instance of remarkable wit.

"Fact is, I meant to have Agate myself;—wasn't spry enough—lived too far out of town. Ministers get the fust pick among the gals, anyhow. Polly would have liked it amazin'."

"Which?" said Hiram, giving him a nudge with his elbow.

"Which what?"

"Which of you two would Polly been glad for Agate to marry?"

"Good—good," said the deacon, all in a twinkle; "if't had been me was marryin' Agate, and Polly had been here, wouldn't she would have had enough to say? Why she would have said 'my husband;'—why, stop—if Polly'd been here, she'd a been my wife, and I couldn't a married Agate, could I? Well, that's a good one!" said the deacon, quite exhilarated with his mistake—which he endeavoured to explain to several, but somehow failed to make it as fresh as when it happened of itself.

Colonel Esel seemed to have charge of Rose Hetherington, and not to be displeased with the fair Quakeress. Gallant Will Belden, who had borne Arthur out of Bull Run, hobbled about as if he were one of the family. There were stories about, that he meant to be a member of it one of these days. In a moment's pause, Mrs. Wentworth turned to her husband.

"Ah, Reuben, if Arthur could only have been spared to see this! I should have been too happy."

Tears ran down her cheeks. Dr. Wentworth stood silent for a moment, and then, with a deep sigh, replied:

"Arthur *is* here—sees all, knows all, and is happier than all. Nature in us yearns for his bodily presence, his noble sunny face, his ineffable smile, the bold, tender eye; but grace teaches us to think of him," said Wentworth, wiping his eyes, "without sorrow or tears, my dear; that is," —beginning to be conscious of the tears running down his cheeks,—"without any except the tears of affection—and fond memory——"

The rest of his exposition he made to his pocket-handkerchief.

Mother Taft was grown very feeble. But she was like a winter apple that grows sweeter the longer it is kept. She seemed like an overjoyed child.

"If Taft had a-lived to see this! Rose married to Barton, and then Agate Bissell married a minister, too—that's a'most like goin' to heaven! To think that I carried Rose 'round in my arms the minute she was born—and a sweet child she was! I didn't dream I should be here and see her standin' up with Barton! May be I shall 'tend

her babies jest as I did her. But I don't believe I shall ever live to see them married off. I am getting old; but somebody will see it. I hope they will be kind to them. Kindness goes a good ways, you know. You can coax a dog with meat, you know, when you can't drive him with the bone."

And so the kind old soul went on talking, without caring whether anybody heard or not—her own voice seeming to be a comfort to her.

Every one was joyful; yet it was a joy strangely mixed. There were some absent who might have been there, and some dead who would never return! But it was a grief that fitted well with joy, and deepened it. Tears smiled, and smiles wept.

As the evening came on, and Mrs. Wentworth walked toward the mansion with Rachel Cathcart, she said:

"Only Alice's presence was wanting to make the day perfectly happy."

"Alice, said her mother, "is very heart-sore, Life goes wearily with her. But she has determined to give her life to the instruction of the poor black children. She has gone to Lynchburgh, where *his* parents lived, you know, and I hope she is happier now."

But the people are dispersing. The sun is just

setting. Some linger, and seem reluctant to leave. If you, too, reader, linger and feel reluctant to leave Norwood, I shall be rejoiced and repaid for the long way over which I have led you.

THE END.

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